

July 26, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**Margaret
learns to
cook — with
Tony's help**

See page 3

NEW DIET AND EXERCISE PLAN page 32

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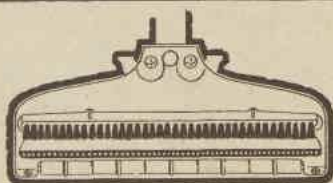


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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 26, 1961

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Our Cake Decorating Contest in which readers were asked to send in photographs of cakes (winning entries, pages 43 to 46) created much interest in all States.

SOME cake photographs sent in were not good enough for reproduction.

As a help to readers wanting to photograph a decorated cake, Robert Cleland, head of our photographic department, gives these hints:

1. All lighting should be even and preferably diffused. If direct lighting is used, the shadows should be filled in by a reflector or other light. Shadows should never overlap, as this causes distraction and complicates the arrangement.

2. Backgrounds are best plain, creaseless, and of dark color for white iced cakes. They should completely cover behind, then curve under the subject so that all the outside edges of the cake stand out clearly.

3. Simplicity is important in color photography. Avoid strong patterns in the background cloth. Wherever possible, use soft but contrasting colors.

4. Sharpness, exposure, and size of object are most important. Always compose the

subject to the largest possible size in the camera finder. To ensure a better perspective, use a lens with a longer than standard focal length.

5. When "correct" exposure has been calculated by the meter for the close-up position, it is advisable to give three exposures — one a fraction either side of the estimation.

FASHION editor Betty Keep, whose Spring Fashion report begins on page 31, says:

"In spite of pre-spring reports, we are happy to state that the 1961 Paris spring collections are not all flapper fashions.

"Spring fashion, with its new, lively flares below an elegant top smoothed down over the waist and hips, has created a chic young contemporary figure.

"It is quite ridiculous to hitch this uncluttered, elegant look to the cartoon personality of the flapper girl from the 1920s.

"What the 'twenties and the 'sixties have in common is an ultra-slender figure — no bulges for the new clothes." (New Spring Diet and Exercise Plan, 32, 33.)

OUR new serial, "The Incredible Journey" (page 28) — a first novel by Sheila Burnford — has been described as one of the most absorbing animal stories ever written.

"The Incredible Journey" topped the best-seller list a few weeks after publication in England.

Published in "McCall's," this leading American maga-

Our cover

● Princess Margaret (who is learning to cook, opposite page) and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, Princess Margaret wears a high hat of feathers, trimmed with satin ribbon.

zine hailed it as "a 20th-century classic, a literary gem, and a very rare book." Author Sheila Burnford, born in Scotland, lives with her doctor husband and three children in Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

The three animals in the story — an elderly bull terrier, a Siamese cat, and a Labrador — are drawn from life. The terrier is now dead.

Miss Burnford says: "When old Bill (the terrier) was very nearly blind, but still insisted on going off into the bush to hunt, the Labrador went with him, running alongside him, touching Bill's shoulder to keep him on his path."

MRS. DOROTHY MACDONALD

who describes her guesthouse in Kuwait on pages 6 and 7, says that the different beliefs of her servants meant seldom a dull moment in the kitchen.

She writes:

"One of my Kuwaitis, a Moslem, liked to fry our breakfast bacon, but refused to fetch the rashers from the refrigerator, because his religion forbade him to touch pork with his hands.

"To overcome this little difficulty, he arranged with a Christian Indian to place the slices of bacon in the frying pan — then the Moslem quietly happily cooked them."

NEXT WEEK: Delicious low-calorie recipes in a special four-page pull-out and our fold-up Calorie Counter to keep in your handbag . . . Glamorous maternity fashions, shown in two pages of glowing color pictures.

MARGARET LEARNS TO COOK



● Princess Margaret

She and Tony will set a trend in kitchen fashions

● Helen Cathcart, Court commentator and author of the new best-seller "H.R.H. Prince Philip, Sportsman," here shows Princess Margaret in a new role. With her husband, Antony Armstrong-Jones as teacher, she's learning to cook.

WHEN Princess Margaret moved into her first married home, a little brick house in the tranquil precincts of Kensington Palace, she took over a dark, obsolete basement kitchen dating from dim antiquity.

There, scullions once prepared posset (hot, spiced milk) for the children of George III. An oil painting still in the house shows a young prince eating his dinner in gloomy state.

Happily, Princess Margaret and her husband became tenants of "No. 10 K.P."—as the old building is known in the Royal family—after it had suffered a period of neglect, and they had a free hand with alterations.

Today the old basement

kitchen is a comfortable staff television room, brightened by pale lemon paintwork, and the adjacent larder, half cellar, half cavern, has become a darkroom, well stocked with Antony Armstrong-Jones' expensive photographic equipment.

Small space

Princess Margaret's new kitchen is sensibly at ground-floor level at the back of the house, catching what comes of the London sun and overlooking the tubs of springtime tulips and summer geraniums in the cobbled courtyard.

Though the kitchen and adjoining laundry-scullery share the doll's-house proportions of the rest of the house, the built-in cabinets make the best use of space with maximum ingenuity.

In fact, the Jones' declined

the official services of Ministry of Works architects and thoroughly enjoyed planning the layout themselves.

In American eyes, the deep-freeze, dishwasher, and other equipment may be "just like we have at home"—the Princess had the wedding gift benefit of a complete range of electrical household products.

Yet guests are still apt to move admiringly from the dining-room to the kitchen, and Princess Margaret's aunt, the Princess Royal, recently went to a domestic exhibition with a precisely marked catalogue, seeking "a gas cooker with seven burners, like my niece has."

Mrs. Miles, the cook, caters for only a small household by Royal standards. The dining-room seats ten, but has never held more than eight. With staff, the maximum demand upon the pantry is for 12.

Mrs. Miles sends up her own alternative menus for the Princess' approval. Frequently, however, the Princess does her own dinner catering, even choosing the steaks or game herself at Harrod's store.

On such occasions the staff prepare the vegetables and cooking spices and leave them with ready decanted wine.

The Princess has an electric infra-red grill as well as a standard gas grill, and she likes to experiment.

It is fascinating to trace the growth of this self-confessed enthusiasm, unusual in a Princess, for "having kitchen fun."

The Mackenzie King records tell of a Balmoral picnic lunch at a little cottage on the moors owned by the Queen Mother. The Princess, then a small girl in socks, adeptly served a lunch of cold grouse and salad at a table decorated with lettuce leaves.

From a favorite cook, Mrs. MacDonald, she learned early

the secrets of fudge-making. Later, a Swedish cook at Clarence House, Mrs. McKee—Scottish by marriage—taught her how to prepare a smorgasbord.

When the Princess first moved into Clarence House with the Queen Mother, the large renovated kitchen intrigued her.

Food smells

With its tiled walls, stainless-steel sinks, and well-planned counters, the kitchen would still be the pride of a first-class restaurant today, though a dozen years have inevitably dimmed its innovativeness.

The central glass ventilating canopy extracts food smells so efficiently that, as a chef says, "You can scarcely tell the coffee from the onions." The four ample work tables are topped with stainless steel.

The kitchen catered not only for mother and daughter but also for the large Royal secretariat housed in the adjoining St. James' Palace.

But in quiet moments the Princess investigated the working of everything—from the electric pastry oven and gas cookers to the bacon-slicer, mincer, boiler, and other equipment.

And when an upstairs linen room at No. 10 K.P. was recently transformed into a handy nursery kitchen for the new baby, she particularly

● Tony "whipping" up a meal in his Pimlico flat during his bachelor days. Princess Margaret was often among those he invited to his little flat to enjoy his tasty, home-cooked meals. Since then he and the Princess have had a great deal of fun planning their own kitchens.

asked for a small steel-topped table of the Clarence House type.

Yet it is with their future kitchen—envisaged for their new, larger home in the south wing of Kensington Palace next year—that the Armstrong-Jones' chiefly hope to highlight kitchen progress.

Living in an old palace necessarily imposes the traditional dignity of the 18th century on living.

But the Princess and her husband plan a kitchen that will incorporate the most modern equipment and layout.

Is the new peninsula fitment truly more practical than a table equipped with grid shelving below the work-top?

Are two small refrigerators more space-saving than one large cabinet?

Is the micro-wave "cold" cooker, a proved time-saver, equally justified by culinary results?

The Jones' have spent a great deal of time working out these problems with plans and models and survey information.

It will soon be a year since Antony Armstrong-Jones accepted a backroom post as ad-

viser to the Council of Industrial Design.

The council's explicit aim is to promote better design in all consumer goods, and particularly export commodities, from saucepans to kitchen cabinets.

Visiting furniture exhibitions and design centres, Mr. Jones cannot resist taking some of his work home.

Armstrong-Jones and Prince Philip are often said to be poles apart in their interests.

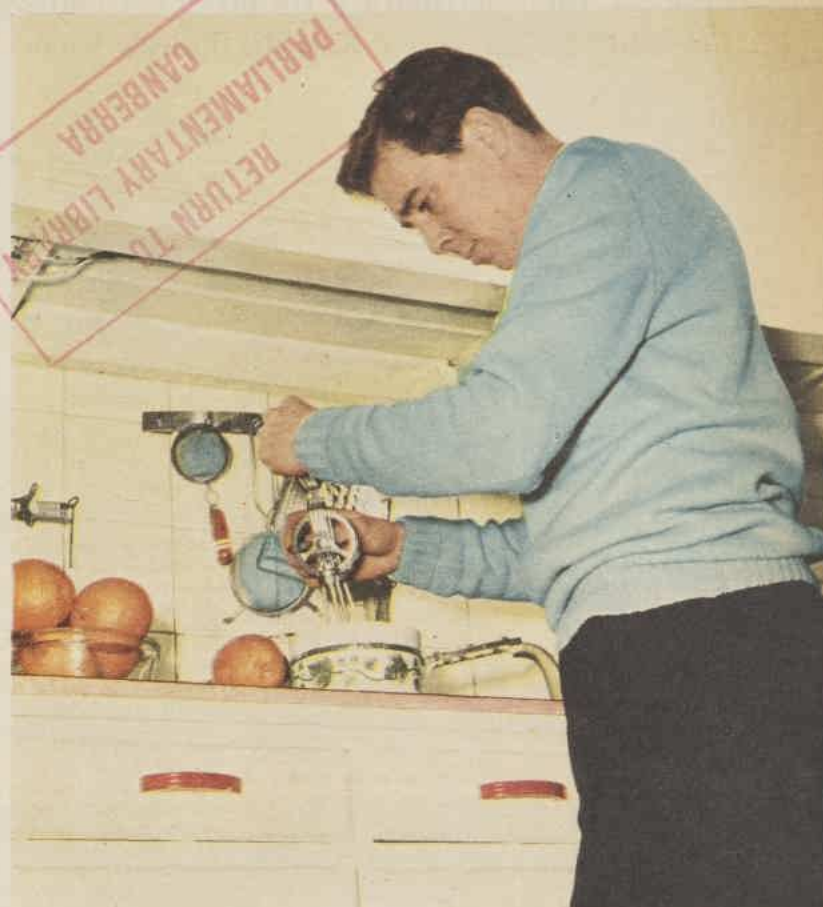
Elegant design

In reality, the Prince awards an annual set of prizes for elegant design.

He has given his awards to refrigerators, furnaces, transistor radios. Then his brother-in-law collaborates by publicising the awards in films, film strips, and other media.

Though personal prestige is clearly involved, Princess Margaret's future kitchen is, according to a Royal spokesman, said to be a "purely private affair."

Yet the experts know that Princess Margaret's choice may influence consumer choice in the kitchen department for some years ahead.



A favorite recipe

HERE is the recipe for one of the many dishes with which Princess Margaret likes to experiment—Entrecôte Bretonne.

Ingredients: Two thick 8oz. entrecotes of steak, one shallot chopped very fine, 2oz. butter, a teaspoon of chopped parsley, a little lemon juice, and freshly milled pepper.

Method: First coat steaks with oil, then season with pepper, and, at the last minute, with salt. While the steaks are grilling, place the butter and other ingredients in a heat-proof dish over a saucepan of boiling water. When the steaks are still underdone place them on top. Cover for four minutes.

Then spoon the sauce over the steak and serve.

There are variations for tournedos with white wine or fillet steaks with butter and fines herbes.

HOME - THE BIG TOP

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● Under the green canvas awning at the door of their caravan I found the Grants. Lorraine Grant was doing the baby's wash.

HER husband, Gary, was playing on the grass with his little daughter, 18-month-old Tanya. Just inside the caravan door six-month-old Tamalyn slept snugly in an open suitcase.

Behind the canvas was more of the paraphernalia that life with a travelling circus involves. A chromium stand held Gary's brilliant yellow, scarlet, and black striped clown's coat. Lorraine's ballerina dress of vivid blue net and silver spangles hung side by side with their street clothes.

All around was the noise and bustle of circus life — the tinny music of the carousel, the clip-clop of ponies' hoofs, the whirr of the electric generator.

Lorraine is an Ashton—in the famed Ashton's Circus.

"I'm not quite sure whether I'm fifth or sixth generation, but, anyway, my family has been connected with the circus—the first in Australia—for 130-odd years," she said.

She was born under the big top. She can't imagine any other kind of life.

Before her marriage she worked on the trapeze and did a whip-cracking and bareback horse-riding act. Now she helps her husband, Gary, in a "globe-trotting act," balancing on giant spangly balls which they roll up and down planks.

In their 22-foot caravan the Grants have more mod. cons. than many a fixed home. There's a washing-machine, a refrigerator, pink plastic tiled bathroom and shower, constant hot water, television, even an intercom set so the circus folk can talk to each other or with the main circus tent.

"You can't afford to be untidy, though," said Lorraine. "I have to have frequent spring cleans because there is simply no room for hoarding."

Inside, the caravan is neat, modern, and bright as a new pin.

The fitted carpet, the pretty pink-and-white-striped curtains, the living-room which can be divided into two rooms, the stainless-steel sink unit, and the cupboard space are everything a housewife could want.

There are two bunks for the children. Tanya sleeps on top and the lower berth is reserved for Tamalyn. At the moment she is cosier in her padded suitcase.

Travelling

Since her marriage Lorraine has done less in the circus act, but she still has to appear at two, sometimes three, performances a day.

"We are travelling the whole year round, and average about 30 miles a day. We are often in a city a week at a time, but make up for it when we do one-night stands in the outback and sometimes travel as much as 90 miles in a day."

"I haven't had a holiday in years, and really don't feel I need one. My mother took time off for a holiday in New Zealand last year. It was her first for about 30 years."

In between washing, cooking, and looking after the children, Lorraine has to find time to practise new items in the act, to sew spangles on dresses, repair costumes.

"I just don't have time to knit or sew for the children," she said.

"It's lovely, though, having Gary around all day. He sees more of the children, and I

think we are a much closer family than many where the man of the house sees his wife and children only for an hour or two morning and evening."

"There are about ten Ash-ton's in the show, so I have no baby-sitting problems. There is always someone to look after the children if I want to get my hair done or do some shopping."

"But I can't take my eyes off Tanya when she is running around. She gets out Gary's make-up, wigs, and false noses and puts them on, and she has already been on the trapeze."

"She loves the ponies, too, and often trots around hanging grimly on to my little sister on a horse's back."

"I expect the children will follow in our footsteps and go into the circus. Not that we actually teach them anything, they just pick things up from imitation."

"When they reach school age I'll have another big job—educating them. That will mean correspondence courses the way I was taught."

Had she ever wanted to live in a house? "On our travels we meet people I feel I would like to know better if we had more time to stay, but I have plenty of good neighbors all around me."

"They are usually very interesting and widely travelled people, very often from the Continent, who are trying circus life in Australia. I learn a lot from them about other countries, and five years ago I went to America myself, touring with my uncle, who is in a circus in the States."

When the circus is staying in a city, Lorraine has no shopping problems. The baker, the milkman, the butcher, and the grocer all call. But when the caravans are travelling between cities, often for days, they must all carry their own food.

When the caravan is in transit it is chock-a-block . . . garbage can, clothesline, clothes-baskets . . .

The Grants' favorite entertainment is television. They go back to the caravan between acts to catch their favorite programmes and to take a peep at the sleeping children.

With so many grown-ups around calling her father by his Christian name, Tanya has developed the habit of calling him Gary, only occasionally "Daddy."

Lorraine and Gary don't worry about circus accidents. Occasionally they wrench an ankle or crack an elbow, "but half the time we cannot even remember when we did it."

"I suppose we take more care than most people," said Lorraine, "and I really never think of serious accidents even when Gary goes on the trapeze."



● Tanya, 18 months, clowning with her father, Gary Grant—in his off-duty hours. Tanya, who loves the circus and always wants to go up the trapeze with Gary, is fascinated by his "props."

See and hear our expert dressmaker

● Lucille Rivers, our New York dressmaker, television and radio personality, has arrived in Australia for her lecture tour in stores and on television.

IN conjunction with Miss Rivers' visit we are publishing a 48-page lift-out book—"Dressmaking"—written by her especially for us and covering all the points she will demonstrate in her lectures.

The book will be included in one of our issues next month.

The theme of the lessons in this book, as of her whole tour, is "The Costume Look"—coats, jackets, blouses, skirts, and dresses that can be worn separately or matched together.

Miss Rivers considers that these co-ordinated outfits are ideal for the Australian climate and living.

Her entertaining lectures and excellent sewing techniques are so well remembered from her 1959 tour that already stores where she will lecture have received hundreds of inquiries for tickets.

Demonstrations will be as follows:

SYDNEY: Farmer's, Monday, August 7,

to Friday, August 11, 2.30 p.m. daily, and Saturday, August 12, at 9.30 a.m., 1st floor. Tickets free, available Paper Patterns Dept., 1st floor, from July 31. Answering questions 10.30 a.m. weekdays.

WOLLONGONG: Marcus Clark's, Monday, August 14, and Tuesday, August 15, 2 p.m. at Phillip House, Crown Street, West Wollongong. Tickets 3/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept., Marcus Clark's. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions 10.30 a.m. daily.

NEWCASTLE: Winns, 2.30 p.m., Thursday, August 17, 9.30 a.m.; Friday, August 18, and Saturday, 19. Tickets 2/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept. from August 7. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions 11 a.m. Thursday and 3 p.m. Friday.

TELEVISION: One-hour demonstrations from Channel 9, TCN, August 14 to 18, noon daily.



● Mrs. Grant has all the mod. cons. in her caravan, though her home is the circus.

Arts Ball was a 'riot' — of color

THE comic and the splendid, the grotesque and the beautiful, the exotic and the demure made the National Theatre Arts Ball at the Palais de Danse, St. Kilda, one of the most colorful and clever fancy-dress occasions Melbourne has ever seen.

Most of the 1300 dancers were in costumes perfect in detail, whether the night's disguise was as a bead-swinging Charleston flapper or a Chinese maiden.

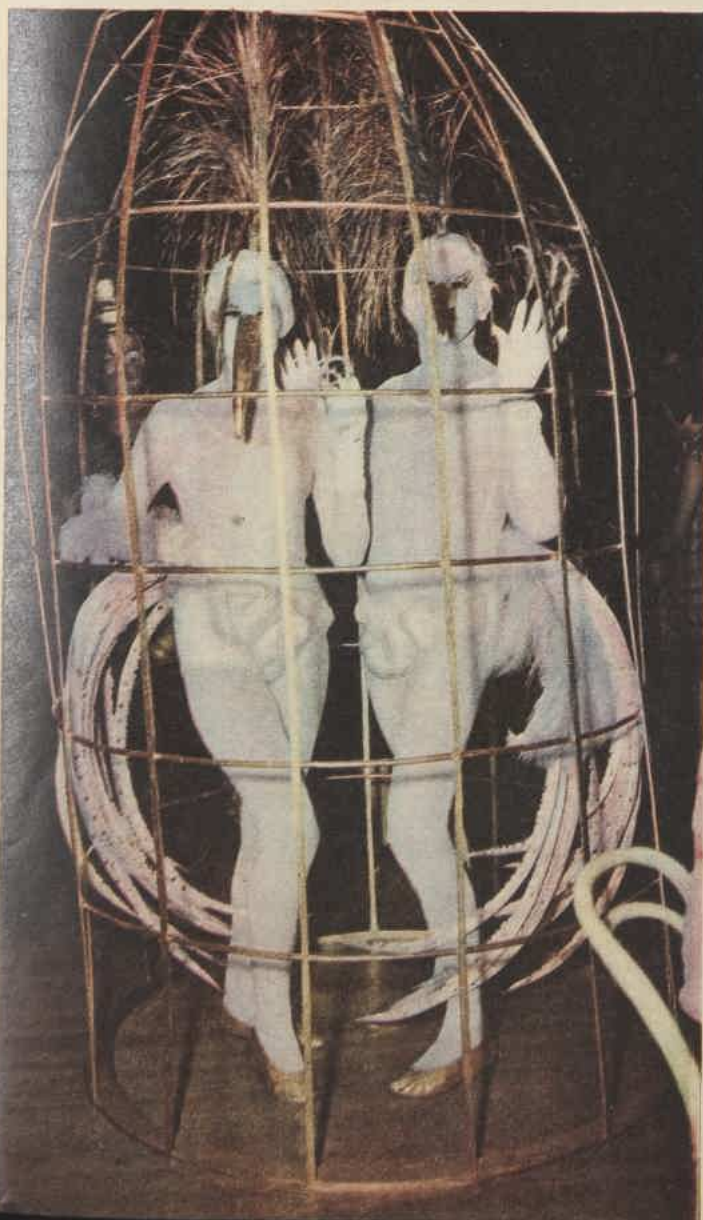
Most impressive moment was the arrival of Louis XV and his court of 40, who trod a stately measure to a scarlet-and-gold throne.

Guests were received by Sir Robert Knox, president of the National Theatre, Lady Knox, president of the ball committee, Miss Gertrude Johnson, director of the National Theatre, Sir Arthur and Lady Smithers, and Lady Angliss.

Pictures by Jonathan Evetts



● A richly gowned Queen Elizabeth (Doreen Folkerts) and Sir Walter Raleigh (Peter Bedwell) won a special prize at Melbourne's National Theatre Arts Ball. Peter Bedwell designed both costumes, also the costumes for King Louis' Court.



● Birds of Paradise in their gilded cage, with soft plumage, are Gina Weir and Ian Davies, who won first prize for Best-dressed Couple.



● "Many-Splendored Things" was the theme for Lorraine Furzer and David Welby, with their gilded and silvered bodies and spangles.

The blouse that grew and grew into the
exciting take-you-everywhere shirt dress

— now in wonderful minimum-care wool.

Budget priced too, and available at better
stores throughout Australia. Designed
by Medhurst to prove

life is wonderful in

WOOL



Shirtdress in Gold Medal winning pure wool gabardine by Yarra Falls
Blouse in washable, no-shrink pure wool shirting by Belmont.
Styled by Medhurst, at leading retail stores.

The first visitors were an

By DOROTHY MACDONALD

MY

● The smiling Sheik leaned forward in his chair, "I have the utmost confidence in you, Mrs. Macdonald," he said. The perfect white teeth gleamed in the dark face, and I tried to smile back at him cheerfully.

"I WILL do my best, Your Excellency," I answered, but my mind was racing over all the difficulties before me and, for the first time since my arrival in the Arab State of Kuwait, I panicked.

If I failed in this assignment, I should certainly be dismissed from the fabulous job I had recently landed with the powerful Ruler of Kuwait.

His Highness Sir Abdullah al-Salim al-Sabah, a multi-millionaire who already employed my husband, Angus, as administrative officer in his government, had asked me if I would run a guest-house for him, to accommodate the many VIPs who came to the booming oil town of Kuwait to pay their respects to him.

Up to the morning of the arrival of Sheik Fahad, head of the Public Works Department, my "duties" had been nothing but a breathtaking spending spree . . .

Dream job

For I had been asked to furnish the low, one-storey guest-house by the seashore as luxuriously and comfortably as possible.

"Money is no object," I had been told. "The guest-house must be a credit to the Ruler!"

Priceless Persian rugs, fantastically expensive furniture shipped from Britain, beautiful china, fabulous curtaining . . . "What other woman was ever given such a dream assignment?" I asked myself as I signed for goods worth thousands of pounds.

As a farmer's daughter from the Isle of Skye, northern Scotland, I had been brought up to respect thrift as a great virtue. Now, at the age of 33, I was tasting the pleasures of extravagance for the first time — and thoroughly enjoying myself!

But as I sat drinking coffee with Sheik Fahad in the guest-house that morning, I was brought back to earth with a hard bump. For he calmly announced that the King of Saudi Arabia was arriving the following day on a State visit, and I was to have everything ready to receive 25 of the King's Ministers for a week's stay.

One of my major worries

was the lack of fly-screening, essential in a country where the temperature is around 120 degrees in the shade.

Just as I was wondering how to break this news tactfully to the Sheik, a large fly landed on the edge of his coffee cup.

No sooner had he brushed it away than another settled on his ear. With a look of fury on his face, he shouted into the telephone: "Send every carpenter available to the guest-house immediately. The whole place must be screened before His Majesty's Ministers arrive."

Within half an hour the place was in an uproar, swarming with dozens of

KUWAIT, now one of the world's crisis spots, was an obscure corner of Arabia, with a population of 250,000 under British protection, when oil began to flow in 1946.

It is now the fourth largest producer in the world, and the Anglo-American operators on the oilfield have been paying more than £200 million a year to the ruling Sheik.

Last month Kuwait became an independent State, but troop movements began when the Iraq Government laid claim to the territory and the Sheik called in British aid.

carpenters and miles of fly-netting.

Although I admired the speed with which the Sheik had set things in motion, I didn't see how the job could be finished in time.

But I was thinking with a Western mind, used to workmen knocking off on the dot.



MRS. MACDONALD —she won Arabs' confidence, no easy task for a woman.

Later, my husband and I discovered that in Kuwait there's no such thing as clock-watching. The hammering, sawing, and shouting went on all through the night.

"I wish they'd knock off for a cup of tea," Angus groaned, "so that we can have some sleep. We've got a pretty hectic day ahead."

Perhaps it was fortunate we didn't know just how hectic, or we might have missed even the little sleep we did manage.

Sheik Fahad called early next morning and nodded his head in approval of finding the fly-screening completed.

But he was not satisfied with the appearance of the unmade road outside, and telephoned the director of municipality with orders to "tidy up outside the guest-house."

Correction!

Before my astonished eyes, 200 natives made a beautiful car-park out of the muddy puddles which had been there before.

Then came disaster! A telephone call from the Ruler's palace announced that a mistake had been made. Instead of 25 guests, we were to prepare for 94. The only cheerful news was a cable saying

THE BLOCK of flats which became an annexe to the guest-house, taking the overflow of VIPs.



Arabian king, fourteen princes, and ninety-four courtiers

GUEST-HOUSE IN KUWAIT



BANQUETS lasted many hours, and camel's hump and sheep's eyes were among the delicacies. RIGHT: Ruler of Kuwait, Sir Abdullah al-Salim al-Sabah. Now Iraq lays fierce claim to his country.



"I GOT TO LIKE Arab food," Mrs. Macdonald says. But she was sometimes startled by the manner of serving.

our visitors were delayed for a day.

Sheik Fahad and I paced anxiously up and down the courtyard wondering how on earth we were going to accommodate 94 VIPs in a 12-roomed guest-house.

Suddenly he looked up at the empty, modern two-storeyed block of flats next door and asked: "Who lives there?"

I told him the building wasn't completed.

"Very suitable," he said. "That will be our annexe, Mrs. Macdonald."

I thought he must have taken leave of his senses, but he bulldozed his way through a mountain of difficulties and we had the flats.

As we toured the 35-bed-room building, I plucked up enough courage to point out to the enthusiastic Sheik that, eminently suitable as the block

was for our overflow of guests, it had not yet been wired for electricity; nor was there any water supply.

"You leave that to me," he said. "Run along to the stores and get furnishings."

I decided it was no use worrying. This wasn't Scotland, it was Arabia.

Princes, too

If the Sheik said we could furnish a block of flats, lay on electricity and water, order food for 94 guests, and hire a batch of reliable servants all in one short day — who was I to argue with him? At the government stores it seemed as if it was somebody else's voice ordering "100 pairs of sheets, please, 200 towels, 70 beds . . . and deliver immediately."

It was with the same sense of unreality that I stood in

the bazaar saying: "Send me half a dozen sacks of rice, nine sacks of sugar and tea, 500 eggs, 45 chickens, 30lb. of marmalade . . ."

Soon I was speeding back to the guest-house in the big American car which had been put at my disposal. And I stared at the new annexe in amazement as I pulled up. Water tanks were being installed on the roof, electricians were everywhere, and the noise was deafening as orders were shouted to the harassed workmen.

Angus and I passed another sleepless night, but, needless to say, by the time the King's plane touched down at the airport next day our second guest-house was in perfect order, just as if some genie from the Arabian Nights had worked a magic spell.

But my complacency was short-lived, for soon the King's Chamberlain, accompanied by Sheik Fahad, arrived looking very anxious.

It appeared that the King had unexpectedly brought 17 princes with him. The Ruler was able to accommodate the three senior ones. But what of the other 14?

It was decided that the guest-house must be turned over to them, and the other visitors would be accommodated in the new annexe.

Each prince had brought his own servants and bodyguards, and they had to sleep in the corridors, on the floor in their masters' rooms, or in the adjoining bathrooms.

From the moment the princes arrived, the bells never stopped ringing. My staff ran



to and fro, taking orders for refreshments.

Every now and then a harassed servant would knock at my door with some request from one of our noble guests. One prince ordered a radio to be brought to his room "at once." As soon as the others heard about it, they all demanded wireless sets.

I rang up the Public Works Department, who ordered me to meet all requests.

But Scottish thrift was outraged at the idea of buying 14 radios for only one week's use. Instead, I rented the sets from a local trader.

Clamoring

No sooner had I managed this hurdle than I was asked to provide bedroom slippers for one of the princes. As I could hardly hire those, I bought him an elegant pair, and hoped the others wouldn't find out. But once he'd shown them off, the bells started ringing again and the princes were all clamoring for slippers.

Apart from coping with the 14 unruly royal visitors, I had to deal with many touchy guests in the new annexe.

Never before — or since — have I met people with such a capacity for eating. Breakfasts went on until noon and each guest consumed four to six fried eggs. Our kitchens couldn't deal with these round-the-clock appetites, so meals were brought in from the bazaar.

We overcame the feeding problem, but then the princes arrived in my office one morning and demanded a Cadillac each.

I said I would have to get in touch with the head of their Cabinet, who was a guest at the Ruler of Kuwait's palace.

To my astonishment they immediately started trying to talk me out of the idea, as persuasively as a few minutes earlier they had been trying to talk me into it.

I afterwards learned that the head of the Cabinet was very close to the King, and the last thing the princes wanted was any word of their request for extra transport to reach His Majesty. For he would have understood at once that they wanted their own cars for visiting the doubtful attractions of the bazaar.

I must confess I was not sorry to see the end of what I privately termed "Operation Locusts." And as the fleet of cars headed for the airport, I sent up a silent prayer of thanks.

For although not one of my guests had given me a word of thanks, at least none of them had made an official complaint.

I worked for the Ruler of Kuwait for seven years — and I always look back on that visit as a baptism of fire. No matter how many emergencies arose later, I told myself I had come unscathed through the worst!

When a party of sheiks on a desert hunting expedition left their fierce hawks roaming the guest-house at night, I stifled my fear and quietly locked myself in my own flat.

When I was ordered to give an outdoor cocktail party and told to buy as many Persian rugs to cover the muddy courtyards as I thought fit, I calmly made a deal in the bazaar to rent them for the occasion.

As I overcame problem after problem without having to appeal to the resourceful Sheik, I was rewarded by the respect of the Arab men, who for centuries had been brought up to think of women as inferiors.

Although the booming oil town was becoming rapidly Westernised, ancient customs and outlooks still prevailed.

It was important not to "lose face" in this country, and therefore I was relieved when in 1952 I gave birth to a boy, although my secret wish had been for a girl.

"My boy now"

My husband took twice as long to reach his office that morning, so many Arabs stopped him with congratulations.

But had baby Roderick been a daughter, these same friends would have pretended not to have heard the news, rather than offend a father's feelings by mentioning such a "disaster."

Thrilled as I was by the arrival of my baby, I was worried, too. For I had been unable to find a nurse for him, and I had a full-time job running the guest-house.

All my servants, when I asked them if they could recommend anyone, explained that Arab women never went out to work.

On the day I came home from the hospital, Abdullah, the oldest of my houseboys, padded quietly into the kitchen where I was washing nappies, and said: "This is no work for Mensahib. I look after son, this my boy now."

And no conventional British nanny could have looked after

To page 22

Page 7

NOW IN AUSTRALIA!

The personal luxury soap of America's most beautiful women

fabulous pink CAMAY

probably the
most lavish soap
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New . . . pink . . . seductive! America's reigning queen of beauty soaps has arrived. Now you can surrender to the luxurious caress of fabulous, pink, Camay, with a fragrance like rare French perfume — and blended with the finest pink cold cream. Now you will have your own specially personal beauty soap . . . perfumed pink, dreamy pink, fabulous pink Camay to love your skin for ever.



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You'll be a little lovelier, each day with fabulous pink CAMAY

C12

Film hits at racial bigotry



WEST AFRICAN actor Johnny Sekka and British actress Sylvia Sims in a scene from "Flame in the Streets." They are friends off-screen—Johnny has been the house-guest of Sylvia and her husband—but in the film they play schoolteachers whose love leads to tragedy.

● The atmosphere in Leicester Square was charged with conflicting emotions as we filed out of a preview of Roy Baker's film "Flame in the Streets."

ON many faces enthusiasm shone, but, here and there, all expression was walled up behind masks of suspicion, even guilt.

For "Flame in the Streets" is a strong, honest attack on racial prejudice, on social segregation and old-fashioned hatred.

With thousands of Africans, Jamaicans, and other colored members of the Commonwealth pouring into England yearly, it deals with the most contentious subject in Britain today.

In direct style it poses an old problem: should a man who upholds equal rights for all races, colors, and creeds in his day-to-day working life stick to his principles when his daughter wants to marry a black man?

As the question-torn union leader, Jacko, who has to face up to the problem on the very night he has won his pro-tolerance case at a district meeting, John Mills gives one of the most moving performances of his career.

Hard role

So does Brenda de Banzie as the wife and mother who, bitter at the emotional frustration of her own marriage, is shocked by her daughter's choice.

Sylvia Sims, as the school-teacher daughter, has one of the most difficult roles.

She had to portray a girl whose academic training has given her cool reason, yet in her love scenes with the Jamaican teacher (played by West African Johnny Sekka) her passion must be seen to be strong enough to outweigh all other considerations.

After the show I asked Johnny if he had ever suffered any of the humiliations shown in the film during his eight years of living in England.

"Not me, thank goodness," he said. "But I know I've been very lucky. I have the kind of temperament which refuses to notice such things."

"What about housing prob-

By
BETTY BEST,
in London

lems?" I asked. "Have you ever been refused because of your color?"

"If so, the landlords were so tactful about it that I never knew," he said. "But thanks for asking. You can come and help me find a flat this afternoon."

Johnny had just returned from starring in a television show in New York. He had let his previous flat go. I was just about to ask where he was staying when Sylvia Sims walked by.

"Hallo, darling. I wanted to see you," beamed Johnny and gave her a hug and a kiss.

"Why? You did at breakfast this morning," said Miss Sims.

I must have looked puzzled, because they both burst out laughing. Then I discovered that Johnny was staying with Sylvia and her businessman husband in their London home. In a minute we were deep in serious discussion over color prejudice in London.

Both Sylvia and her husband, Alan Edney, feel very strongly on the subject. "My father was a very active trade union leader, too," said Sylvia. "So between the two I was tailor-made for this part."

"When I have to say in the film, 'Kathie doesn't see skin, she sees people,' I might just as well be speaking of Sylvia," said Johnny. "I mean she doesn't give me special treatment because I'm West Indian but because we're friends."

Then, with the quick grin that is never far from his face, "Isn't that right, darling? Don't you dare say no." Before we took off on our flat-hunt I asked Brenda de Banzie if she was in sympathy with the film's message.

Said Brenda: "It was a pleasure working with Johnny and Earl Cameron, who plays Gabe Gobeze, the colored foreman at Jacko's works. They have great talent."

"But if you ask me if I find them physically attractive, the answer is no. I genuinely don't think I have any racial prejudice, but neither have I ever found a colored person, man or woman, physically attractive."

When Earl Cameron (now one of the best-established actors on stage and screen in England) and Johnny and I went on the flat-hunt Earl said: "Special treatment, either good or bad, just because you're colored is very hard to take. All we want is to be treated on the level."

Going out to South Kensington we were a very happy party and the taxi rang with laughter. The sun was shining. It seemed like a perfect afternoon.

Some hours later I got home feeling perhaps the outlook wasn't so bright after all.

The only flat Johnny had been offered at any kind of reasonable rent was over a Chinese restaurant—and the landlord was Chinese.



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relief with
tablets



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10-HOUR
relief with
VapoRub

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Medicates cold-congested nose, throat, chest all at once... all night long. Vaporub's deep penetrating vapour medications start relieving in 7 seconds, keep on relieving for 10 full hours. And there's no internal dosing... no stomach or emotional upsets.



Relieves
10 full hours
while you sleep

Straight into Stuffy
NOSE

Straight into Sore
THROAT

Straight into Congested
CHEST

VICKS VAPORUB

World's most widely used colds medication... use as a rub, in steam, around the nose.



VR61 14 HP

Page 9

FROM PENSHURST

● When Lord De L'Isle, Australia's new Governor-General, and his family arrive on August 2 to take up residence at Yarralumla, Canberra's Government House, they will be as interested in their new garden as in their new home. Here Dr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper, the author of more than 50 books on gardening, tells how he learnt of the De L'Isle tastes and preference when he supervised the postwar renovation of the gardens at Penshurst Place, their ancestral home in Kent.



VISCOUNT DE L'ISLE, his wife, and family, the Hon. Mrs. Elisabeth Colthurst, the Hon. Anne, the Hon. Catherine, the Hon. Lucy, Hon. Philip.

PENSHURST PLACE, the De L'Isles' ancestral home. While Lord De L'Isle is here, his daughter, Elisabeth, and her husband will live there.



LORD AND LADY DE L'ISLE will make a tremendous impact on the gardens at Canberra's Government House.

I acted as their advisor for many years after the war when Lord De L'Isle first took over Sir Philip Sidney's wonderful ancestral "pile" known as Penshurst Place.

That was a job, believe me. The gardens had been badly neglected during the war and the perennial weeds had taken charge.

Also the lovely Elizabethan gardens which had been restored by Lord De L'Isle's grandfather had been "modernised" or Victorianised by his uncle, whom he succeeded.

Lord De L'Isle, however, was determined to restore the garden to its original state and to make it one which

By Dr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper



who is the director of the International Horticultural Advisory Bureau.

could be run with the minimum of labor.

The perennial weeds were eliminated with sodium chlorate (used dry as a powder) and the gardens were planted carefully to do away with regular bedding.

For instance, in the main Italian garden we filled the central beds with Frensham roses, and the huge, queer-shaped formal beds—feet by feet—with box-hedging plants which have now "matted" together to form a lovely level table of light and dark green. These living "tables" are quite a feature, and apart from clipping twice a year they take no looking after.

So gradually the herbaceous borders were planned with a number of minimum-work plants and yet lots of color.

Likes vistas

Lord De L'Isle has a great landscape mind.

He doesn't like a garden to be foreign to the house.

He particularly dislikes a super-modern garden made to fit in with the desires of the owner of a 16th-century house.

And the Governor-General has a great eye for architectural beauty in the garden.

He likes vistas, and the wonderful avenues of yew hedges are a feature at Penshurst Place.

Lord De L'Isle is also keen on backgrounds.

He has said to me: "A good herbaceous border, yes, please, but what about its background?" "A lovely rose garden? Good, but also, if you please, a good background."

Lord De L'Isle loves asparagus, french beans, baby carrots, chives, spring onions,

radishes, and globe artichokes. He dislikes all forms of cabbage, vegetable marrows and squashes, parsnips, and Jerusalem artichokes. His favorite fruits are raspberries and strawberries.

By the way, it's said that a former Governor-General admitted he liked lemon-meringue pie when he first took over, then was served it everywhere he went in Australia. Lord De L'Isle hopes this won't happen to him.

My Australian wife, Irene Shewell-Cooper, who was born in Lithgow, N.S.W., was a fellow officer with Lady De L'Isle in the A.T.S. during World War II.

Lady De L'Isle and she had a good talk when we were at Penshurst Place recently.

They were sharing reminiscences and their love of the blue gum (eucalyptus) — my wife because of her Australian descent and Lady De L'Isle because her grandmother had the finest eucalyptus avenue in Europe at Sharpi Tor, Salcombe, in Devonshire.

Lady De L'Isle is very fond of her spring garden at Penshurst Place.

She dislikes wired bouquets. Her love is for naturalness.

"Don't maltreat the flowers," she says, "by pushing wires into them in order to make an unnatural effect."

She adores raspberries, but strawberries come second, followed by pears.

In the vegetable garden she asks for asparagus as her husband does, but she likes peas and french beans, and she has a great belief in the merit of raw salad vegetables.

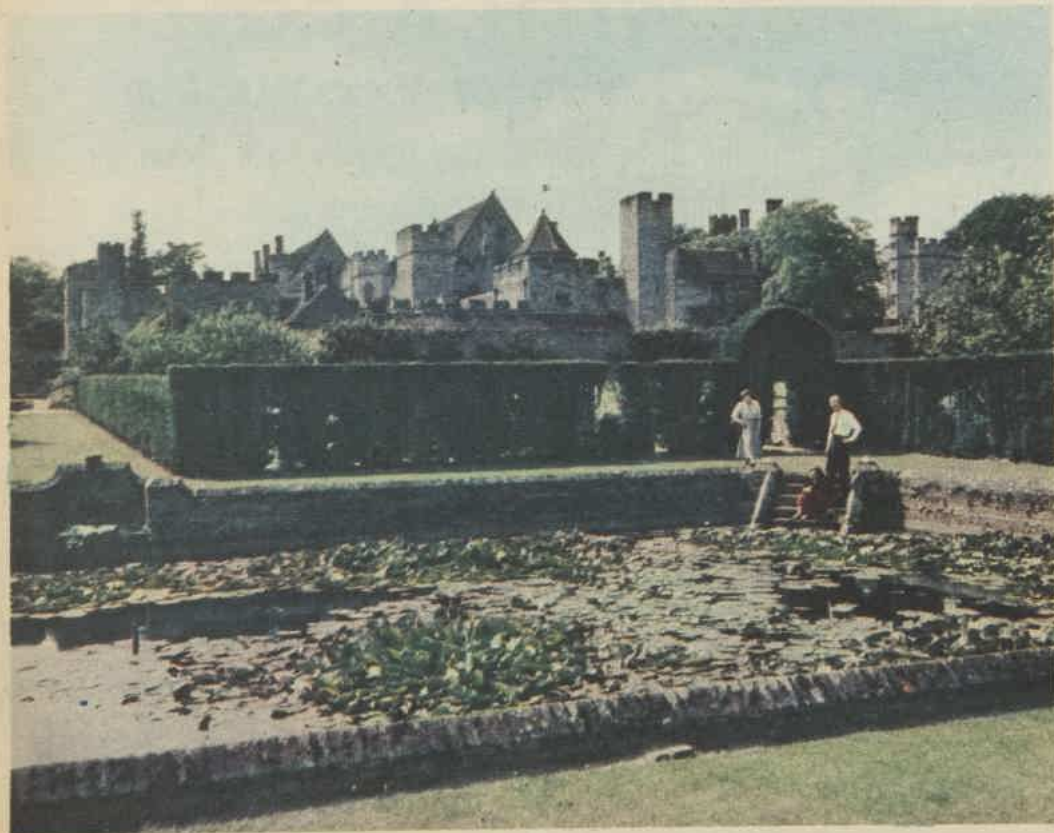
I think Lady De L'Isle will love the roses in Australia, because she is extremely fond of the McGredy types of hardy teas.

During our visit to Penshurst Place we went specially with the new Governor-General to see his market garden (which I started in 1946) and his new orchards.

We admired the new, movable greenhouses which run from place to place on rails, but the piece de resistance was Lady De L'Isle's prized spring garden with its alyssum, red-and-yellow wallflowers, masses of blue forget-me-nots, tulips—white, pink, and orange—and the huge polyanthus.

This mass of color shows Lady De L'Isle's wonderful taste.

I feel sure that the gardens of Yarralumla will "blossom as the rose" under her loving care.



THE LILY POOL at Penshurst Place is one of the many highlights in its lovely gardens. Lady De L'Isle gets her love of gardens from her grandmother and from her guardian, Sir North Dalrymple-Hamilton, who grew masses of rhododendrons at Bargany, in Scotland, where she lived.

TO YARRALUMLA



Continued overleaf



A VISTA of the gardens of Yarralumla provides Australia's contrast to the De L'Isles' gardens in Kent. Left is where guests assemble at garden parties for Royal or other visitors.

DINING-ROOM WING of Government House, with a view of the Molonglo River, has climbing Mermaid roses growing by its windows. Yarralumla pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



OLD DEODAR TREE, left, said to be more than 100 years old, in the grounds of Yarralumla. There is a legend a diamond is buried beneath it and the ghost of a blackfellow guards it.

A SECTION of Lady Gowrie's garden at Government House. The statue, which she had erected in memory of her son, has the inscription: "To Pat's youth and happy hours."

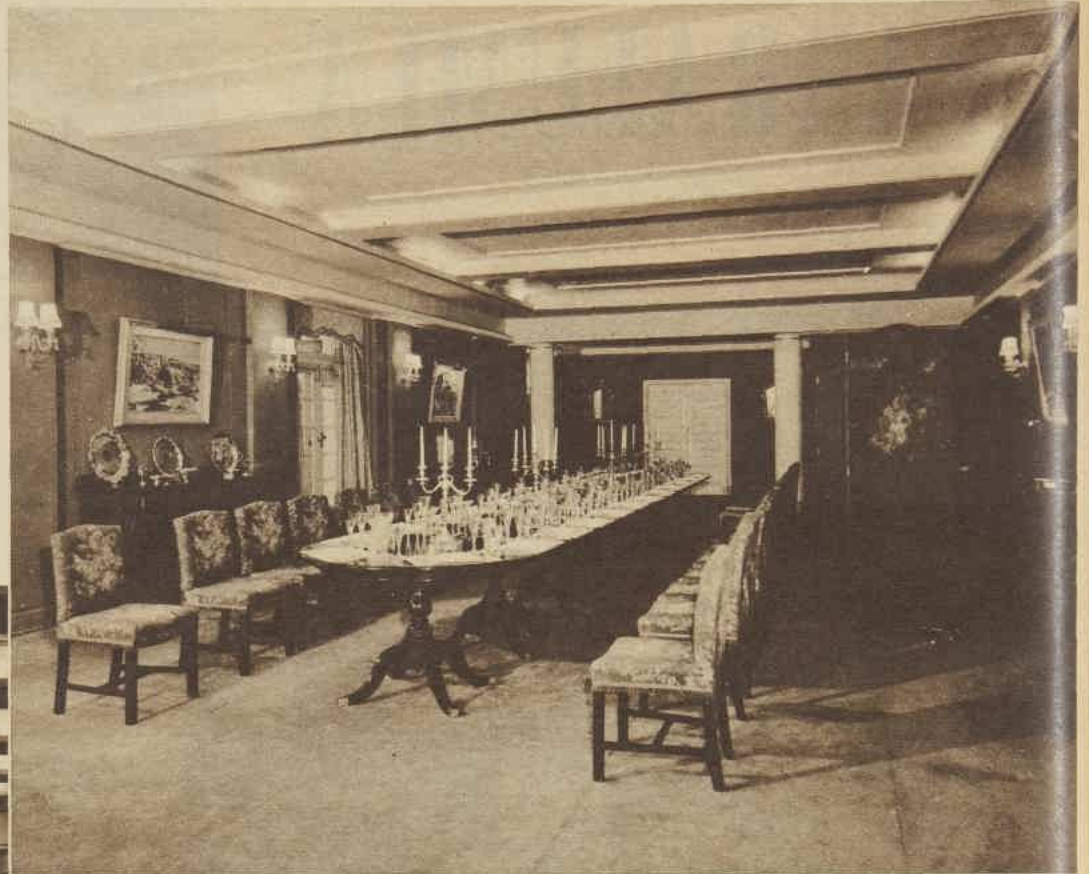
The De L'Isles' new home

From page 11

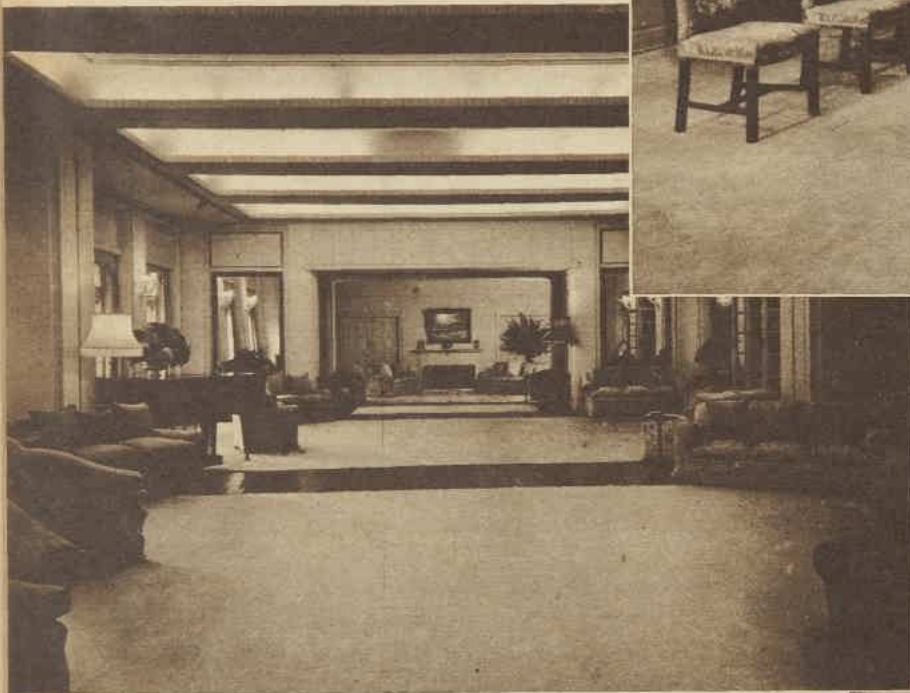
YARRALUMLA has a history going back to the pioneering days. In the eighteenth-twenties there was a cottage-size homestead on the land.

The station changed hands several times until it was bought in 1881 by Frederick Campbell, who built the gracious two-storey homestead ten years later.

When the Commonwealth resumed the territory in 1911, Yarralumla Station, of 40,000 acres, was one of nine large grazing properties taken over. Sixteen years later the Duke and Duchess of York (the late King and present Queen Mother) made the mansion their headquarters when they dedicated Canberra as the Commonwealth seat of government, and it became the Governor-General's official residence.



THE DINING-ROOM at Yarralumla can seat 50 guests. The table is made in sections and its size can be easily altered. The soft green carpet is a foil for the dark beige-covered chairs. Crystal sconces augment the concealed ceiling lighting.



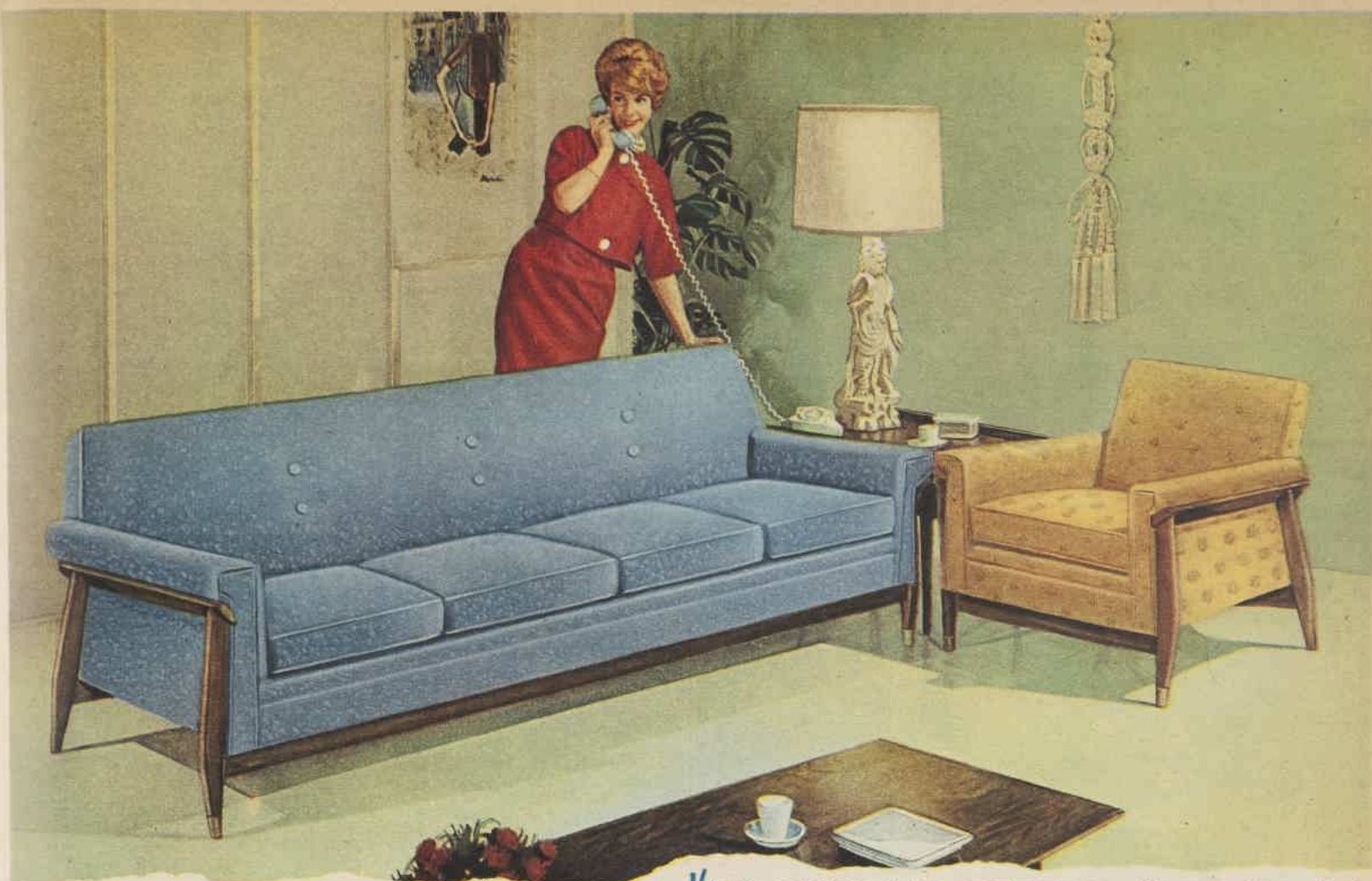
THE DRAWING-ROOM may be changed, with the aid of folding doors and heavy curtains, from one large room into three smaller reception rooms. The parquet floors are covered with large off-white rugs and the furnishings are carried out in pastel tonings.



SITTING-ROOM for Her Excellency has a large picture-window overlooking the beautiful countryside. It is an intimate room with its plain beige carpet—covered in front of the fireplace with a Persian rug—and its rosewood tables.



HER BEDROOM is a restful room, and has wallpaper striped in white, green carpet, and matching bedspread, padded bed-head, chair, curtains. The chintz is patterned in green-and-white Redoute-type roses, and the chaise-longue is in damask.



Verwe **LONGLINE** SETTEE with matching chair

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Choose from Longline settees, Nite-n-Day convertibles, living room chairs and DON Recliners . . . in a world of wonderful fabric covers—every colour and texture you can think of . . . and wood finishes in natural maple, mahogany, walnut, blackwood or teak. Take a new look at living room furniture today . . . with DON.



so nice to come home to . . . and remember

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Now, for 10/- and 2 labels from any size tin of Keen's Mustard you can have a handsome, heavily plated mustard pot and spoon that would cost anything from 25/- to 35/- from a silversmith's. This mustard pot design, with its traditional and authentic blue glass liner, has graced fine tables in England for many, many years, and will lend added beauty to yours. Every woman who 'keeps a good table' insists on mustard. She knows that this age-old condiment is still unsurpassed as an appetizer... it's indispensable with salads, gives finer flavour to all meats and adds palate appeal to fish and every other kind of savoury dish. Send NOW for this beautiful silver pot, and you'll have mustard on the table for every meal—KEEN'S, of course.

For Flavour in a Flash —

serve mustard with every meal—

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Send labels **NOW** together with name and address, postal note or money order for 10/- to Keen's, Box 7073, G.P.O., Sydney

(No wrappers need be sent from those states where a Coupon Act applies.)



FATHER



"Danny enjoyed himself so much last time, I thought I'd show him around the office again!"

MOTHER



"Don't worry! Everything is quite all right. But..."

It seems to me

THINKING about Princess Margaret's favorite recipe (page 3 of this issue) reminds me of a problem that mightn't worry them at Kensington Palace.

The recipe calls for one shallot. If you were making it for four, I suppose you could use two shallots.

At Kensington Palace, no doubt, they find some way of using up the rest of the bunch.

But I am continually plagued by recipes which call for one shallot or a teaspoon of chopped shallot.

Although my habits aren't consistently thrifty, it worries me to see the rest of a bunch wither away. It's not as if you can nibble at them like green peppers or celery.

Perhaps, with some support, I could start a movement for selling shallots by the dozen.



Dorothy Drann

JULY is a month that has little to recommend it, except to skiers, icebergs, and people who take pride in not feeling the cold.

The other morning with the westerlies at their bleakest the bus was crammed with its usual clothes-swaddled load.

One man, coatless, attracted attention. Not only was he wearing a silk shirt but he chose to leave it unbuttoned, displaying a bare chest.

The other passengers looked at him in pure hatred.

And yet he was only exhibiting a common vanity, which is to feel weather either more or less than the rank and file.

Indeed, thinking about what I regarded as show-off I had to examine my own conscience and remember the times I have said, "Oh, but I don't feel the heat."

Human beings must excuse each other. We are all so much alike in our reactions that we sometimes take comfort in pretending we are different.

AN official with wide experience of dealing with couples contemplating divorce was asked recently for his advice to those who argued continually.

"Buy a television set," he said.

Oh, no. Buy TWO television sets.

DECORATORS in New York say that indoor plants in the foyer of office buildings have a beneficial effect. They make workers think of jungles and quiet forest glades, calming their nerves while waiting for lifts.

Tell me, while you're waiting, brother, for the lift that's never there;

Does it help to think of jungles while you chew your nails and stare

At the indicator arrows that are pointing to the top?

"Why on earth," you're asking crossly, "must it make so long a stop?"

See the indoor plants that riot with their glossy, shining leaves:

Every time you thus ignore them some poor decorator grieves.

He or she has often pictured how you'd every morning stand,

Calmly, joyously transported to a green and pleasant land.

Must you break her heart, oh brother, with impatient hopes and fears?

What will be the difference, tell us, in another hundred years,

When the potplants will have withered and be gone for evermore?

Hush your tapping foot, oh brother, for it's reached the second floor.

QUAIL, according to a news item from London, are reappearing on British tables after being banned for 20 years. One farm in Wiltshire is breeding them, will soon have an output of 3000 birds a week.

Many people are reluctant to eat quail. They are disturbed at the sight of such a small bird on a plate. Pity is a feeling which is bad for the digestion of carnivorous creatures.

And yet it is illogical to quail at a quail and not at a chicken.

However, that's the way people are. Consider the expression "Poor little thing." Nobody ever says "Poor big thing." An injustice that bullocks may well brood over.

THOUGHT while watching cricket on TV: Those elegant long pants survive because pads would look silly with shorts.

Indeed, I could spare a wistful regret for the days when men tennis players wore long creams.

They added to the grace of movement of the old-time stars.

ABOUT that incident last week at Stirling railway station, Scotland, where officials removed the "Gentlemen" sign before the Queen arrived on tour:

Win Munday, of our staff, who formerly worked in Fleet Street, tells me that she once discussed the subject with an official at Euston Station in London.

He told her that whenever a Royal train was leaving it was customary to cover up the signs "Ladies" and "Gentlemen."

However, the signs were not removed. They were draped with Union Jacks.



JOHN HUNTER—Founder of Scientific Surgery—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

When John Hunter was born, in 1728, surgery was considered menial work. Yet, by combining great natural talent, insatiable curiosity and keen observation, the Scottish-born Hunter became the greatest British comparative anatomist of his time and was honored posthumously as "The Founder of Scientific Surgery." His famous anatomical collection, including skeletons of the now-extinct Great Auk and of the Irish Giant, numbered 13,682 specimens at his death. The desire to bring order out of chaos, and to extend the realm of human endeavor, provides basic motivation for progress in every

phase of medicine, surgery, and supportive fields of treatment. Each new day's progress brings patients better and better chances of full recovery, wherever they may live in the world and whatever their illness or disease may be.

Parke-Davis, working with and for physicians around the world in the struggle for better health, is constantly endeavoring to improve medicines. When prescribed by your physician and dispensed by your pharmacist, these medicines often help to make your health better and your life longer and richer.

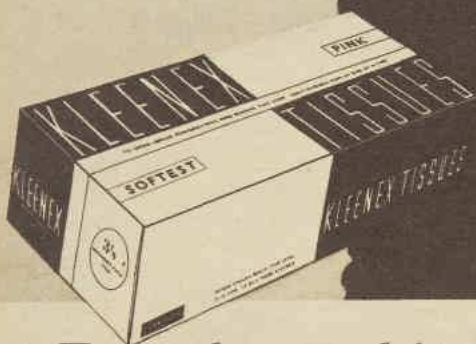
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PARKE-DAVIS

...Pioneers in better medicines

June Dally-Watkins, Australia's best known fashion and beauty consultant, and head of the June Dally-Watkins Organisation, talks about Kleenex and beauty:

"Often my models have to remove different kinds of make-up seven or eight times a day for as many as seven days a week! When this happens any girl's complexion is threatened. That's why I always advise the use of soft, kind Kleenex tissues. They are the only way of removing cosmetics safely and gently. And at the same time Kleenex removes make-up with complete thoroughness — and with ease."



Every beauty kit needs **KLEENEX**[®] —the softest, gentlest tissues made!

They're so kind to your skin . . . so easy to dispose of!

Soft, gentle Kleenex tissues are a basic beauty essential for any dressing table. There's nothing . . . absolutely nothing to compare with them! Here are just a few of the 1001 beauty-care uses that depend on Kleenex.

Easiest, cleanest way to remove your make-up! Even kiss-proof lipstick, eye shadow and heavy evening make-up are all quickly wiped off by Kleenex. Just cream your face, reach for a Kleenex tissue, wipe gently and every single trace is absorbed.

Handy for hair sprays! Hair sprays are wonderful but not all over your face! Hold a Kleenex tissue against your forehead. Then spray . . . take away and you have a neat, clean hair-line!

Cleanest way to remove nailpolish! Use a strong absorbent Kleenex tissue with your nail polish remover. It's quicker . . . and there are no messy, smudged finger tips.



Kleenex is so easy to dispose of . . . and it's by far the nicest way to remove any of your cosmetics because you can use a fresh clean tissue every time!

For softer . . . natural waves! If your rollers are too thin and they give your hair "creased"

waves, try padding them up with Kleenex tissues! Wrap Kleenex around curl ends to keep the hair together. For eye shadow . . . and lipstick! To stop your eye shadow creasing . . . apply one coat . . . and blot with soft Kleenex tissues. Kleenex is perfect too, for keeping lipstick smooth. Stop it from streaking or coming off.



And of course, always Kleenex for colds! They're soft, gentle . . . and so much more hygienic. For every sneeze or snuffle use a fresh

Kleenex tissue . . . then throw away, germs and all. Saves so much washing . . . and helps prevent family infection.



Keep Kleenex handy always . . . on your dressing table, in the bathroom and at work. Only Kleenex tissues dispense one at a time! Choose from 3 sizes in Pink, Aqua or White. Remember! Always buy the super Wet-Strength KLEENEX tissue for heavy colds, cleaning car windscreens, draining fried foods . . . and so many household uses!

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KK633



POLO AT SCONE

● Seven teams competed for the Donald Macintyre Cup and other trophies at the Scone Polo Club's recent three-day carnival.



TAMWORTH visitors Dr. and Mrs. Derek Berg and Mrs. Lionel Israel, of "Segenhoe," Scone (at right), watching the play, were well rugged for the icy winds.



KEEN spectators, from left, Miss Margaret Mackay, of "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, and Miss Sue Bragg, of "Landgrove," Cootamundra, with Mr. Rollo Dixon.



SISTERS Mrs. Donald Finlay, of Scone, and Miss Elizabeth Gill, of Walcha (at right). Mrs. Finlay's husband was a member of Scone's B team.



BETWEEN CHUKKERS. Mr. Tim Scales, of "Inverary," Cassilis (on the left), Miss Shaneen Stening, and Mr. Angus Munro, who played for Scone.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

THE second Tuesdays of the month are now red-letter days for lovers of gracious living, when visits to old, new, and interesting Sydney homes and flats are arranged by the N.S.W. Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia.

The programme includes an excursion to "Elaine," the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax at Double Bay, on August 8, when the azaleas should be in full bloom as an added attraction.

On September 12 bachelor establishments will be the topic of the day, with visits to the tastefully furnished flats of Mr. John Mansfield at Elizabeth Bay and Mr. James Fairfax at Darling Point.

The noted old mansion "Rona," in Bellevue Hill, where Miss Barbara Knox lives in the main section, Mrs. T. L. Rutledge in one of the wings of the house, and Mrs. Leo Cook in a fascinating home in the former coach-house, will be inspected on October 10.

On November 14 the neighboring terrace-house homes of Lady Hall Best and Mrs. V. G. Wesche at "The Grove," Queen Street, Woollahra, will be viewed.

The final inspection for the year, on December 12, will be on a "grand manner" note at Bishops Court, the residence of the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Gough, and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Gough.

At "Rosemont," the home of Lady Lloyd Jones, at Woollahra, where the first of the series of inspections was held last week, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, chairman of the Women's Committee, told me that funds from the viewings will be used to buy early Australian cedar period pieces to furnish "Experiment Cottage," Parramatta, which has been bought by the Trust.

It was the home of John Rouse, who farmed on the first grant of land made in the Colony.

"With the speed that old buildings are coming down we're going to have to work very quickly to save our historic landmarks," Mrs. Blaxland added, explaining the job ahead of the Trust.

JUST back from honeymooning at Surfers' Paradise, Olympic oarsman Peter Waddington's bride, formerly Helen Keir, will step into her wedding gown again on July 19 to take part in the parade of recent brides at the fashion parade at the Town Hall to aid the Lady Mayoress' Relief Fund.

THE expression on the face of Madame Z. Josilo, the wife of the Consul-General for Yugoslavia, was a study in surprise when she began drawing the prizes at the luncheon and dress parade she hosted at her home at Bellevue Hill to aid the Forget-Me-Not-Committee of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Starting off with the lucky door prize, the number she "brought out of the hat" was her own! It entitled her to a large bottle of French perfume for crossing her own threshold. The 150 guests at the function were delighted and unanimously out-voted her move to make a second drawing for the prize.

JUST WED. Mr. Colin Crowe and his bride, formerly Miss June Johnstone, cutting the cake at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel after their wedding at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff. The bride is the daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. J. L. G. Johnstone, of Armidale, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Crowe, of Moree.



ANNABEL LETHBRIDGE KING, just home after 18 months abroad, knows exactly how Princess Alexandra feels in her white kangaroo-skin coat. Annabel was asked to model the kanga coat for television and newsreel cameramen after it had been presented to Princess Alex when she visited the Australian food and wine display at the Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia. "H.R.H." confided to Annabel and Roslyn Weedon, of Breadalbane, who were among Australian girls on the job at the Exhibition, that she was "overwhelmed by the gift." Annabel says the coat was really gorgeous, lined with white satin patterned with gold fleur-de-lis. Roslyn, who is now in America, is sailing for home from Vancouver in Orsova on August 10.

S.S. ORION will always have romantic memories for Judith Fleming, the only daughter of Mrs. D. H. Fleming, of "Vitonga," Moree, and the late Mr. Fleming, and her English fiancé, Gordon Durnford, who are being married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on Judith's birthday, July 25. They met last year when Judith went abroad in Orion and Gordon was the ship's assistant purser. His parents' home in Middlesex became a home-from-home for her in England, and when she returned to Australia, again travelling in Orion, she and Gordon announced their engagement. His seafaring days are now over. He is transferring to a desk job in the Sydney office of his company, and he and Judith will live at Mona Vale, where they have bought a house in Elimatta Road.

SUCH an attractive wedgwood-blue silk scarf was brought home from abroad by Margaret Robertson for her mother, Mrs. I. G. Robertson. It's patterned in white with fascinating features of Vienna, including the giant wheel at the Riesenrad fairground — familiar to all who saw that famous film "The Third Man" — as well as world travellers. And in the centre of the scarf there's a lovely etching of the Vienna Opera House, where Margaret attended a wonderful performance of "The Magic Flute." The machinery for the various stages at the Vienna Opera House (Europe's newest and reputedly most superb) was built by the engineering firm which has been commissioned to cope with the stage machinery side of the Sydney Opera House.

DIARY dates. The Canberra Bachelors and Spinners' Committee dinner dance at the Hotel Travelana on July 21 . . . for the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. And "A Night in the Caribbean" in the new Buccaneer Room and Kon Tiki Lounge at Pfahler's Hotel on July 26 arranged by the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.



AT "ROSEMONT." From left, Mrs. Dundas Allen, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, Mrs. Derek Cassidy, and Mrs. Hector Livingston in the garden of Lady Lloyd Jones' home at Woollahra at the first of the series of house inspections arranged by the N.S.W. Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia. In the absence of Lady Lloyd Jones, visitors were received by her niece, Mrs. Livingston, and Mrs. Harold Farncomb.



IN CANBERRA. Lady Brooks, the wife of the Administrator of the Commonwealth, Sir Dallas Brooks, pictured with the United States Ambassador, Mr. William J. Sebald (centre), and the Minister for the Navy, Senator J. G. Gorton, at the reception given by the Naval Board at the Hotel Ainslie Rex to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Australian Navy.



LEAVING St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, Mr. Ian Robinson, M.L.A., and his bride, formerly Miss Cynthia Strachan, were greeted by skirl of pipes from Piper W. McK. Brown and Piper F. W. Allan (at right). After the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Strachan, of Strathfield, entertained at the Pickwick Club. The groom is the son of Mrs. I. L. Robinson, of "Junction Lodge," Bungawalbyn, and the late Mr. Robinson.

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C43



PETER USTINOV (President and General of Concordia, left) promotes a romance between Sandra Dee (America's Juliet, centre) and the handsome John Gavin (Russia's Igor, right).

IT'S ALL USTINOV

● Peter Ustinov, England's prodigious jack-of-all-arts, combines four of his major talents in "*Romanoff and Juliet*," Universal-International's comedy-romance.

HE heads the cast (co-starring Sandra Dee, John Gavin, and Akim Tamiroff), wrote the screenplay (from his original play), and produced and directed the film.

As a stage play, "*Romanoff and Juliet*" ran for a year on Broadway, toured the U.S., England, Europe, and South America. It was a great success.

The satirical plot deals with the mythical country of Concordia—a nation represented at the United Nations by Ustinov (the General), but one that can't be found on the map.

When Concordia's whereabouts becomes known—the result of a surprise abstention from a critical U.N. vote—it's immediately coveted by both the U.S. and Russia. This development alarms Ustinov (the President), who fears his country will be either liquidated (by Russia) or forced to accept aid (from the U.S.).

A tiny Utopia, Concordia stands for the

principle that love and laughter give more happiness than politics and philanthropy.

The romance of Ustinov's (the author's) modern Juliet (Sandra Dee), daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Concordia, with her Romeo (John Gavin), son of Russia's Ambassador (Akim Tamiroff), causes international repercussions—centring world attention on the new "trouble-spot," Concordia.

A recent Academy Award winner for his role in "*Spartacus*," Ustinov (the producer and director) chose the ancient Etruscan-walled town of Todi—80 miles from Rome—for his republic's locale.

As a Concordian, Ustinov is filled with national spirit. But in private life the English-born "Da Vinci" of Russian and French parents is uninspired by any flag.

"There's no national occasion which brings a lump to my throat and no anthem which sets my foot tapping," he says. "In time of peace I wish only to belong to the nationality of civilised men."

SHOW BUSINESS

TV SHAKESPEARE FOR SCHOOLS

By NAN MUSCROVE

● Education without tears is being introduced by the Australian Broadcasting Commission this year, when, for the first time, they are providing schoolchildren with a Commonwealth-wide Examination Season of Shakespearian plays on TV.

THE plays to be shown are seven of Shakespeare's best known—"Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Richard II," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

They have all been set in one State or another as part of the English paper in major school examinations.

In New South Wales "The Merchant of Venice" is set for Intermediate students and "Macbeth" for Leaving Certificate students.

"Macbeth" starts the N.S.W. season on Friday, July 28, at 2.50 p.m.

Most of the telecasts are films, and will be given during school hours, but "The

Merchant of Venice" will be produced live by the A.B.C. on September 13 at 8.30 p.m.

"Macbeth," the Leaving play, will be shown in four weekly half-hour parts, each with its own introduction by a professor of English literature.

Modern Caesar

"Macbeth" is a filmed production made by commercial TV in England, as is "Twelfth Night"; "Julius Caesar" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were made by the B.B.C., and the final two, "Hamlet" and "Richard II," are recordings of splendid live productions by the A.B.C.

"Julius Caesar" will also be in four episodes. This interesting B.B.C. production was filmed in modern dress, with Caesar as a Mussolini-

like figure, Calpurnia wearing "hatty" hats, and the warring factions in black shirts and brown shirts.

Miss Kay Kinane, the A.B.C.'s Federal Programme Officer for TV Education, whose brainchild the Examination Season is, says she has already tried out the modern-dress version of "Caesar" in selected schools.

"The children enjoyed it," she said. "They found it much easier to follow the story and identify the characters in modern dress, although there were a handful of romantics who said 'We miss the togas.'"

Miss Kinane, a tall, handsome woman, will see the Examination Season launched before she leaves in September for Bangkok to introduce school broadcasts on Thai TV.

She has been "lent" by the A.B.C. and will spend six or nine months in Thailand under the Colombo Plan.

Miss Kinane doesn't know exactly what she is going to do in Thailand; she feels that it will be like the early days of TV here, when "everyone pitched in and did everything."

She is a good one in this role. Apart from her notable TV education work, she is an accomplished producer and has worked on many different productions, from programmes for kindergarten children right through to adult programmes.

Learns Thai

Not long ago she made an excellent series of programmes about Central Australia and the work among the aborigines there.

Her plan at present is to start the Thais straight off on English-speaking lessons.

"The Thais have recently got compulsory education," she told me. "They have not enough teachers and not enough schools. They are depending on radio and TV a great deal in this field."

When I called on Miss Kinane she'd just had a lesson in the Thai language and



KAY KINANE, Federal Programme Officer of TV Education with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, who devised the Examination Season of Shakespeare for schoolchildren. Miss Kinane is going to Bangkok in September to start educational telecasts on Thai TV.

proudly counted from one to ten for me.

I'm glad it's she and not me learning the language. It is intoned, and an inflection changes the meaning of a word. Cow (or what sounds like that) means 9 said one way, and in a slightly higher tone means "eat."

I would probably be eating when I should be counting, but I'm sure Miss Kinane will cope most efficiently.

She hopes to teach English in a slow-speaking way (familiar to radio listeners who have heard John and Mary teaching migrants) using the phrases and conversation of everyday situations, encompassed in a simple serial.

Eventually she is hoping to

teach them through live drama.

"Thais don't know a thing about acting in the Western way," she added. "They have no realistic drama at all."

"They interpret stories more through music and dancing. The Thais are mad about music. Their King, Phumiphon, is a composer and a keen music man. His great interest in music is said to have been the reason for Thailand getting TV."

I asked Miss Kinane did she ever think she'd get round to putting Shakespeare on Thai TV.

"I would not be surprised if I did," she said. "Many Thais are cultured, educated people who would be very interested in it."

Why Wentworth looked old

● The hazards involved in an undertaking like A.B.C.-TV's historical serial, "The Outcasts," range practically from death to disaster.

THE latest worry producer Colin Dean had was a really bad one.

It was over William Charles Wentworth. Phillip Ross played the role.

Two episodes ago, in episode six, Blaxland, Law-

son, and Wentworth were seen hacking their way along the ridges on the historic trip that opened up the route to the fertile plains across the Blue Mountains.

The sequence was filmed on the Blue Mountains last before the serial began last

May, and was incorporated in the live part of episode six, in which it was also necessary for Wentworth to appear alive.

Wentworth appeared live all right, but only nearly. He actually staggered through the episode and immediately afterwards on doctor's orders took to his bed suffering from advanced hepatitis.

He'd been sick for weeks, but his troubles had not been diagnosed until the week he was to appear live with the film done so many weeks before.

In true show-must-go-on tradition, Phillip Ross got reluctant permission from his doctor, and, although he could hardly hold his head up, got through appearances and went off to bed.

All that happened in this major crisis from the producer's and Ross' point of view was that some televisioners thought W. C. Wentworth looked older than he should have when he said goodbye to his father, Dr. D'Arcy Wentworth.

But it wasn't age that made him look as he did; it was hepatitis.

William Charles Wentworth appears in some more episodes of "The Outcasts," but Mr. Ross has had to bow out. His role will be taken by Earle Cross.



WILLIAM CHARLES WENTWORTH (Phillip Ross), with hepatitis, farewell his father, Dr. D'Arcy Wentworth (Edward Howell). At right, Earle Cross, who will take over as Wentworth in "The Outcasts."

Film Reviews and Gossip

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★ THE CANADIANS

Making a colorful trio against Canada's panorama of pines and plains, three crimson-coated Mounties "get their men" in this up-north "Western." Mountie Robert Ryan—a kindly disciplinarian—and his companions are detailed to extract a pledge of peace from weary Sioux Indians driven north from American skirmishes. This pact is threatened by a quartet of murderous whites. The action's lively. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . PICTURESQUE.

★ ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

This screen eulogy of St. Francis, while colorful and factually interesting, lacks inspiration and conviction. The sing-song script is tonelessly chanted by a cast who seem sceptics. As the young man of Assisi who exchanged riches for poverty and founded a religious order, Bradford Dillman is pallid.

Dolores Hart, St. Francis' close friend who, following his example, takes vows, exudes little feeling. — Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.

★ VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED

Curiosity rather than suspense grips interest in this science-fiction thriller based on John Wyndham's fine novel "Midwich Cuckoos." Unlike many such films, often so extreme they're ludicrous, the plot has a veneer of authenticity. From an inexplicable phenomenon striking a quaint English village, 12 women become pregnant. Their children (all advanced beings) use supernatural powers for evil to terrorise the villagers. It's left to invincible George Sanders, a calm, detached "parent," to match their unearthly power. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . DIFFERENT.

★ MADISON AVENUE

This bleak film makes its point — Big Business is ruthless. Dana Andrews shows how a young executive with know-how, few scruples, and a glib tongue can reach the top in New York. Knifed (by boss Howard St. John) out of his job and reputation for being too smart, Andrews plots his comeback. Following the Madison Avenue "book of rules," he double-crosses his way to prominence. Ambitious juniors could pick up hints. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . CUT-THROAT.

★ EVERYBODY

EVERYBODY in Hollywood said singer Dinah Washington's marriage to 23-year-old Raphael Campos couldn't last, she being 46 with eight divorces behind her. The marriage is over now—after three months. The young Mexican actor, after getting a quick divorce in Mexico City, is currently dating actress Joan Cameron — a girl more his own age.



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Cheyenne, Cheyenne...

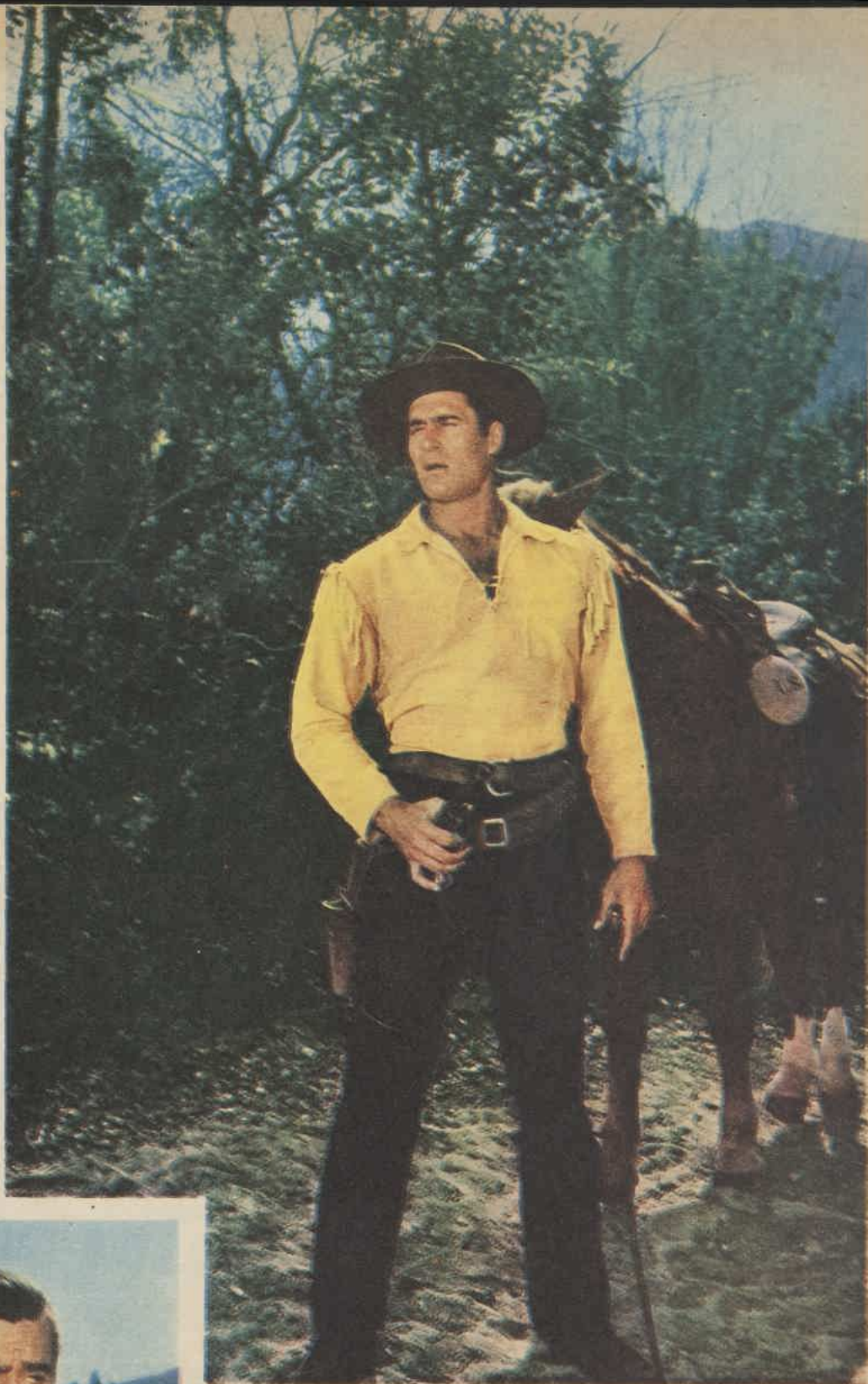
ONCE upon a time there were three Western heroes, Clint ("Cheyenne") Walker, Ty ("Bronco") Hardin, and Will ("Sugarfoot") Hutchins. Each of them had his own show. One day Warner Bros. decided to make one giant show instead of three and call it "The Cheyenne Show."

Nowadays "The Cheyenne Show" romps on for an hour, with the three popular boys alternating as hero, and the other two usually making appearances. Top hero, Clint Walker, known as the Big Man, really is big. He is 31, 6ft. 6in. tall, weighs 16st. 11lb., and is happily married. He often takes his wife, Verna, who is small, pretty, and dark-haired, and his daughter, Valerie, 9, on hunting trips at weekends.

Clint is a health-food addict and lives mainly on carrots, raisins, cornmeal, dates, figs, prunes, and sunflower seeds. He is a teetotaler, but gets high (in spirits) on foaming mugs of orange or vegetable juice. He also has a mania for body-building and often bends an iron bar for recreation.

—Nan Musgrove

SHOW BUSINESS



"CHEYENNE BODIE," as his fans know and love him, Clint Walker, who plays Cheyenne, hasn't always been an actor. He was a sailor, then became a sheet-metal worker, vacuum-cleaner salesman, truck driver, and bouncer in a Las Vegas nightclub. Film star Van Johnson "discovered" him bouncing a drunk and persuaded him to try his luck in Hollywood.

IN THE SHOW, Cheyenne ponders a problem with a Texas Ranger. When he's not being Cheyenne, Clint makes furniture and other things. At present he is trying his hand at building a one-man helicopter from a five-dollar plan in a mechanics magazine. Warner Bros. are worried about the test-flight.

MY GUEST-HOUSE IN KUWAIT

From page 7

Roderick better than Abdullah. He adored the baby, and took a fierce pride in Roddy's appearance.

When he was out in his pram, the baby was always as fresh as a snowball. Under the starched linen cover Abdullah kept a supply of clean nappies and a hairbrush.

Happy women

As soon as any acquaintance came in sight, out came the brush and Roderick's thin blond thatch was given a vigorous grooming.

I was touched by this unexpected devotion, so I asked Abdullah one day why he had not confided in me before Roderick's birth that he would like to care for the baby when it came.

My nanny shuffled his bare feet in embarrassment and

finally admitted: "I had to remember that perhaps the baby would be a daughter."

It would have been unthinkable, apparently, that a man of his proud race could have looked after a girl child.

After all, this was a land where to ask a friend, "How are your wife and daughters?" was an insult. One only asked, "How are your sons and how is your father?"

Yet the strange thing was that nearly all the Arab women I met seemed radiantly happy and contented.

Although all a man had to do under Moslem law to divorce his wife was to say "I divorce you" three times before witnesses, one hardly ever came across a broken marriage. It was a man's world — and the women seemed to enjoy it that way.

It was part of my job to make social calls on the wives of local dignitaries, and I became very friendly with quite a number of them.

All the big houses were built with special quarters for the female members of the family.

Although their religion permits Arab men to have four wives, most of the Arabs we met were content with one.

But there was an exception — a rich and charming merchant, who was an important business associate of my husband, had two wives.

He had built them each a

palatial house, furnishing both establishments as luxuriously as any woman could wish.

And he divided his time equally between the two wives, who were both violently jealous of each other.

Our rascally old friend never divulged which, if either, of these ladies was his favorite. So to avoid offending such an influential man I called on both wives regularly, never breathing a word to either that I had met — and liked — her rival.

When I first arrived in Kuwait, the Arab women would listen entranced to descriptions of life abroad. As their husbands grew rich with the oil boom, I saw an amazing change.

Still veiled

Houses where I used to sit on cushions on the floor were suddenly furnished Western style. Women who had admired my simple cotton dresses now showed me fabulous wardrobes made by top Paris couturiers.

But they still had to wear the veil.

The Arab is intensely proud of his family honor. He feels that by veiling his daughters he protects them from temptation.

And if there is so much as a whisper of scandal about a daughter, her father or brothers must kill her to save the family name.

While I was in Kuwait a young girl who had somehow contrived to slip out of the harem and meet boy-friends was murdered by her two brothers in the hospital ward where she lay sick.

Outrageous as this seemed to the Europeans, to the Arabs justice had been done and no more was said.

Perhaps the greatest thrill for some of these women of Kuwait was being taken on foreign trips by their husbands. Abroad they were allowed to walk about unveiled.

At the same time the old Eastern ideas of beauty received a rude shock in the salons of the Paris couturiers, and it was clear that the 44-34-44 measurements previously admired by Arab men were going out of fashion.

I must say my own waistline thickened disastrously in Arabia.

I enjoyed Arab food, although I never sat through one of the fabulous banquets thrown by hospitable sheiks. And I must say I wasn't altogether sorry, for such delicacies as sheep's eyes, the fat of lambs' tails, and greasy camel humps sounded a bit beyond my digestive powers.

Nevertheless, I was disappointed not to have seen the famous dish which consists of a young camel stuffed with a young lamb stuffed with a chicken stuffed with hard-boiled eggs! It must have

needed hours of preparation by the cooks.

In 1956, during the Suez crisis, strong anti-British political feeling swept through Kuwait. I expected the Ruler to ask us to resign, but, however much of an embarrassment our presence might have been, he gave no hint of it.

Servants wept

In the end it was we who resigned. We bought a hotel in Scotland. And as the time came near for us to depart I felt sad.

I thought of how Kuwait had changed in the years we

had been there. In place of the simple mud-built houses we had known in the beginning, there were big neon-lit stores, selling all the luxury goods of the West.

Now huge American cars were driven at breakneck speed through the town, and giant palaces were being built everywhere.

Yet the sudden prosperity hadn't spoiled the people.

They still value loyalty, friendship, and hospitality. Many of our servants wept as we said goodbye.

And Abdullah still writes, in Arabic, to Roderick, the young Highlander.



MACDONALD FAMILY. The parents bought a hotel in the Scottish Highlands, and sometimes Arabs are now their guests.

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The golden ring

A romantic short story

By YETTA LOCKE

SHE cried in despair, "Please—let me alone, Paul." She pushed at him, and the arms circling her so fiercely tightened for an instant, then let go. But still his lips lingered against her face. His kisses were the first she'd ever known that made her truly aware of herself as a woman; but she shut herself away from him, as she always must, because this was all there was going to be. He wanted her so, but he did not want to marry her.

"Why should I let you alone when I'm so crazy about you? And you don't want me to, do you, do you? You're crazy about me, too," he murmured against her cheek.

Horrified, she realised that her eyes were filling with tears. She was not a girl who cried easily, or one who had ever had much reason for doing so, until she had met Paul Wellman six disturbing months before. She blinked the tears away angrily. "I am not crazy about you. You use the word crazy so much as if you never even heard of love."

He glanced coolly at her, but his hand shook, she noticed, as he reached into the glove compartment and took out a packet of cigarettes.

"Love? You like that word better. O.K., I love you. You love me." When he said "love," there was no love in the word. He used it with delicate distaste.

"Don't you see—love isn't just craziness, physical attraction, it's—it's—" How did one define love, anyway? Definitions were oversimple, inadequate. How could she define it to Paul, whose intelligence was much greater than hers?

"It's what, Millie?" he said quietly.

She shook her head. "I wouldn't know where to begin," she said.

"Am I such a bad little boy because I want to make love to you?"

"Oh, no! Just that your—" and the words lay silently on her lips: Your kisses are the kind I've always associated with marriage. But she never mentioned marriage to him. Marriage was the worst word in the world to Paul, and its mention quite unnecessary. She knew he was well aware that marriage was what she wanted. The unease of that mutual understanding was the chasm between them.

"We'll go to the movies," he started the car.

She suspected he was just a thirty-year-old shell, filled with emotions all concerned with physical pleasure. If that were true, then why did she persist in making marriage with him synonymous with paradise?

For the first time in her twenty-four years she wanted to marry, and she had chosen this strange, tawny-faced young man she would probably never understand. She gazed at the savage profile, thinking: He looks exactly like a wild Indian. She laughed softly.

"The prospect of a free movie delight you so?" he asked.

"Paul? How come no roller coaster tonight?" she asked, then was sorry. He really loved those things—turtle-shaped cars swooping terrifyingly into water, endless rides on the carousel, which he called "the flying horses."

"Don't you remember? We went last night," he said cheerfully.

She found herself being sarcastic with him, as she'd never been with anyone before, but he never struck back or even seemed to mind. Paul Wellman was a stone wall. He crumbled only at the touch of her lips.

"Have a chocolate baby, baby," he whispered in the darkened theatre, and he held out a little bag of the penny candy he always carried.

I'm in love with a child, she thought. His success as a lawyer surprised her. Her father headed an accounting firm and knew the large law firm Paul was with. He'd

To page 55



It was just a tawdry ring from the carousel, but to Millie, as Paul gently placed it on her finger, it was symbolic of all she longed for in life

Worth Reporting

ONLY Nanook was missing when Pootagook, Ikaluk, Kananginak, Mingituk, and Niviaksiak set to work to design cards for the 1961 greetings-card series of UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund).

Snug in their igloos and snow huts among the frozen inlets and howling winds of barren Cape Dorset, Arctic Circle, the five Eskimo artists cut their sealskin stencils.

Then they mixed their favorite colors by combining iron rust with seal oil (for reds) and using residue from seal-oil lamps (for black).

The result was the unusual "Arctic Life" series, of which the drawing at right by Ikaluk is a typical example.

Each year the sale of UNICEF cards assists the organisation's world-wide programme to supply food and medicine to sick and hungry children. Last year's 18 million cards sold in 90 countries provided 20,000 mother-and-child centres and protected one million children against tuberculosis.

The designs are the voluntary work of famous artists throughout the world. Keeping our Eskimo friends company this year are:

- Pablo Picasso with a reproduction of his United Nations tapestry "Haven."
- Andre Francois with his charming "Child's World" series, including a violin-playing whale.
- M. A. Rahman Chughtai, leading Indo-Pakistani artist.
- Bedri Rahmi Eyuboglu, of Turkey.

For those who missed out on the cards in previous years or who would like to keep a permanent collection of the best, UNICEF and Golden Press Sydney have combined to produce a charming children's book, "The Children Come Running."

Reproductions are in color, and to add to the enchantment well-known children's author Elizabeth Coatsworth has interpreted each in prose or verse.



"SEA PIGEONS" (penguins), by Eskimo artist Ikaluk.

THE passing parade at Manly, Sydney, police station. Distraught woman motorist bursting through door and into tears: "My car—it's been stolen from the Corso. My husband bought it only yesterday and I've been looking for half an hour and . . ."

"The particulars, madam?" soothed the sergeant. "Make?"

"It's a 1946 Mor . . . oh, dear, no it isn't. That was our old car. Oh, dear, how silly of me. Thank you so much, Sergeant. Goodbye, Sergeant . . ."

Roses in the deep-freeze

FORTY employees at a tiny Scots firm at Bunchrew, near Inverness, have a secret that 20 frustrated U.S. business empires would gladly give £1,000,000 to know.

"We could make a fortune selling our formula to bigger and wealthier U.S. concerns—but even though our road to success will be slower we're hanging on to it," say the dour Scots.

The secret? How to deep-freeze roses and set off a world-wide winter flower boom. Treated with the factory's special process in autumn, the blooms are guaranteed to last two months when brought into a room in midwinter.

Executive actors

LONDON'S method acting school to teach business and industrial leaders the art of relaxation and emotional control leaves Sydney drama schools cold.

They've been doing the same sort of thing, unsung, for years.

Unlike the London school—an offshoot of the Method Stanislavsky Drama Academy—they may not have factory managers swaying like saplings in the breeze, but they have professional men taking advantage of their actor-training methods.

The Independent Theatre numbers among its pupils many non-actors who want to learn the actor's art of concentration and controlled emotion.

Hayes Gordon, of the Ensemble Theatre school, has helped politicians, top executives, and doctors—including one medico who despaired of developing the bedside manner.

"It's not always a case of a businessman learning to control his temper; some amiable, good-natured types need help in cultivating one," says Hayes.

Hayes, who in 1954 assisted mentally affected patients at Concord Repatriation Hospital to remove their fears and tensions by acting out psychodrama, won't subscribe to the method label in courses for businessmen or dedicated actors.

"We put pupils through a mental and emotional gymnasium in order to flex their actor's muscles," he said. "We don't teach a stilted form of method acting."

WEARING a diamond in her nose (left nostril)—Mrs. C. E. Hutchings, St. Bernard dog-breeder, of Hampshire, England. Who put it there?

Mr. Cyril Wilkinson, Mayfair, piercer of the ears of the Queen and others of Royal blood. He corkscrewed the diamond in with gold wire and a clip to hold it in place until the nostril heals.

Why? Nobody knows. But Mr. Wilkinson is very happy to "be able to satisfy a customer."

Winner of Crozzle 1

WINNER of the £300 prize for Crozzle No. 1 in the new series of contests is Mrs. B. Havens, of 27 Victoria Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

In her winning entry, shown at right, Mrs. Havens managed to amass a grand total of 417 points—two points ahead of the next highest total. The result of CROZZLE No. 2 will be published in our next issue.

D	P	S	R	A	D	I	O
R	O	O	M	H	O		R
A	I		C	O	R		M
W	I	N	D	O		P	A
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A	E		C	U	P		E
P	A	N	S		G	T	R

24, 12, 9, 15, 13, 10, 6, 7, 18, 10, 12, 22

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	167
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	250
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	417



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The Foxglove

A tender love story

By
MARGARET FOX

WHEN she heard that Philip Armstrong had accepted the committee's invitation to present the prizes at the annual Agricultural Show, Clarissa Sutton experienced a feeling of greater and more pleasurable excitement than she had known for many a busy, uneventful year.

The ageing but carefully preserved cheeks took on a strangely youthful glow, the eyes, which only knew the aid of spectacles when she was quite certain she would be alone, became unusually bright, and her voice, always charming but not now always quite so animated, had a note of lively anticipation which even the least astute of her acquaintances could not avoid observing.

For it was quite twenty years since she had seen Philip Armstrong. Just before the war. Then he had been a distinguished barrister, at the height of his powers, serious and slightly aloof, with greying hair, a leather briefcase in just the correct stage of shabbiness, and a black hat which he always carried.

Before that there had been an even longer interval. They had both recently married, they were young and correctly gay, and the flirtation in which they indulged caused hurt to no one. Halcyon days were those when women were beautiful and men both chivalrous and witty. And life had still seemed long, serene, and inviolate. It had stretched interminably, securely before them.

It was not, however, of either of these two occasions that Clarissa was thinking now. She was going back further. Much further. Back to the year of another show when she and Philip had been children, and both had entered for the wildflower collection in the aged-twelve-and-under class.

Sometimes together, sometimes separately, they had sought and found the lovely wild scabious, the tiny pimpernel, the white bramble flower on its prickly stem, a late guelder rose, and the delicate upland harebell, whose slender stem interwoven with the coarse moorland grass made it so difficult to gather.

But neither yet had found a foxglove, although they had sought long and hard. For in their bleak climate it might still be possible to discover one, even if it were stunted and its lower petals had begun to seed. And at last she had found one.

It had grown close to a dry stone wall just where a tiny stream bubbled up and the track was always wet. She had both found it and left it. Left it for Philip, who was following on behind and was her first love, because she wanted him to have the prize more than she wanted it herself.

When, wearing a new sailor suit with a large floppy collar and his hair smoothed down, he went up to receive his prize (it was a book of Henty's, she remembered, and had gilt lettering) she had felt as though her heart would burst.

Love, hero-worship, pride, the glow of self-sacrifice, all mixed together, had created an emotional crisis which caused her to be sick and taken home early. But she had never regretted her act, not for one moment, and not even under torture would she have disclosed to anyone what she had done.

Not until now. Now things had changed. Now she saw it as a fascinating conversational gambit, a charming, ever so slightly sentimental link, the beginning of the tiniest, oh, the very tiniest nostalgic flirtation. She was glad that she had always taken such care of herself, that she had always fought so hard to keep off age.

"Do you remember that Show when you won 'Condemned as a Nihilist,' Philip?" she would say sweetly yet humorously. "When you found that foxglove that just made all the difference? You never knew that I gave it to you, did you?"

So she bought a new suit and made an appointment with her hairdresser, and nobody, she thought as she gazed into



ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

It was a proud moment for Clarissa when she found the prized flower.

her mirror on the day of the Show, could possibly take her for a day more than fifty-five. Not a day.

Although she was on the committee and could quite easily and without comment have received Philip on his arrival, she decided not to. She would wait a little. It would be more effective, more dramatic. So during the whole opening ceremony Clarissa sat just beneath the platform and gazed at the man she had worshipped as a child, flirted with in young womanhood, and whose career she had followed and admired in middle-age.

He was thin, too thin, and she hoped that he had a good housekeeper and took care of himself. People always said that it was more difficult for a man to be left alone than a woman, and, although she had sometimes indulged in self-pity, she felt now that perhaps it was true.

But his figure was still upright and his voice strong and clear. And she noticed that he did not use glasses when he referred to his notes. Nothing, she swore, would make her wear hers.

He recognised her as he was leaving the marquee to make a tour of the Show. "Clarissa! Bless my soul! I had wondered if I might possibly see you, but did not really dare to hope. How are you? How are you? This is indeed a pleasure."

They talked, they brought each other up to date, they mentioned mutual acquaintances, and even gently reminisced a little. The meeting brought to her all the feelings she had

To page 59

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Love Game

A short short story

BY BARNEY
SABATH



Dodie looked at Walt: "You look as if you're settling the fate of the world," she said.

WALT TAYLOR was a failure at the love game and he knew it. He had taken Dodie Robertsen to dinner at the Plaza and then to the theatre to see the season's brightest, rowdiest musical. Now, at nearly midnight, they were sitting in an intimate, upholstered booth in the city's most elegant new coffee lounge. And Walt was miserable because he knew that, after all, he would not find the courage to ask the question that he had intended as a finale to this gala evening. He was not going to be able to ask, "Dodie, will you marry me?"

He looked at her now as she studied the menu and wondered that he had ever possessed the audacity to suppose, even fleetingly, that she would consider him as a husband. For in addition to being a beautiful, shimmering girl with enormous blue eyes Dodie had achieved considerable success in business.

She was clever, capable, intelligent. She was everything wonderful, he knew with despair, and there was no reason why she should look twice at a tall, gangling engineer who had an average job and probably an average future.

Now, across the small table, she smiled at him warmly and said, "I'd like a small espresso, Walt." The expression in her eyes deepened into a mischievous twinkle. "You should see your face. You look as if you're settling the fate of the world, not just deciding which coffee to order."

He forced a grin and spoke jokingly. "As a matter of fact, I have just settled a weighty problem."

They talked about the musical, and she hummed a few bars of the song she had liked best. He recalled the opulent dinner she had served the week before in her handsome, high-ceilinged studio apartment—exotic food, gleaming linen, soft candlelight.

He had enjoyed Dodie and her room-mate Liz and Liz's boy-friend, but he should have understood that the dinner was her way of paying him back for the times he'd taken her out, her way of telling him, "Let's be just friends."

Driving Dodie home in his secondhand sports car, Walt was aware of her expensive perfume, as heady as the appreciative laugh she gave him when he repeated a joke from the show. They parked in front of her building and Dodie poked her head out of the window. "I see a light burning in 4-B. That means Liz is still up. How about coming in for a while?"

He hesitated, then decided against it. There was no use taking advantage of her politeness — no use sitting in her apartment, conversing coolly, while all the time he longed to take her in his arms and ask her to share his future.

He walked with her into the lobby. "I've enjoyed the evening a lot, Walt," she said, smiling. It was a cool smile that he recognised — a smile she'd bestow courteously on whoever took her out.

The door of the automatic elevator opened. Quickly Dodie leaned toward him, brushed her lips against his and whispered, "Good night, Walt. Thanks again." She stepped in and the elevator door closed between them.

He grew angry as he left the building. He'd been a fool to let himself fall in love with a girl who obviously could do better. Probably he should just be grateful that she had accepted dates with him during the past three months. He should appreciate the fun they'd had and let it go at that, instead of trying to build it into more than it could ever be. After all, their friendship had always been casual. Like her kiss — her glib, casual kiss, he thought wryly.

The next afternoon, Sunday, Walt worked on some business reports and felt pleased that he had not let thoughts of Dodie interfere. In the daylight it was easier to acknowledge that they were not for each other. She would get her tycoon and he'd meet some plain, unspectacular girl who would be glad to settle for an average fellow with average prospects. That was how it must be. Let's face it.

Late in the afternoon, wearing slacks and sweater, Walt drove to the post office to mail some letters. On the way back he passed Dodie's building.

I feel fine, he told himself. In fact, I'm so reconciled to the way it must be that I can be as casual and self-assured as she is. I think I'll go up and say hello. And maybe suggest that if she has nothing better planned for next Friday night perhaps she'd like to see a movie with me.

He rang the bell outside her apartment, and when the door opened a little he could only gape in astonishment. Disconsolate blue eyes stared out of a pale face, and a lemon-colored kerchief wound about her head vaguely concealed the presence of numerous little metal curlers. She wore a light blue shirt, dark blue slacks, and sneakers.

"Hello, Walt," she said weakly.

He cleared his throat. His visit was obviously unwelcome; he should have known. "I was passing, and I thought of you and —" He broke off in some confusion.

She watched him expressionlessly; then with what seemed a sigh of resignation she opened the door.

"Come in," she murmured. "I was about to iron a week's worth of blouses, but they'll wait." She ducked into the kitchen. "I'm putting a flame under this morning's coffee. I hope you don't mind."

When she reappeared, he saw that she had put on lipstick. Nevertheless, a pinched look remained on her features. "The coffee'll be ready in a moment," she said. He noticed that her hands moved awkwardly, almost nervously. "And I'll get us some music." She went to the radio-phonograph and fumbled with dials. Then she came back to the sofa — reluctantly, it seemed — and sat beside him.

Walt could not help staring. Where was the self-assured girl of last night? Where was the aloofness, the easy charm? It was all very puzzling. She saw him staring, and a helpless look invaded her eyes and lingered for a moment before disappearing.

Resolutely she moved toward the kitchen, and when she returned her voice was bright and false. "Here's our coffee. Not like last night's, I'm afraid, Walt."

Not like last night, he thought. No, today she looked almost helpless, the type of girl whose goal in life was a man to love and protect her. She looked, above all, like a girl who needed a laugh.

He swallowed. "Dodie," he said gently, "this may amuse you. Last night I kept prodding myself, trying to work up courage to propose to you."

She didn't smile; she just looked away and asked in a small voice, "What stopped you?"

He said, "I kept looking at you and realised that a girl with your job and your clothes and your looks deserves something better than an average guy."

When she looked at him her eyes were hurt. "Who's average?" she demanded. "You are obtuse, but aside from that you're the kindest, gentlest man I've met. For three months I've tried to make you love me and — want me."

She gave him a despairing smile. "And now you catch me at my worst."

Walt shook his head. He would never understand why a girl put on, along with her lipstick and basic black dress, a facade of aloofness and self-sufficiency and inaccessibility. Furthermore, he would never understand what possessed a man to persist, even hopelessly, until he caught her being her real self — her natural, wonderful self.

Above all, he would never understand why a girl with all Dodie had to offer would shed tears for an average fellow like him.

He took her in his arms and kissed her softly. "I don't understand the love game," he confessed.

"I don't either, Walt," she said wistfully. "All I know is that we've won." And as she rested against his shoulder, he could feel her special peacefulness and warmth and joy become his. He could also feel her curlers pressing into his collarbone. He didn't mind a bit.

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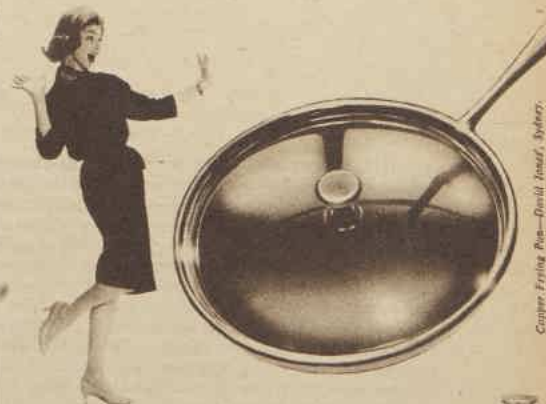


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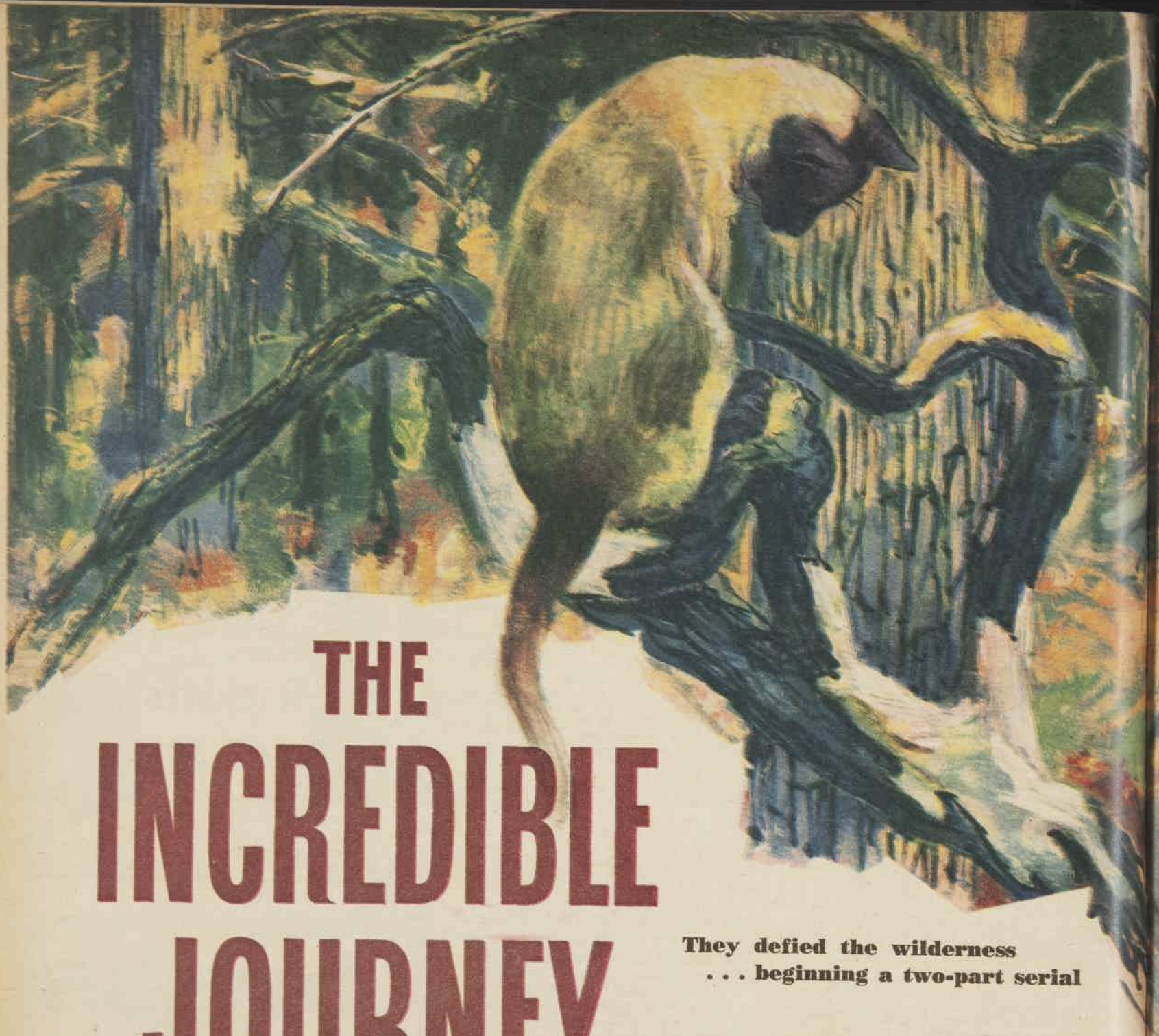


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THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

They defied the wilderness
... beginning a two-part serial

BY SHEILA
BURNFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THIS journey took place in that part of Canada which lies in the north-western part of the great sprawling province of Ontario. It is a vast area of deeply wooded wilderness, endless chains of lonely lakes and rushing rivers. Thousands of miles of country roads, rough timber lanes, overgrown tracks leading to abandoned mines, and unmapped trails snake across its length and breadth. It is a country of far-flung lonely farms and a few widely scattered small towns and villages. Prospectors work through it; there are trappers and Indians; and sometimes hunters who fly into the virgin lakes. But all these human beings together are as a handful of sand upon the ocean shore, and for the most part there is silence and solitude and an uninterrupted way of life for the wild animals that abound there.

Almost half the year the country is blanketed with snow; and for weeks at a time the temperature may stay many degrees below zero; there is no slow growth of spring, but a sudden short burst of summer when everything grows with wild abandon; and

as suddenly it is autumn again. To many who live there the precious autumn days are the burnished crown of the year.

This is the country over which the three travellers passed, and it was in the autumn that they travelled, in the days of the Indian summer.

On the eve of the incredible journey, in the middle of September, John Longridge sat by a crackling fire in his comfortable library. He lived several miles from one of the small towns in an old stone house that had been in his family for several generations. He was a tall, austere pleasant man of about forty, a bachelor, and writer by profession. He spent much of his time travelling and gathering material for his books, but always returned to the comfortable old stone house for the actual writing. He liked the house to himself during these creative periods, and for many years had enjoyed an ideal arrangement whereby his domestic wants were cared for by a middle-aged couple, Mrs. Oakes and her husband Bert, who lived in a small cottage about half a mile away.

Mrs. Oakes came in every day to look after the house and cook the plain meals. Bert was in charge of the furnace, the garden, and all the odd jobs. They went about their business without disturbing Longridge, and there was complete accord among them all.

The curtains in the room in which John Longridge sat were drawn, and the firelight flickered and played on the bookshelves and danced on the ceiling.

It was a very peaceful room, and the only sound was the occasional crackling from the logs or the rustling of a newspaper, the pages of which Longridge turned with some difficulty, for a slender wheat-colored Siamese cat was curled on his knee, chocolate-colored front paws curled in toward one another, staring at the fire, and occasionally blinking sapphire-blue eyes.

On the floor, his scarred, bony head resting on one of the man's feet, lay an old white English bull-terrier. His slant, almond-shaped eyes with the pinkish rims were closed, and one large triangular ear caught the firelight, flushing the inside a delicate



Old Bodger was exhausted, so Tao the cat and Luath rested with him near a gnarled tree.

pink, so that it appeared almost translucent. Anyone unaccustomed to the rather peculiar points of bull-terrier beauty would have thought him a strange if not downright ugly dog, with his deep-chested, barrel-like body and long, thin whippy tail.

But the true lover of this ancient and honorable breed would have recognised the blood and bone of this elderly and rather battered body; would have known that in his prime this would have been a magnificent specimen of compact sinew and muscle, bred to fight and endure; and would have loved him for his curious mixture of wicked, unyielding fighter and devoted and docile family pet, and above all for the irrepressible air of sly merriment which gleamed in his little slant eyes.

He twitched and sighed often in his sleep as old dogs will, and for once his shabby tail with the bare patch on the last joint was still.

By the door lay another dog, nose on paws, golden eyes open and watchful. This was a large, sturdy Labrador retriever, a young dog with a red-gold coat and a broad, noble head with a deep, blunt, gentle mouth. He lifted his head as Longridge rose from the chair, depositing the cat,

with an apologetic pat, on the floor, and carefully moving his foot from under the head of the old dog before walking across the room to look out.

A huge orange moon was rising just above the trees at the far end of the garden, and it was bright enough outside to see the garden. He noticed how the leaves had drifted again across the lawn even in the short time since it had been raked that afternoon.

"The northern ducks will be growing restless," he thought, "rising and settling uneasily and calling to each other throughout the night, undecided whether to leave now or the next day."

He turned and crossed the room and opened a narrow cupboard half-way up the wall. Inside were several guns on racks. He looked at them thoughtfully, and finally lifted down a beautifully chased and engraved double-barrelled gun that had belonged to his father. He "broke" the gun and peered down the gleaming barrels, and as though at a signal the young dog sat up silently in the shadows, his ears pricked and his eyes interested. The gun fell back into place with a well-oiled click, and the dog whined softly. The man turned toward him.

"Poor fellow," he said contritely, "I'm sorry, I forgot you were here—a gun must mean autumn days to you, too, but with your own master." He fingered the silken ears and added, "Never mind, we'll go and find some partridge when I come back."

The dog sat trembling all over and with such obvious misery in his eyes that Longridge looked away, and was almost relieved when the telephone rang suddenly and shrilly in the quiet room. Longridge picked up the receiver, and presently the breathless voice of Mrs. Oakes was heard, accompanied by a high-pitched, whining note in the distance. "Something wrong with the line," he thought as he spoke.

"Speak up, Mrs. Oakes—I can hardly hear you." "I can hardly hear you, either," said the breathless voice distantly. "There, is that better? I'm shouting now! What time are you leaving in the morning, Mr. Longridge? What's that? Could you talk louder?"

"About seven o'clock. I want to get to Heron Lake before nightfall," he shouted, "but there's no need for you to be here at that time, Mrs. Oakes."

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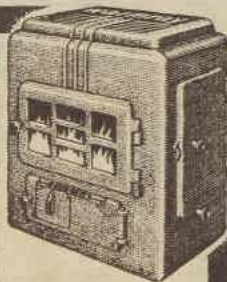
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Women as bosses

WHEN I told my girl-friends I work with a woman boss there were remarks of horrified sympathy. They consider that to work for a female must be terrible and that men bosses are "simply divine." I must admit I get on very well with my boss and that I've worked with some perfectly beastly males.

£1/1/- to "Happy Worker" (name supplied), Ivanhoe, Vic.

Began knitting at three

I WONDER if there is another child who learned to knit as young as my little girl. When she was three years old I taught her to do plain knitting. By the time she was three and a half she could do perfect work and knitted a square. I cast on and off.

£1/1/- to "Knitter" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

Teaching no easy job

NOTHING annoys me more than being told how fortunate my husband is being a teacher—and having a "nine-to-three" job. This couldn't be further from the truth. Some teachers may look upon their profession as just a job, but my husband's teacher-friends are all devoted, conscientious, and overworked. With backward pupils to be helped, school sporting teams to be trained, meetings to be attended, and notes to be prepared for the next day's lessons, my husband is rarely home before 5.30. Once home there is still work to be done, such as correcting class-written work.

£1/1/- to "Teacher's Wife" (name supplied), Upper Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

What's our nationality?

I WOULD like an explanation of question 9 — "Nationality" — on the recent census form. In the example given, a person born in Australia is classed as British. I was under the impression that such a person was Australian — an Aussie travelling overseas is issued with an Australian passport. I'm far from anti-British, but I do feel that a form of such nationwide distribution should be correct.

£1/1/- to C. Wood, Doonside, N.S.W.

End of the section

FOR more than six months our family — numbering 10 — used an old tram for dining-room and bathroom. The body of the tram served as the dining-room and the driver's compartment as the bathroom. We thought it great fun when we first moved in, but when winter arrived we discovered trams are neither wind nor rain proof. Finally we couldn't move for fear of upsetting the jins and pots used to catch the drops.

£1/1/- to "Too Breezy" (name supplied), Navigator, Vic.

Image of adopted mother

A FRIEND adopted a baby girl nearly two years ago. She wanted the baby to have black hair like her husband's — she herself has blond hair — and her wish was granted; the baby had very dark hair. Gradually, however, the child's hair turned blond, and she's now the image of her adopted mother. Not only has she the same color hair, but she has similar features and the same color eyes.

£1/1/- to "Amazed" (name supplied), Sherwood, Qld.

Silent rage

I AGREE with C. E. Little (Vic.) that a husband or wife who lapses into cold silence during a difference of opinion with his or her spouse is far worse than the person who explodes in temper. I'm married to a man who won't speak for weeks at a time, and what I'd give to have the air cleared and see a smiling face!

£1/1/- to "All For It" (name supplied), Delunga, N.S.W.

LET off steam? No — we leave the room. Arguments never get you anywhere, but don't smoulder. After a difference of opinion, we find we really do agree.

£1/1/- to "Brampton" (name supplied), Woodville, N.S.W.

ALL my married life I've endeavored to control my temper. I've learned to (usually) withhold the bitter retort which often comes to the tip of one's tongue when opinions differ. Silence may not be spite, but a genuine effort to refrain from creating a scene.

£1/1/- to "Elizabeth" (name supplied), Canberra.

THERE is nothing worse than two people sitting and sulking with each other. It does everyone good to get it out of their systems in one big blast.

£1/1/- to "Young Married" (name supplied), Coogee, N.S.W.

WHILE staying with my sister, I overheard her telling off her husband. On entering the room I was amazed to find her talking to a blank wall. She does this to let off steam without hurting her husband.

£1/1/- to "Forgiven" (name supplied), Harrisville, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"I DON'T like her hat. It's too showing-off."

I heard the remark made by a girl on a seat at the station. She and another girl were looking at a picture in the paper showing a woman witness in a court case.

Pictures like this are looked at very critically by newspaper readers. Women involved in an interesting court case are much in the limelight.

Yet one is often struck by the poor dress sense they show on such occasions.

A woman fusses about for weeks planning the dress for her wedding, yet she will give no thought at all to choosing the right clothes for her divorce.

Strangely enough, the ones who are most smartly dressed at ordinary times often make the worst blunders in court.

The hat which everyone admired at Randwick may look out of place when Uncle Harry is up on an embezzlement charge.

It has occurred to me that many women who have had summonses, writs, and subpoenas served on them may be glad of a few hints on what to wear. So I offer these sugges-

WELL-DRESSED WITNESS

tions, made after consulting an eminent Q.C.

The main thing, says my legal adviser, is to choose an outfit suited to



the kind of case in which you are to appear.

If it is a divorce action, for example, soft-pedal the glamor. It is a mistake for the respondent or co-respondent, in particular, to look like Cleopatra on the way to a heavy date.

Subdued good taste is the thing, with a touch of melancholy — best supplied by a dark hat.

In an action for damages, it is

important not to look too well off. High fashion is strictly out.

But don't go to the other extreme, as the wife of a businessman did. She turned up in the same dowdy costume every day for a week. The jury was muttering that she ought to spruce herself up.

For a case involving any kind of interesting charge, a woman should dress with special care, says the eminent Q.C. She is likely to be photographed, and the picture will be discussed.

It is a good plan to avoid an appearance of frivolity.

There is no harm in looking elegant. But leave your floral silk ensemble at home. Likewise, lock up all costume jewellery, charm bracelets, and chandelier earrings.

An inconspicuous hat is recommended for court wear. It should not be a pert off-the-face hat, even if you have a pert off-the-face face. Nor should it come down over the eyes, because that gives a woman a suspicious look.

Lastly, a word on your appearance when charged with a minor offence like smoking in a non-smoking compartment. My lawyer says it doesn't matter much what you wear, as long as you look cute.

SLIM

FOR

SPRING

FASHIONS

● Figures, like fashion, go in and out of style. This spring, the figure is sinuous as well as slender.

In a season of fluid, easy-fit clothes, the figure beneath is often unseen, but its slenderness is indispensable.

The new silhouette, shaped with only a suggestion of fit, has freed the waist and flattened the hips. But don't be fooled. The silhouette is not designed to hide bulges. This spring, clothes will look chic only over a slender, trim figure.

Slip into slimness now before you slip into the new spring clothes.

*Turn to the next pages for
our new Diet-Exercise Plan
and more Spring Fashions*

● Cardin's sleeveless daytime dress in white crepe has shoelace bows over bursts of paper-fan pleats. To wear the dress with chic needs slimness.

SLIM for
SPRING FASHIONS

TRY THIS DIET and

● Any woman's figure is prettier if she's slim. But nobody has yet found an easy way to diet, and the experts still say: Eat less.

● Why bother to diet? Women used to do it for the visible rewards—beauty and shapeliness. But in 1961 doctors warn: *Overweight is dangerous.*

BLUNTLY they point out that rich and wanton eating can mean premature death and that coronary heart trouble is increasing all over the world.

In Australia death from it has doubled, and according to Dr. H. M. Whyte, Research Director, Sydney Hospital, it has "perhaps even trebled" in Australia in the past ten years.

Death from heart attack is twice as common among overweight people as it is with those of normal weight.

Don't be frightened by the grim side of the picture. It has always been there.

The good side is that it may spur you on to eat less—and something has to if you're going to say "No, thank you" to the fatty delights that blur your shape.

Being slim is, to a woman, rewarding in a quite personal way.

It's a joy to be able to wear fashionable clothes well, and there's no doubt that they look better over a lithe figure.

From the wearer's viewpoint, the clothes feel better, too, once she's relieved of the worry of disguising bulky figure faults.

Then there's another thing: Overweight is uncomfortable.

In either work or social activities, or even during relaxation, a trim body is far more comfortable to its owner than one that has lost its suppleness through overweight.

A slender waist means no tight foundations or reefed-in belts.

Slim for beauty

If you want to lose weight for fun—to look more beautiful, shapely, and to be more healthy—you must diet some way. You must cut down your food intake.

The most effective way is a low-calorie diet, which has two enormous advantages:

You can continue to eat your favorite foods in small quantities if you want to, and its long, slow haul gives the dieter time to re-educate the appetite.

The re-education of appetite to eat the correct foods and reject the harmful ones is the big thing in a diet. No diet is truly successful unless it does this.

This is why the diets known in modern jargon as "crash" diets fail miserably. Never fall for one.

Crash diets generally depend on strange combinations of food or concentrate heavily on one food. They generally last for from three to ten days with the prize ahead of a weight loss of a pound a day.

Many people stick rigidly to such regimes, crash the fat barrier and lose the talked-about pound a day.

But they return then to their normal diet, often with a ferocious appetite, and a week of normal eating finds the scale-pointer well on the way up.

— By NAN MUSGROVE

FOUR WAYS TO CUT CALORIES

● Calorie is the word used to describe the energy unit in the food you eat. If the number of calories in your daily diet exceeds the number the system burns up, you put on weight.

A POUND of fat on a human body is roughly equal to 3500 calories eaten, but not burned up. This means that to lose a pound of weight you must cut out 3500 calories a week from your diet.

Below is a plan for reducing calories. It will cut your weight by at least four pounds and possibly up to six pounds every three weeks.

It is a plan you can juggle round if you wish.

(1) Reduce sugar

● Eat normally for the week, EXCEPT that you omit all visible sugar. This means that you use a sugar substitute in all your drinks, and eat desserts only if they are sweetened by substitutes. If you usually have six cups of tea or coffee a day with two level teaspoons of sugar in them, this alone saves 2100 calories a week. Cut out the slice of plain cake or bun you eat each day and you've saved another 1400 calories—a total of 3500 calories for the week.

(2) Reduce fats

● Eat normally for the week, BUT OMIT all visible fat from your diet and this week also reduce bread intake by at least two slices a day. Visible fat is the rim on your steak or chop, the thin selvage on roast lamb or beef, the thick edge on roast pork. Visible fat is also on any vegetable baked in fat, meat fried in fat, in butter. Save 1050 calories on seven boiled potatoes instead of seven roasted or fried in fat, 980 by omitting two slices of bread—not counting the butter—a day, 1400 a week by not eating butter. This means you lose about a pound, and if you stick strictly to fat trimming you should lose the best part of another pound in the week.

Try, for example, cutting out sugar one week, starch the next, fat the next, for the three weeks.

Then cut down your overall intake of food the next week.

Find out which way of reducing suits you best and gives the best results.

But if you have a health problem as well as obesity, don't undertake a strict diet without consulting your doctor.

(3) Reduce starch

● Eat normally for the week, BUT CUT OUT all visible starch. This means no bread, bun, biscuits, cake, pastries, sauces, gravies, macaroni, spaghetti, noodles. Give up your visible starch for a week and you'll lose at least a pound and probably closer to two pounds a week. Cutting out starch is a diet full of monkey cunning. It means you have a low fat intake, too—there is nothing to put butter on. Starch is a carbohydrate, and nearly all food has some invisible carbohydrate. If you drink beer, don't drink it this week.

(4) Reduce intake

● Go on a 1200-calorie-a-day diet. You can eat anything you like, provided it is in quantities that don't add up to more than that magic figure of 1200 calories a day. Some people may like large helpings of low-calorie foods, others small gourmet servings of their favorite foods. Some people sheer off a calorie diet because of the sums. But they are easy, and you learn inside a couple of weeks to calculate your intake by the eye. And very soon that dieter's eye rules and tames the appetite. The menu set out below will keep you to 1200 calories a day, or a little less.

HOW TO KEEP TO 1200 CALORIES A DAY

● These meals give plenty of choice yet keep the calorie count down. Take any one of the breakfasts, lunches, and dinners each day for a week to lose weight.

BREAKFAST

FRUIT: Choose from fruit in season or if available, one medium-sized piece of any of the following: Orange, apple, pear, half grapefruit, 2 slices of pineapple, half medium rockmelon or papaw (with lemon, no sugar).

MAIN DISH: One egg, boiled, poached, or scrambled (using iced water instead of milk and butter), or 1 lean cutlet and 1 large tomato, grilled, or 4oz. smoked fish, poached in water, served with lemon juice.

ACCOMPANIMENT: One slice toast, a level teaspoon butter. Tea or coffee, with sugar substitute, 1 tablespoon milk if desired.

LUNCH

SOUP: Bowl vegetable extract bouillon, flavored with salt, pepper, and parsley.

MAIN DISH (knife and fork): Asparagus salad containing 10 large spears of asparagus, 1 head lettuce, 1 medium tomato, 1 medium cucumber served with lemon juice, salt, and pepper. (Asparagus may be replaced with 4oz.

cottage cheese, or 2oz. cheddar cheese, or 2 hard-boiled eggs.)

MAIN DISH (in office, using fingers): Three ounces lean meat (meat may be replaced with 2oz. cheddar cheese or 2 hard-boiled eggs).

ACCOMPANIMENT (at home): One plain biscuit with 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon honey, tea or coffee. At office: One piece fruit or 1 plain sweet biscuit.

Speaking in calories, the luxury breakfast is one with the grilled cutlet and tomato. With this, skip luxury lunches, the cheese salads.

DINNER

FIRST COURSE: Bowl clear vegetable soup, or 1 cup tomato soup, or half grapefruit, or large green salad.

SECOND COURSE (Menus for a week are given, but choose any one on any day):

Four ounces grilled steak, 2oz. potato, boiled or mashed, 4oz. french beans, 2oz. mushrooms. Or 4oz. roast lamb or beef, 4oz. potato, boiled, mashed or cooked in skin in oven, 4oz. french beans, 1 small helping tomato and onion pie.

Or 8oz. beef, lamb, or veal stew, 2oz. potato, boiled, mashed, or cooked in jacket,

4oz. cauliflower with light dusting cheese or parsley (no sauce), 4oz. spinach.

Or 6oz. chicken, roasted, grilled, or steamed, 4oz. potato, boiled, mashed, or baked in skin, 8oz. french beans or 2oz. green peas, 6oz. marrow or squash.

Or 5oz. chicken livers or 6oz. lamb's fry, 4oz. potato, boiled, mashed, or baked in skin, 8oz. broccoli, 2oz. carrots.

Or 1 medium flounder sole, grilled, or 8oz. smoked fish, 4oz. potato, green salad with tomato.

Or 8oz. curried prawns, 1 heaped tablespoon cooked rice, steamed or fresh cucumber, green salad, 1 teaspoon chutney.

DESSERTS (No cream, ice-cream, or custard to be used as dressing): Take your pick from fresh fruit salad, or 2oz. jelly and junket, or 1 scoop vanilla ice-cream, or 1 serve fresh strawberries, or 1 serve stewed fruit (cooked with sugar substitute), or 1 piece fresh fruit.

BONUS: On this week's diet, the eater has a "bonus" of not more than 100 calories a day. It can be used as milk in tea or coffee (count 25 calories per tablespoonful), or a small sweet cake for afternoon tea, or a drink before dinner, or a snack before bed. Allow only one of these things, or you'll exceed 1200 calories.

NEXT WEEK: Our famous Handbag Calorie Counter, three pages of low-calorie recipes.

EXERCISE PLAN

It brings better health, too

- These exercises, designed to give every woman elegance for springtime, are divided into age-groups 13-30, 30-50, and 50-70. But the division is not arbitrary. Some grandmothers will cope better than their granddaughters, and most teenagers will be able to work their way through each group of exercises.
- Elegance is not the only aim. The exercises also tone the system and firm the muscles and skin.
- They are for healthy people. If you doubt whether you should try them, consult your doctor.

13-30 Age-Group

Stomach trimmers

- Lie flat on your back, feet together, arms extended at sides. Keep your arms on the floor and raise your legs together, over head and back, until you touch the floor behind your head with your toes (diagram A). Return slowly to starting position.
- Lie on the floor, feet together, toes pointed, arms above head. Anchor the feet under a chest of drawers, or get someone to hold the ankles. Swing the arms forward and sit up, stretching forward with your arms to touch your toes.



For better posture

- Hold a ruler or a broom handle behind your back, as low down as possible, then, barefooted, walk round on your tiptoes for 10 minutes.
- Stand erect, shoulders back, stomach muscles pulled in, tail tucked under. Bend your arms so that your fingertips just meet (palms down) in front of the chest; pull your shoulders back in little jerks so that the two hands are as far apart as possible. Repeat.

For a prettier bustline

- Stand erect, stomach muscles pulled in, tail tucked under. Put your hands on shoulders, breathe in through the nose, moving elbows backward very slowly; as soon as a pull is felt on shoulder blades, return to starting position.
- Stand erect, stretch out your arms in front of you; breathe in through your nose and swing arms downward and backward; recover to starting position and then swing outward; as you come to attention after each movement, breathe out through mouth.

Waist whittlers

- Stand, feet together, hands clasped lightly behind the neck, keeping the head up and elbows well back. Bend the body from side to side as far as you can go until you feel the stretch down the waist muscles.
- Stand with feet astride and arms stretched above the head. Now bend forward and touch the left instep with your fingers. Return to starting position and bend forward and touch the right instep. Return to starting position and repeat.

For prettier ankles

- Sit on the floor with legs about a yard apart, knees straight. Lean forward and take the left ankle with both hands and "wring" it out two or three times as if it was a piece of cloth you had just washed. Stop wringing and massage ankle with vertical strokes up the leg. Return to starting position and repeat three times to left ankle, three times to right ankle, returning to starting position between each "wringing."



This is a two-way exercise. It improves the waistline; at the same time it pretties the ankles.

Hip and thigh shapers

- Lie flat on the floor and, with the legs raised, perform a cycling movement, speeding up as you become fit.
- Lie flat on the floor and, with body supported at waist by hands (diagram B) and raised off the ground from the waist down, cycle as above, speeding up when you can.

30-50 Age-Group

Hip and thigh shapers

- Stand in the bathroom holding the towel rail with the right hand. Now raise on tiptoes and with toes pointed kick left leg out in front as high as possible. Return to starting position. Repeat three times.
- In same position, rise on tiptoes and with toes pointed kick leg out to sides as far as possible. Return to starting position. Repeat three times (diagram C).
- In same position, rise on tiptoes. With toes pointed kick back as far as possible, keeping back straight and stiff. Return to starting position. Repeat three times.
- In same position, rise on tiptoes and swing leg in semicircular movement, front, side, and back, and return to starting position. Repeat three times.
- Turn and grasp towel rail with left hand; do same exercises with right leg.

For better posture

- Hold a ruler or a broom handle behind your back, as low down as possible. Then, barefooted, walk round on your tiptoes for 10 minutes.
- Stand flat against a wall, barefooted, with your heels together against the wall.

Now put your shoulders against the wall and pull your stomach muscles in and get the small of your back on to the wall, or as close as you can, clench your fists and raise them so that, with elbows bent, they are close to the wall by your shoulders (diagram D).

The hard part of this is to get the small of your back close to the wall.

It's bad when you can slide your hand between the wall and your back, good when you can hold a sheet of tissue-paper on the wall by the small of your back.



To reduce a "spare tyre"

- Sit on the floor, legs straight and feet about a yard apart; swing right arm behind and forward to touch left toe, then left arm to right toe; repeat three times with each arm (diagrams E1 and E2).

For a youthful bustline

- Stand with feet wide apart, toes turned in slightly, tail tucked under; raise arms to shoulder-level in front, fling them back and drop at sides.
- Stand as above, circle arms widely and vigorously to the front and then to the back, always keeping a good posture.
- Stand with hands in front of chest, holding left-hand fingers in right, make little pulling movements as if trying to pull fingers from sockets, slowly, meanwhile raising hands till above head. Then hold right-hand fingers in left and repeat exercise.



Waist whittlers

- Stand erect, feet astride and with hands clasped behind the neck. Jerk round to the left as far as you can from the waist up and return to starting position. Do three quick little jerks, returning each time to starting position. Then jerk to right three times.
- Stand erect, feet together, arms down at sides, palms inward, fingers pointed. With knees straight, slide your left hand down until you touch your left knee, then do the same with your right hand.

Stomach trimmers

- Lie on floor with hands at sides, legs straight, toes pointed. Raise right knee to chest, keeping the other leg straight. Then do same with left knee. Alternate knees as you exercise (diagram F).
- Raise both knees together until they touch chest. As you raise knees, breathe in; breathe out as you lower them slowly (diag. G).



For exercises for 50-70 age-group turn to page 38

● Why exercise? Fit muscles make the body healthier, the mind happier, and the world seem a better place.

THE exercise at which most people excel is wielding a knife, fork, and spoon.

Practised assiduously at the three daily meals, and in between as well, this exercise takes away youthful shape, elegance, and perhaps health.

If you are over-zealous with knife and fork, the best exercise you can do is to push your chair away from the dining table after a light meal.

If you do over-eat, you can help your figure by exercising it. Exercise burns up extra calories, so reduces the effects of over-eating.

Exercise also improves health.

One of the best ways to exercise is to take up a sport, but many people feel they are too old, too shy, too bad at games, or that they may look ridiculous.

So they retire to armchair obesity.

Yet the recreational and healthful sport-and-exercise for all ages is walking.

Walking once round the block can be interesting and healthful. Twice round can be an achievement that is good for your figure and excellent health therapy.

Walking helps you to be more elegant all over, and is also a good "spot" reducer for legs, hips, and stomach.

Walking combined with dieting is excellent for your figure. To prove it, try a week on a diet with your normal amount of exercise. The next week, add extra walking to the same diet.

Polish floors

Walk to the bus or the station each morning; never drive the car to go less than half a mile.

If you want to see dramatic weight loss, polish a large floor on your knees every night.

If you've got money and a partner, you can add glamor to the exercise-diet project by dancing every night or second night for two hours.

The effect of the exercise is cancelled if it makes you so hungry you have to eat more.

If you get ravenous after really vigorous exercise, sip a cup of soup made from boiling water and a vegetable or beef extract. Such "soup" has no calories at all.

If doing "set" exercises, start your routine by doing each exercise three times.

Stick at that number for the first week, increasing to six times for the second week, and nine times for the third week.

You will suffer from stiff muscles when you start, and the stiffness is always worse the second day. But on the third day you are on the way back to fitness.

nuts

WITH DEEP-ROASTED FLAVOUR
IN WHOLE MILK CHOCOLATE



beautifully blended in...

MAC.ROBERTSONLAND

— the land of fabulous flavours.

Treat yourself to Mac. Robertson's Hazel Nut with crisp and juicy whole Hazel nuts. And try these other flavour combinations of nuts and milk chocolate from Mac.Robertsonland — Twin Nut, Cherry Nut, Fruit Salad, Ginger and Nut, Scorched Almond and for dark chocolate fanciers, "Old Gold" Nut. Enjoy the superb taste difference you get in nut chocolate blocks from Mac.Robertsonland.



Z711-R



Flying skirts...

need
slender
legs

PARIS gave the fashion world a fast-moving silhouette for spring. Flares, whirlwind pleats, and godets exploded with the pep and vitality of the atomic age. The look is deliberately young. The new, lively movement in skirt-lines provides for an easy stride. Hair, like skirts, remains short. On this short hairdo sits a roller, pillbox, or sou'wester. — Betty Keep.

● The rippling hemline is the fashion signal of 1961 shapes. It looks its best in motion — walking or dancing. The silhouette is supple and widens in different ways at varying points of the body. The width can be soft and undulating, bias-cut, have pleats, godet effects, or flares (see examples at right and below). Cardin started sunray pleats from shoulder level. Ricci flared godets from above and below the knee. At Dior, pleats fanned from hip level.

Cardin

Ricci

Matta

Ricci

Dior

● Fashion has given the new spring woman a brand-new shoe. Designed by Roger Vivier for Maison Dior, the shoe tapers to a squared-off toe and has a heel curved under like a question mark. This design is destined to cause most of the shoe excitement from this moment on. Evening sandals are often lavish with jewels and embroidery. They, too, show the influence of the squared toe. For spring, stockings will be in face-powder shades.

● Paris has scores of complete costume ideas unmistakably made to live together. Marc Bohan, at Dior, called his dress-and-jacket costume (above) "Flirt." It has a hip-length jacket finished with a miniature notched collar. The dress beneath the jacket is sleeveless, with a "no collar" neckline and pleated skirt. The bulb-shaped hat copies the suit color to the life. The new skirt length is knee-tipping, a length to make legs look leggy and interesting.

THE CHANGES AND



● *Crepe dress in pale shades, a Cardin signature.*



● *Cardin's coat-dress flares into a swirl in the skirtline.*

CARDIN, who showed one of the most spirited spring collections in Paris, cut an architectural flare into 90 per cent. of his designs (example above). He also promoted sunray pleats and used them with terrific imagination. Pink predominated throughout his collection. Another contribution by

Cardin was the sou'-wester. Numbers of these were made in ballbuntal-straw and dyed in the most delectable pastels. Spring millinery note: Costume and hat should match exactly in color.

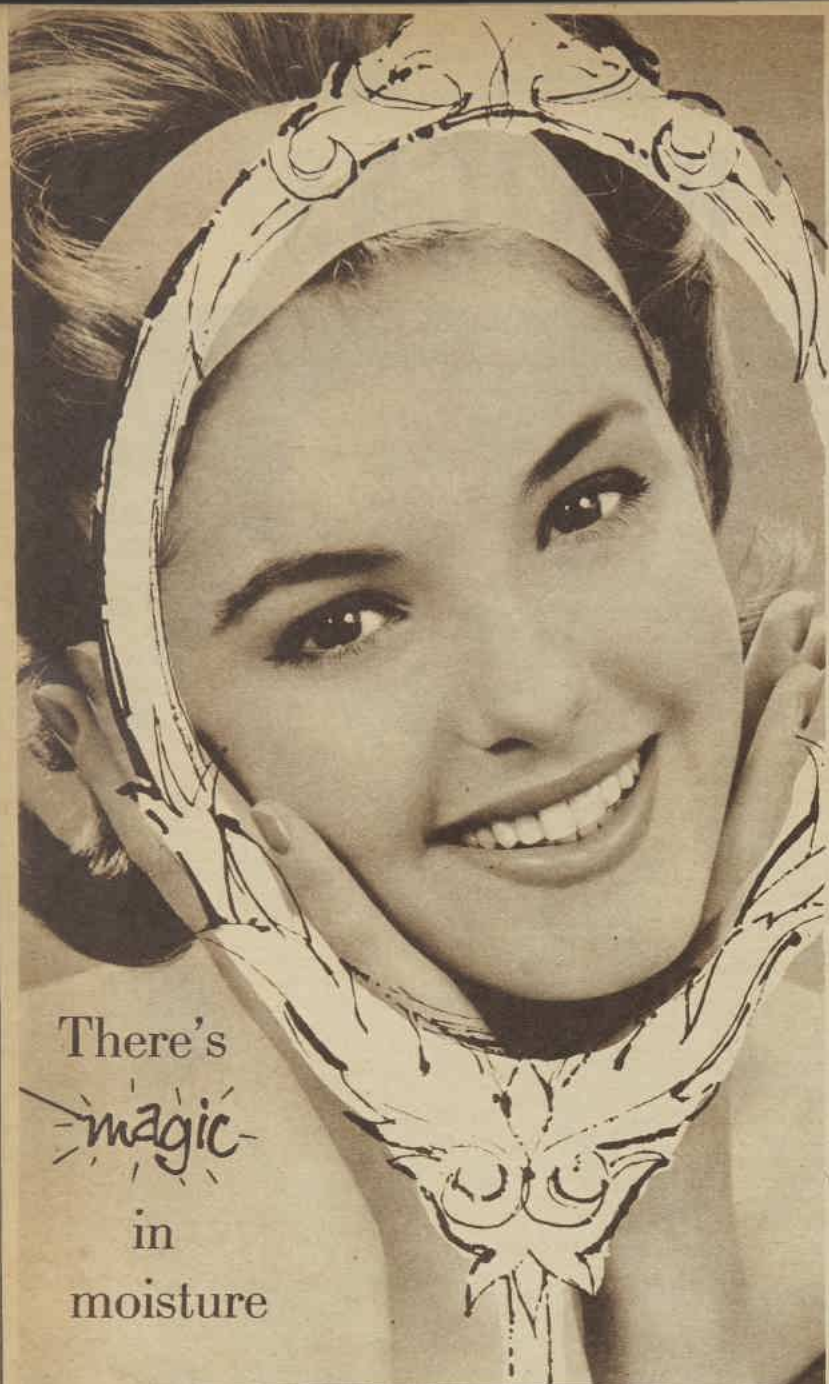
WITHOUT question, the crepe dress is one of the new loves of Paris. In all textures of silk and wool, it appears in daytime and night-life fashions. Silk crepe in complexion shades of pink and in white was a big daytime hit at Cardin. A refreshing new look is seen in the two-piece white crepe dress at far left. The cutaway top is fastened by two bows at the back and the skirt has released pleats. More Cardin chic in powder-pink crepe (left) — the dress is intricately draped and caught at the waistline with a flower trim. Both designs are minus sleeves.

EXCITEMENT IN DESIGNS

AIRBORNE into spring fashions was a flutter of elegant chiffons — probably the most eye-beguiling printed chiffons Paris has ever shown. (They alone, we say, are worth slimming for.) Dior showed a series of late-day dresses printed with all the colors of an English garden. These dresses (see examples at right) have billowy full skirts that dip and rise with captivating grace. The cut is bias and tricky. Dior also sponsored what designer Marc Bohan labelled "floaters." Floaters are chiffon coats, and they look wonderful worn over "firm" little crepe dresses. Cardin showed oriental flower prints in lush hot-pink, mauve, and yellow. Antonio Castillo at Lanvin stopped his show with a short evening dress of scarlet chiffon polka-dotted in white. Castillo also designed evening boas in printed chiffon. At Chanel chiffon was short-cut for the dance-floor. The dresses are made with a froth of fullness below a fitted hip-line and worn with long, narrow scarves. For big summer evening parties nothing looks more marvellous than white chiffon. The shape? A sheath, straight-cut to the ankle, to belt or not.

● Frankly romantic chiffons at Dior, made in flower-garden prints.





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magic
in
moisture

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Lournay MOISTURE BALM
it replaces vital moisture to
keep your skin young and lovely

The Australian climate is harsh and drying, especially to your skin. That's why every woman needs the special care of Lournay Moisture Balm—it actually replaces the moisture dried by sun and winds, leaving your skin young and smooth. Use greaseless Moisture Balm under make-up and before you go to bed. There's magic in Lournay Moisture Balm.



Choose Lournay Face Powder for a perfect mat finish to your make-up. There are 8 fashion shades—one just right for you.



Only Lournay MOISTURE BALM costs as little as 10/11

Continued from page 33

SLIM for SPRING FASHIONS

● These exercises done regularly and sensibly will help make you slim and trim for springtime. They also help to improve health, tone up the system, and firm muscles and skin. But they are designed for people in good health. If you are doubtful about trying them consult your doctor.

50-70 Age-Group

Stomach trimmers

To be done in bed.

● Move your pillow to one side and lie flat on the bed. Put arms above head, and stretch yourself as long as you can. Flex ankles and toes, your wrists and your fingers.

Finally, lying stretched out, point your toes and bend your foot down as far as you can, then slowly bring it back till it's at right angles to your foot, and wiggle your toes.

This exercise not only trims your stomach, it stretches your muscles, stimulates your circulation, tones you up for the day.

● Lie on a low pillow, take a deep breath and hold it. Now pull your stomach in till it touches your spine (or seems to). Then puff up your stomach muscles, still holding your breath. Exhale. Do it all again.

This is the first stage of a complicated yoga exercise and improves the tone and functioning of all the vital organs as well as working on the slack stomach muscles.

Waist whittlers

To be done in bed or lying on a bed.

● Lie on your right side with your legs straight down. Stretch your left leg and see if you can touch the bunion joint or, better still, the big toe of your right foot with your left heel.

Do this three times, lying on the right side. Then turn to your left side and try to touch the big toe of your left foot with your right heel.

● Sit on a straight-backed kitchen or dining-room chair with your back against the chair-back and stomach muscles pulled back to the spine (or nearly). Let the arms hang straight down each side of the chair. Now, keeping the back straight, stretch down with the tips of the fingers on the right-hand side as far as you can go. Five inches is a

good stretch. Do this three times right side, three times with the left hand on the left side.

(This is a wonderful exercise for your waist and its beauty is that you can do it any time you rest for a few minutes. One of the good times is when you sit down for a meal, or before you leave the table.)

Thigh shapers

● Lie on your bed, arms at sides, stomach muscles pulled in, legs straight. Alternately raise right and left legs, each leg three times. Raise the leg until it is at right angles to your body (or as close as you can get to that), then lower the leg slowly until your heels rest on the bed.

Back straightener

● Take off your shoes and, holding on to the kitchen sink or the edge of the kitchen table, stand on your tiptoes and stretch up as high as you can.

To remove dowager's hump

● Sitting down, square shoulders and slowly move head back as far as it will go. When it is there, drop it forward quickly until it rests on chest. Now, back as far as it will go, slowly, and forward again.

● Sitting down, with shoulders back and held erect, turn head to the right as far as you can, then to the left. Do this three times each way.

To improve your chin line

● Sitting, standing, lying in bed, say QX ("cue-ex") as hard as you can. Say the "X" until you feel the tendons down your neck stretch.

For pretty wrists, fingers

● Sit down and hold your hands up in front of you, and move them round and round in circles 10 times. Then, for one minute, play the five-finger exercise on an invisible piano.

HINTS to SLIMMERS

(All Age-Groups)

Did you know:

- That the dimensions of a slice of bread that has 80 calories is 4in. long, 3in. wide, and 1/2in. thick?
- That a piece of bread of that size toasted hard or soft, or baked hard in the oven, still has 80 calories?
- That tea or coffee without sugar or milk or cream has no calories?
- That you should add 25 calories for each dessertspoon of milk used and 25 calories for each level teaspoon of sugar used in your tea and coffee?
- That neither Vegemite nor Marmite has any calories? A cup of soup made of one teaspoon of either of these vegetable extracts dissolved in a cup of boiling water, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, is both appetising and satisfying?
- That one plain sweet biscuit has 50 calories?
- That the calories in potatoes vary according to the way they are cooked? (One 4oz. potato baked in fat has 250 calories, baked in its jacket in the oven it has 90, boiled 90, mashed without butter or milk 90. Eight French-fried potato chips, size 2in. by 1/2in. by 1/4in., have 160 calories.)
- Eight ounces of french beans have only 25 calories, but the same quantity of green peas has 110?

Whether you wash by hand or machine . . .

THESE GARMENTS NEED SPECIAL WASHING CARE



Hand-knit by Villawool — washing care by Lux. Villawool recommends Lux for all precious hand-knitteds "because Lux is so safe . . . preserves softness and safeguards shape like nothing else can."

And special washing care means Lux care! Even when they're machine-washable, modern fabrics need the protection of gentle Lux suds. Only Lux is made from pure baby-mild soap, so only Lux can take *real* care of special finishes, keep subtle colours *really* true. All things — blankets woollens, undies, baby clothes — stay softer, last longer, when they're washed in safe, gentle Lux.



Everything a little girl wears stays bright-as-new with Lux! Because it's pure mild soap, Lux can't fade colours.



His cashmere sweater — handsome? Yes! Washable? Yes — in Lux! Pure-soap Lux protects fibres, guards against shrinking.



Cuddly brushed fabrics never lose their comforting softness — pure Lux is so baby-safe and mild!



IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX . . . *and so are your hands*



**"I HAD
a sore throat
this morning..."**

but now I feel fine thanks to
'Savlon'

ANTISEPTIC LOZENGES

4/-

a tube
Available
at all
Chemists



At the first sign of a sore throat, simply pop a 'Savlon' Lozenge into your mouth. Pleasant to taste, 'Savlon' Lozenges relieve sore throats quickly — prevent further infection from spreading. Keep a tube handy . . . in pocket, purse or handbag . . . 'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenges will be your safeguard against irritating Sore Throats this Winter.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

SAV.223X.1964

AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● Sometimes I wonder where you draw the line between teaching your children to be truthful and teaching them to be reasonably polite.

LAST night I heard Mike say on the phone: "Well, gee, thanks, but I don't want to. See you. 'Bye," and the receiver was hung up.

"What was all that about?" I said. "Bill. He wanted me to go for a picnic on Sunday."

"Mike! You could at least have been polite," I said. "I've told you hundreds of times you can't refuse an invitation without giving a reason."

"I gave the reason. I don't want to go. What do you expect me to do, make up something like: 'I'd love to come, only I can't because my grandmother's getting married and I'm the best man'?"

"That's the general idea," I said, "but you could do better if you put your mind to it."

"I doubt if you're a fit person to bring up children," Mike said. "Aren't you worried about my immortal soul?"

No instinct

for "white" fibs

THE polite social lie seems to be as necessary as the toothbrush and the daily bath and for the same reason — to avoid offending, as the advertisements put it.

Children have no instinct for it, so that the parent who has tried to teach them to be truthful then has deliberately to teach them the art of social lying.

Kay and Diana, when they were younger, were past masters at passing the buck to me. "I'll ask Mummy," they always said when they received an invitation they didn't want to accept, and then they'd beg me to think of a good reason why they couldn't go.

No doubt some moralists condemn all lies, even the social ones.

But life's too short to pretend friendships you don't feel, and the insincerity of that seems worse than the social lie.

I do draw the line at Mike's attitude, though.

It looks more like thoughtlessness than truthfulness, and I remind him of the saying: "A truth that's told with bad intent beats all the lies you can invent."

Mike argues, being Mike, that the intent isn't bad at all.

I think it is, when it amounts to total carelessness of someone else's feelings.

Students

will have to "stew"

DIANA (Intermediate, 1961. Leaving, 1963?) has spent the last few weeks brooding over the University Senate's decision to restrict entrance into Sydney University from 1963 on.

This makes her feel persecuted, as though the Senate has aimed this measure at her personally.

In fact, she's taken it so much to heart that Hugh and I rather hope it may act as a spur.

Students will be chosen on the total of marks for their five best matriculation subjects, so that just scraping a matriculation won't be enough any more.

This, I suppose, is something that had to come.

The University is already full to bursting point, and I'm sorry for the bewildered

freshers who don't get enough personal attention (in fact, do they get any?) and for the lecturers who can't possibly lecture as they would like to when they're confronted by a vast sea of anonymous faces.

At the same time it has its unfortunate side — the whole of life is becoming so competitive, and this adds one more competition to it.

Examination marks are such a rough guide. Complete no-hopers from the personality point of view can sometimes matriculate quite brilliantly; others make a late run — the professions and the arts are full of people who, because they matured late, didn't make any sort of showing in their schooldays.

It's not the University's fault that these will have to be excluded from enrolment in future years. It's the community's responsibility.

If we don't want to exclude the late starters from higher education (and they often have a big contribution to make) then we'll have to build more universities, and build them fast.

In the meantime, Diana had better get her head down if she hopes to enrol in 1964.

Glimpse at a

"spectatorial group"

NOW I've heard everything! The other night a sports commentator, reviewing a football match, described the crowd as "the spectatorial group."

I suggest that he should be made to wash his mouth out with soap and water, and write out five thousand times "In future I will use the plain English for what I mean."

This is something the schools ought to pay more attention to.

No self-respecting English teachers, surely, would pass "spectatorial group," but they do turn a blind eye to some misuses of the language.

When I once pointed out to Diana that she was using awkward words that she thought were "stylish" in an essay she said:

"You don't get good marks for writing plain essays, you have to be a bit on the purple side."

Sad as it is, I think it's often true.

Don't "relax"

in the snow

ENGLISH teachers, I suppose, are never given the job of drawing up the school's report forms, but why does the next term commence on such and such a date? Why can't it begin? And why do parents have to assist in raising funds? Why can't they help?

I spend a lot of time picking the children up on these points, and they spend a lot of time trying to catch me out, which of course they do quite often.

We get so used to hearing and reading "utilise" and "comprise" and "endeavor" and "inquire" when "use" and "include" and "try" and "ask" are meant, that we all fall into the habit.

One of my pet hates is the way "relax" has come to mean "amuse yourself."

"Mr. So-and-So relaxes in the snow country," we read, and there he is, in a picture, skiing down a mountain slope.

The dictionary says relax means "cause or allow to become loose or slack or limp, enfeebled or enervate . . ." Some skier!

Mother: Do they love you — or your disguise?

HOME AND FAMILY

• The other day I read a love letter which lightened my heart. It had nothing at all to do with me. Indeed, the woman who figures in it lives far away, and even she was not directly addressed.

It was printed in large, wavering letters on undistinguished paper, but Petrarch might have been proud of the sentiment.

My mother (it ran) has black hair and blue eyes. She is slim and trim and has a heart for people. She is like a princess.

Somewhere there may be other eight-year-old boys who, asked by a teacher to describe a parent, could equal that masterpiece of effection. If so, I have not encountered him. Mr. Keats, meet Carey Veeder. Shouldn't any poet envy him his passion and his phrasing?

The person I envy, however, is the mother who inspired that letter. Every woman must have sketched out in her mind the image she longs to present to her children; but few, I suspect, manage so well to impress them.

The eyes and minds of children are searching, clear, and sharp. They see us, they judge us, honestly and often unexpectedly. Their images of us as mothers are not always the ones we could care to choose.

Aura approved

I remember how startled I was once some years ago when my younger daughter — then five or six — threw her arms about me at bedtime and announced happily, "I love your motherly smell."

"How do mothers smell?" I asked, trusting that my hard-won domestic talents had brought their proper reward at last, and that I carried with me into the nursery a wonderful Victorian fragrance of chocolate cake and starched linen.

"Um-m-m," she sighed. "You know—cigarettes and face powder and things."

There went my daydream. My only consolation lay in the certainty that this undiscriminating girl approved my aura. If it was not the one I hope I emanated, at least to her my frailties and affectations were accustomed and therefore comforting.

It was one of my many lessons in the maternal facts of life—that one is oneself to one's progeny, that they see through any disguise. All we can do is try to keep that self appealing.

Perhaps in other eras the word "mother" had a fairly universal overtone. Mother meant laps and rocking chairs, discipline and decorum, and callers at tea-time.

It meant agreement from the foot of the table with Father at the head on matters political, domestic, and financial. It meant sewing baskets and sweet-smelling sachets, in wardrobe drawers, family prayers and a cap for the hair at forty.

Mother now comes in all ages, shapes, sizes, and characters.

She may wear tapered slacks and a pony-tail, or go to the office in a tailored suit. She may cook like a Cordon Bleu, or cook a cake from a ready-mix. She may read, write, garden, paint the kitchen or a portrait, earn half the family income or stay quietly at home like her mother before her if she prefers.

There is no decreed image she can, or must, pattern herself upon. Yet with servants rare and women forced into a multiplicity of duties, the intimacy between mother and child is apt to be greater than ever before.

Our faults are daily on display for children to notice. Never believe that they don't notice them.

A friend tells me that one day lately her very young daughter asked her for a safety-pin with which to fasten her doll's gaping frock. "A safety-pin? A safety-pin?" murmured my friend. "I don't think there's one in the house."

"Oh, yes there is," said the child with confidence. "You've got it on now—holding up your slip."

Recently I met a ten-year-old boy neighbor whose mother had gone on a month's holiday. This young woman is known the length and breadth of our block as a maternal genius in the modern manner. Her children are healthy and well behaved. They live on good wholesome food with no nonsense about sweets between or even after meals. She is their mentor and their companion, no outing being complete without her.

Now a slapdash aunt has been installed in her place and we have all been wondering what would happen.

"Hi, John!" I hailed him. "Missing your mother?"

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, well-known American writer.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," he said cheerfully. "But we're having a rest from building our characters. And, gee, we have great puddings."

Perhaps, I thought, as I walked home, there was one mother who tried too hard to fit a preconceived pattern and wasn't wholly getting away with it. In truth, we seldom get away with set roles. My ideal vision of maternity was originally a cross between the image of my own gay mother, too-early dead, and the comfortable creatures in Kathleen Norris novels I pored over in my youth.

This mythical person was a little nebulous. But I knew she owned a soft, soft voice and a fragrant kitchen and was wonderful at a sick bed. She told fairy stories at night and there was perfect accord between her and her brood.

But, try as I did to make myself over in that image, my daughters tell me now that what they remember most pleasantly about me are the jokes their father and I made at the dinner table and how I couldn't get through a sad movie without being dissolved in tears. (They were always having to pat me on the back and say soothingly, "It's only a story, Mummy.") Also, that I could turn back-somersaults.

"You always seemed to wear a sweater over your shoul-

MY MOTHER HAS BLACK
HAIR AND BLUE EYES. SHE IS
SLIM AND TRIM AND HAS A
HEART FOR PEOPLE. SHE IS
LIKE ~~FOR~~ A PRINCESS.

ders," one of them confessed to me recently, "and you kept wanting us to wear one, too. But you laughed a lot."

It is a nicer image than I feared.

For I remember also one afternoon long ago when I overheard both little girls playing a game they had just invented. Evidently they were pretending to be grown-ups and mothers.

The game consisted of walking heavily downstairs in high heels and flouncing skirts. When they got to the bottom of the landing they would turn and call out in loud, scolding voices to some non-existent child: "Susie, do you hear me? Come right down here this minute!"

That incident led me to watch my tone of voice with them as carefully as I spied on their table manners. I had already had one other warning, anyhow.

"How pretty"

One of their young friends had told me gravely: "When my mother is cross I break out in hen-freckles." (The phenomenon being her own version, I gathered, of goose-pimples.) I preferred to keep my daughters unspotted.

A good deal more warming to my ego was a tribute they once spontaneously paid me on returning from a lengthy visit to their grandmother. They were perhaps seven and nine and were travelling alone. Dishevelled and excited, they stepped off the train to tell themselves upon me.

"Oh, Mummy," they both cried at once, "how pretty you look."

"I deserve that," I thought to myself smugly. For it was not an unplanned-for compliment. Certainly, they had been long enough away so that I was bound to please them, any style. But I had also toiled hard for my effect. My most becoming dress, my smoothest lipstick, my smartest hat complete with flattering veil—those had been my armor.

For I remembered back through the years when I myself was returning from similar trips; how I had waited, trembling in the train, for the first glimpse of my mother after many days. Would she look as I pictured her? Might she have grown suddenly grey, got fat?

She never had. But neither had I forgotten the fear.

Children are vulnerable where their parents are concerned. Parents are vulnerable, too; but at least they can take a hand in reshaping the material given them. Children have to put up with us as we are—or as they see us.

Always at home

An acquaintance showed me a composition written by her eight-year-old son. He had several times asked her why his father, sales manager for a national company, was so often away from home.

"Daddy has to get money for us," she had tried her best to explain. "But I'm usually here, you notice."

"Yes, you have to take care of the garden," he assured her. And this is the way his composition ran:

My father is a money collekter. My mother has a garden without weeds and she gives me my lunch. When she is not at home I get a pain in my stomach.

There was nothing his father could do about re-forming his image—short of retiring. But the mother saw to it that from then on she was always home to greet the boy after school.

Indeed, although we cannot impose on our actions to the extent of playing a false part successfully, we can enlarge ourselves in the areas children most appreciate.

We can also decide which role best suits both the requirements of our family and our personal fulfillment.

For, although I am quite the opposite of a feminist, believing that just being adequately a woman is the highest goal one can aspire to, I also concede that personal happiness is helpful in arriving at that goal.

All mothers need not resign themselves to a life of *kuche, kirche, kinder* ("kitchen, church, and children" in the well-worn German phrase) if it keeps them less than satisfied. We have come a long way from the Victorian or the Teutonic ideal.

Some women sink into domesticity as into a featherbed—with delight and ease. Others, equally loving but with different training or different genes, will never settle pleasantly for four walls and a round of household tasks.

They have other talents and do better not to hide them under any bushel. A woman endlessly bored by three meals a day and school meetings will be a better mother if her interests reach outside the home.

I have a friend who has discovered how to keep her husband and children in good fettle. She has returned to the newspaper job for which, before her marriage, she was outstandingly equipped. Everyone concerned is happier, now that a competent daily help cleans the house, packs the school lunches.

Give affection

"When I was doing those things myself there was always friction," she tells me. "I wasn't good at them and all the conscientiousness in the world didn't improve me. Now I come home alive, perfectly eager to be motherly in the evenings and on the weekends."

The only privilege which we must not withhold is affection. Nothing makes up for that lack. Affection between mother and child, husband and wife, between (if possible) woman and her total environment — those are the irreplaceable corner stones of the House of Life.

Children do not value demonstrativeness — they are shy of it. But love's secure rock they lean against all their days, and without it a mother's image will be forever blurred.

"I know a secret about you," said a friend's child to her the other evening. "I'll whisper it."

"Not polite to whisper, you know," my friend warned her.

"Oh, I have to whisper this," she was told. And, leaning forward, the child murmured, "You love Daddy."

There was an image already formed and lively. It will carry child and mother a long way on a rewarding road.

Not many of us, of course, can measure up to Carey Veeder's ideal. Even to have a "heart for people" may be beyond our abilities.

But there are some things we must constantly offer to our children — a hand to be reached for, a voice not made for scolding, a listening ear, and a reliable shoulder.

Good, bad, or in-between, what mothers always are is necessary.



GET WELL STAY WELL WITH **Waterbury's** COMPOUND...

says star footballer and family man Rex Mossop.

Clear up colds and 'flu fast — with Waterbury's Red Label . . .

"With two Junior League hopes in the home team, winter fitness is a family affair," says star International, Rex Mossop. "Colds and 'flu can wreck a tough training programme, keep you off the field for the big matches. That's why we Mossops never forget our Waterbury's. That good-tasting daily dose of Waterbury's Compound (with the Red Label) kills colds fast from the kick-off, keeps you on the ball for the big win." To clear up colds, 'flu and bronchial congestion . . . take Waterbury's RED LABEL Compound. This amazingly effective decongestive tonic will help you (and everyone in your family) to GET WELL fast!



YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST RECOMMENDS WATERBURY'S

"... for everyone who makes good health the goal all year round, there's nothing like Waterbury's with Vitamins," says Rex Mossop. "For kids and adults alike, active sportsmen or home-bodies, Waterbury's with Vitamins does a power of good. Builds up extra energy and vigour, strong physique, steady nerves."

Waterbury's "Yellow Label" Compound is a remarkable revitalising tonic fortified with vitamin B1, Niacinamide and Riboflavine. Health-giving, energy-giving, pleasant to take . . . it's the ideal vitamin tonic for people of all ages, men, women and children.

For colds and 'flu, ask for WATERBURY'S "Red Label" . . . for a revitalising vitamin tonic, ask for WATERBURY'S "Yellow Label."



ICED AND DECORATED

● In this special three-page feature are pictures and details of the prizewinners and some of the other beautiful cakes entered in our cake decorating contest.

HUNDREDS of entries were received from all parts of Australia. The quality of the entries was very high and there was wide variety in the designs submitted.

Some of the designs showed great originality and novelty in the shapes and decorations, and, as well, there were many lovely designs in the traditional style of celebration cakes.

Many of the entries were accompanied by excellent and detailed descriptions of the method of decoration.

Below are details of the cakes shown on the three pages of this feature.

Shown on this page

CAKE OF THE MONTH

The first prize winner (at right) was made for a golden-wedding celebration. It was iced with cream fondant and decorated with cream piping and golden roses. Two full-blown roses side by side at top and base of cake denote the 50 years of married life of the couple whose anniversary was celebrated. The rose leaves were also moulded and tinted on the edges with gold paint.

The all-over pattern and the "lace" edging used are shown in detail in the sketch below the photograph. These were done freehand with a very fine writing tube so any small irregularities would be scarcely noticeable. The base of both tiers were finished with heart-shaped extension work in fine piping, and the number 50 painted in gold and a ribbon bow form a simple decoration between the pillars.

This simple but perfect design is an example of the fact that a lot of pipework and decoration is not necessary to achieve a beautiful cake.

The ideal size for it would be 1½ lb. fruit-cake mixture divided between two square tins, one 11 in. and the other 8 in. Baseboards should be 2 in. and 1 in. larger, respectively, than cake sizes to give balance.

WEDGWOOD CAKE

The beautiful pale blue and white decoration on the cake below was adapted from Wedgwood china and features its famous grape design. The grapes are small balls rolled from fondant and the leaves were made of tulle outlined with piping and filled in or flooded with royal icing. A wider No. 2 writing pipe was used for outline work and the stems and tendrils for the grapes. Pleated tulle adds softness round the base of the cake.

Shown in color on page 45

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CAKE

A geometric effect in this pretty design was achieved by the rows of lacy patterns from the top of each tier to the covered board. The design itself is a small lacy flower, piped freehand on to the fondant covering and outlined with a sprinkling of fine dots.

The corner sprays are moulded roses and hyacinths of fondant, arranged artistically and softened with pale green tulle leaves outlined in fine pipework. Bands of fine satin ribbon complete the side design of this cake, which won second prize.

CHRISTENING CAKE

This pale pink cake has a separate strip of the same covering fondant cut 1½ in. wide and gathered into a frill round the sides of cake. Baby-pink ribbon was used to cover the join,



WEDGWOOD CHINA inspired the design of this effective blue-and-white cake submitted by Miss O. Treweela, 13 Mont Albert Road, Geelong, Vic., for which she wins £2/2/-.



CAKE OF THE MONTH

FIRST PRIZE OF £20 is won by Mrs. W. Evans, Paterson Avenue, Kingsgrove, N.S.W., for this two-tiered golden-wedding cake. The main features are beautifully moulded golden roses and fine freehand pipework in a dainty overall design. Sketch at right shows the two piping designs used.

and tiny sprays of piped roses and leaves complete this section. Dots and loops made with No. 1 writing pipe form the top edge design, and a feature of this third prize winner is the etching and painting of the baby on the top.

Some artistic ability is necessary to be able to produce the cherubic expression of this baby, but simpler ideas could be attempted by the amateur with quite pretty results.

PINK CELEBRATION CAKE

Pale pink fondant was used as the basic covering of this cake with an inset section of white in half-moon design. The white section was covered with an overall white forget-me-not design and edged with fine piping lace.

The half circle of moulded roses and leaves was softened with sprays of tiny forget-me-nots attached to wire. An outline of blue piping was given to the two tulle butterfly wings, which were then dried and inserted into the body section, piped directly on to the cake. Antennae were pieces of dried piping stuck into the head at the correct angle.

Shown on page 46

TIERED WATER-LILY CAKE

This lovely wedding-cake shows that simplicity plus perfect work is best. Eleven moulded waterlilies and ten buds with leaves and stalks were used in this design. The 32 petals for the flowers were cut and moulded, then placed in saucers to dry with a curved effect before being assembled into a centre-piece with colored stamens. They could be colored to tone with bridesmaids' frocks.

A fine piping "d'oyley" effect was worked on to each tier and the design of lacy scallops was a loop of tiny forget-me-nots and baby-blue birds.

ROUND WEDDING CAKE

This three-tier cake was covered with pale blue fondant and decorated with white and pale pink roses and white lily-of-the-valley sprays. Icing "lace" edges the scalloped extension work on the sides of each tier and a top design of dotted bows and loops gives a soft and dainty effect.

A blue basket of wired roses and lily of the valley was finished with tulle and ribbon bows. An extra frilling of pale blue tulle gives balance and softness to the baseboard.

TRIANGULAR WEDDING CAKE

This unusual effect was achieved by making and icing three square cakes of the same size and placing two cakes corner-to-corner on the covered board. Then the pillars were placed in position to hold the centre top cake. Piped orange blossoms form the flower sprays over each corner.

A scalloped design and ribbon insertion work were used on the cake-top designs, and each centre has an arrangement of sugared bells, frilled tulle pieces, and wired flowers.

MOCK ORANGE BLOSSOM CAKE

Two batches of 1½ lb. fruit-cake mixture were used for this cake, which was cooked in three tins — one 10 in., one 8 in., and one 6 in. Care was taken to keep each cake edge neat and square by correctly lining the cake tins then carefully moulding almond paste and fondant coverings.

Moulded mock orange blossom and lily-of-the-valley sprays form the floral decoration on each tier with a scalloped design linking the sides. A peaked interlaced lattice effect was piped on the top. A basket of matching flowers is the centre decoration with fine satin ribbon bows trailing down to the tiers. Glass pillars and baseboards also help to give a light touch to this design.

BOOK CAKE

For this effective novelty design two cakes each 11 in. x 6½ in. were used. These were placed side by side and the outside edges sloped slightly before covering with almond paste and fondant. Before the fondant was allowed to dry, indentations were made with the blunt side of knife round sides of cakes to represent the pages. After drying, these were painted with chocolate food coloring and tinted with gold.

The music lines and notes were piped on with a fine pipe, and chocolate royal icing and the printing were done with a fine brush dipped in chocolate food coloring. Roses and forget-me-nots were used in the simple corner sprays.

More cakes on page 45



Lovely! HEINZ NEW PROCESS TOMATO SOUP

Young and old agree it's the best tomato soup they've ever tasted! And no wonder! You can taste all the true tomato flavour...that rich, lively flavour everyone wants in a real Tomato Soup. Make a date to discover how good tomato soup can be! Serve generous helpings next soup-time. It costs no more to enjoy Heinz — the world's best soups!



* Simply double the quantity with water or milk.

CAKE CONTEST PRIZEWINNERS

● Here are color photographs of some of the best-decorated cakes which were entered in our competition. They include a wedding anniversary and a christening cake. Winner of first prize is on page 43.



THIRD PRIZE OF £5 is awarded to Mrs. D. Cassidy, 32 Forest Road, Launceston, Tas., for this christening cake iced in pale pink fondant. It has a frilled fondant strip round the side and a beautifully drawn picture of a baby on the top.

PRIZE OF £2/2/- to Mrs. Reichstein, of Box 111, Ororoo, S.A., for her photograph of a pale pink cake which has an effective design of moulded roses, leaves, and piping tracery edged with icing lace.

More cakes overleaf



SECOND PRIZE OF £10 is awarded to Mrs. B. J. Vercoe, 256 Patrick Street, Hurstville, N.S.W., for the two-tiered wedding anniversary cake above. The decoration features moulded roses and hyacinths with tulle leaves in a spray on one corner of each tier. The squared design of fine tracery pipework is edged with piping lace, and fine satin ribbon gives balance to the design.



VARIETY IN DESIGNS

Below are some more of the beautifully decorated cakes entered in our contest. These five win £2/2/- each. Their artistic designs in icing, tulle, and floral sprays should inspire the beginner to attempt a similar decorative effect. Descriptions of these cakes are on page 43.



PRIZE of £2/2/- is awarded to Mrs. K. Gordon Jones, 193 Eastern Valley Way, Middle Cove, N.S.W., for this simple but beautifully decorated three-tier wedding cake which features waterlilies.



PINK-AND-WHITE rosebuds and sprays of lily of the valley lend a light touch of color to this cake, which wins £2/2/- for Miss Marie Malone, Homesdale, Tamut Plains, Tamut, N.S.W.



UNUSUAL triangular-shaped wedding cake above wins £2/2/- for Mrs. J. De Fries, 21 Monie Avenue, East Hills, N.S.W. Sugar bells, softened with tulle, and sprays of flowers form top design on each tier.



NOVELTY book design, which gives music and verse of a hymn in chocolate color, touched with gold paint, was entered by Mrs. O. Masterman, 3 Sweetland Road, Box Hill, Vic., and wins a £2/2/- prize.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 26, 1961



DON'T LET SORE MUSCLES ROB YOU OF FUN!

Twinges, pain and stiffness vanish in SLOAN'S wonderful warming glow

Middle age can be the happiest, most active time of your life! Pat on Sloan's Liniment at the first twinge of rheumatism, arthritis or lumbago . . . the very first sign of muscular stiffness and soreness. Sloan's works naturally to bring a healing surge of blood to the point of pain. As that wonderful warm feeling begins, you know relief is on the way! Always keep Sloan's Liniment handy.



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SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Rates on application

Not every isle's a tropic isle,
Thus Bill, an Arctic sailor,
Was washed on to the ice a while
When shipwrecked in a whaler.
Wah Woods' his trusty flask he filled
Before the ship was stranded,
So free of chills he stayed until
A rescue party landed.
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds



Strong Oat gloats over goodies cooked by
Pierre Table d'Oat, Chef Extrordinaire of the
Grand Hotel, Oat Town

PIERRE CRIES: Vive la Tummy!

Noatable Oat Eatables made with Uncle Toby's...

More nutritious... more delicious



**UNCLE
TOBY'S
Meat
Loaf**

UNCLE TOBY'S MEAT LOAF: 1½ lb. minced steak, 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 egg, 1 small onion finely chopped, 1 tsp. salt, ½ cup milk, ½ cup tomato sauce, 1 tblsp. Worcestershire sauce.

Method: Combine all ingredients and mix well, press into loaf tin and bake 1½ to 1½ hours in moderate oven (350°).



**LI'L OAT'S
Tartlets**

2 cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup icing sugar, pinch salt, 6 oz. butter or margarine, 1 beaten egg (or 3 tblsp. water), 1 tsp. vanilla.

Method: Mix dry ingredients. Cut butter into mixture until crumbly. Stir in egg or water (plus vanilla) a little at a time until mixture holds together. Roll out ¼" thick on lightly floured board. Cut to fit patty tins. Bake in mod. hot oven (375°) 12-15 minutes. Allow to cool and fill to taste with favourite jams or lemon cheese.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR OUR FREE RECIPE LEAFLET

LI'L Oat SAYS:

Makes gorgeous eatables — muffins, tarts, pies, biscuits, meat loaf, cakes. Lovely breakfast, piping hot, creamy and delicious. Best food all year round. Got more natural food values than any other cereal, plain or fancy. Whole grain, see? So wonderful something that's good for you tastes good, too. Try it and see.



ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



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for
tired
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legs...

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THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

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SUPP-HOSE support stockings look like any other sheer nylons; wash like other sheer nylons. Their gentle pressure gives wonderful support and blessed relief from tired, aching legs. Economical, too, because they outlast nine pairs of ordinary nylons. Are you on your feet a lot? Then try SUPP-HOSE. You'll be glad you did. 42/- pr.

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* SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

HH 247

LESSON 20: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

SCONES

— mixing, baking, flavoring

SCONES are easy to make and can be served at any time of the day.

Most housewives can make scones, but many do not realise that a scone mixture is one of the most adaptable of all recipes. Scones can be a meal in themselves, served either hot or cold, or they can be an accompaniment to meats, fish, vegetables, or desserts.

The recipes at the bottom of this page are an example of how the basic scone mixture can be varied.

METHOD

If followed carefully, the hints below will help you to make perfect scones.

Weigh and measure ingredients accurately, using the eight-liquid-ounce glass cup measure and level spoon measurements.

Rub in shortening with tips of fingers until well mixed.

In mixing, add 2-3rds of the liquid all at once so dough does not become stringy and tough. Then add enough of leftover liquid to form soft, pliable dough. To mix scones it is best to use a knife or clean hands.

Knead dough lightly and quickly on floured board until smooth. Dough can be rolled out (for larger quantities) or patted out to 1/2 in. thickness (for smaller quantities).

Cut out scones with small, sharp cutter or knife.

Place scones close together on oven-tray, which should be greased with melted butter, not floured. This will prevent any floury taste in cooked scones.

Glaze with milk or a mixture of milk and water or melted butter (for very crisp top) or beaten egg.

Bake in hot oven. A temperature of 450 degrees F. is required. Small scones take 10 to 15 minutes to cook. For larger scones (such as teacakes), oven temperature is lowered to moderate after first 10 minutes and baking is continued 15 to 20 minutes, depending on size and thickness of scones.

When cooked, scones should be rich golden brown and should sound hollow when tapped lightly with fingers.

Remove cooked scones from oven and place on cake-cooler. If soft scones are required, cover immediately with clean tea-towel. For crisp scones, leave open to cool.

BASIC RECIPE

Here is the basic recipe for scones:
Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, 1/2 cup milk or milk and water mixture, extra flour, glazing of melted butter, egg, or milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter with tips of fingers. Add almost all the milk all at once, then sufficient to mix to fairly soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly until outside is smooth. Roll or pat out to 1/2 or 1/4 in. thickness, cut into required size, place on greased shallow-sided tray. Brush tops with glazing, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Note: For sweet scones add 1 tablespoon sugar to this mixture.

INGREDIENTS

Flour: Instead of using self-raising flour in basic scone recipe, substitute, if desired, plain flour and 4 teaspoons of baking-powder.

Shortening: Use butter or any good quality shortening.

Milk: Water can be used instead of milk, but it is then necessary to sift 3 tablespoons powdered milk with dry ingredients. Half milk and half water can be used (this makes a light scone).

Salt: To every 8oz. flour 1/2 teaspoon salt is used.

VARIATIONS

The simple scone dough can be varied in many ways. Here are some ideas:

Orange loaf scones: Add to plain scone mixture a little grated orange rind and sugar, and press piece of loaf sugar dipped in orange juice on top of scone before baking.

Cheese scones: Sift cayenne pepper and mustard with flour and add 2 tablespoons grated cheese after rubbing in butter.

Spicy fruit scones: Sift 1 teaspoon mixed spice or mixture of cinnamon and nutmeg into flour and add 1/2 cup chopped mixed fruits.

Bacon and celery scones: Sauté 2oz. chopped bacon in its own fat and add 1/2 cup chopped celery. Cook until slightly softened and add to scone mixture.

Honey surprises: Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind to flour and mix 1/2 cup honey, 1 egg, and 1/2 cup milk together for the liquid measurements.

Puffaloons: Make sweet scone dough slightly softer than usual and drop into pan of hot fat instead of baking. Toss in sugar and cinnamon mixture while hot, serve with golden syrup or honey.

RECIPES USING VARIED SCONE DOUGHS

● These recipes show how the basic scone dough can be varied to make interesting main dishes and desserts.

FRUITY BUTTERSCOTCH WHIRL

One pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter, 1 1/2 cups milk or milk and water mixture, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 teaspoons sugar, extra 2oz. butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 cup raisins, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup walnut halves.

Make up basic scone mixture according to directions given above, adding spice and sugar to the flour and butter mixture. Roll out to thin, oblong shape. Cream together extra butter and brown sugar, spread half over bottom of greased square or round cake-tin. Press in walnut halves, upside down. Spread remaining butterscotch over scone mixture, sprinkle with chopped nuts and raisins, and roll up as for sponge roll. Cut into 1 1/2 in. sections with sharp knife and place side by side, cut side up, in tin. Place in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Leave in tin 2 or 3 minutes before turning out carefully.

VEGETABLE CURRY WITH PUMPKIN SCONES

One tablespoon butter, 1/2 cup minced onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder, pinch ginger, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1/2 pint milk, 1/2 cup each cooked carrots, turnips, parsnips, and peas, 1/2 cup grated tasty cheese.

Pumpkin Scones: Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup cold mashed pumpkin, pinch salt, 1 tea-

spoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 well-beaten egg, cayenne.

Vegetable Mixture: Melt butter, add minced onion, and sauté without browning 3 or 4 minutes. Add flour, curry powder, ginger, chutney, salt, and cayenne pepper. Stir over low heat until well blended and cooked. Pour on the milk, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Fold in cooked vegetables. Place in casserole, sprinkle with cheese, reheat in hot oven.

Pumpkin Scones: Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub in butter. Stir in mashed pumpkin and lemon rind, mix to rather firm dough with egg (if pumpkin is dry a little milk may be required). Turn on to floured board, roll about 1/2 in. thickness. Cut into rounds, glaze, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

APRICOT AND PRUNE FANCY

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 cup milk or water, 4oz. dried apricots (soaked in hot water), 4oz. prunes (stoned and chopped roughly), 1/2 cup honey, apricot jam.

Combine drained apricots, prunes, honey, and simmer gently 1 minute. Cool. Sift flour, salt, and sugar, rub in butter with tips of fingers. Mix to soft dough with milk and water. Place alternate spoonfuls of fruit and scone mixture into greased pudding-mould. Cover with greased paper or aluminium foil, steam 50 to 60 minutes. Unmould, glaze with warm strained apricot jam. Serve with creamy custard.

NEXT WEEK: How to make curries

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 26, 1961

SUNSHINE recipe book offer!

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yours
for
just **15/-** complete



including your initials in gold
on glamorous white
wipe-over cover

(actual size 9 1/2" x 7 1/2")

1 NEAPOLITAN SPAGHETTI

2 cups broken spaghetti
1 clove garlic
1 tablespoon "SUNSHINE"
Full Cream Powdered Milk
1 tablespoon grated onion



Boil spaghetti with garlic in salted water. Remove garlic, drain and rinse spaghetti. Boil "SUNSHINE" in hot water. Place in double saucepan, add cheese and stir till melted. Add to beaten eggs. Add salt, parsley, onion and spaghetti and mix well. Pour into buttered hot tin and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour.

2 HUNGARIAN MEAT BALLS (serves 4)

2 slices bacon, minced
and cooked
1 cup minced cold beef
2 cups cold mashed
potatoes
1 minced onion
1 cup thick tomato sauce



Mix bacon, minced beef, mashed potatoes, onion and paprika together. Make into balls. Combine tomato soup, "SUNSHINE" and water, bring to boil and add the cornflour, which has been mixed with a little water. Stir and cook for 2 minutes. Fry meat balls until golden brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

3 AUSTRIAN MEAT CROQUETTES (serves 4)

1 tablespoon butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons "SUNSHINE"
Full Cream Powdered Milk
1 cup water
2 cups finely chopped
minced meat
2 eggs



Melt butter and blend in flour. Add "SUNSHINE" and water and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add meat, onion, seasoning and parsley and let chill. Form meat patties and dip into breadcrumbs, then into slightly beaten egg mixed with 2 tablespoons water and then dip back into crumbs. Chill. Fry in hot fat until brown.

1 tablespoon chopped
onion
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon chopped
parsley
Fine dry breadcrumbs
2 tablespoons water

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NES/01



● Mr. Turner's statuette.

Collectors' Corner

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

"This bronze statuette which stands 17in. high has the marking E. Bisson on the base. When was it made, please?"—Mr. Frank Turner, Dromana, Vic.

Your statuette (shown at left) is a good 19th-century reproduction by E. Bisson.

"I have a silver vase with a rose pattern on one side and a curved leaf

top. Could you tell me how old it is, please?"—Mrs. E. Fahey, Darke's Forest, South Coast, N.S.W.

Your vase is triple plated silver on a Britannia metal base. It was made about 1885.

"Could you give me some information about the chair in the photograph? I also have a settee, two upright chairs, and a nursery chair which



● Mrs. Fahey's silver vase.



● Mrs. Hetherington's chair.

match."—Mrs. J. G. Hetherington, Mutchilba, Qld.

This would have been made between 1890 and 1900 and was an ex-

tremely popular design during that period. It is usually described as colonial rosewood but is actually beech, stained red.

"Could you give me some information about my cup, saucer, and plate? The cup and saucer belong to a set of four, and are colored white with royal-blue bands and have gold decoration. The plate is a Royal Doulton piece, buff in color, with a white church and large palm trees."—Mrs. V. A. Shepherd, Kingswood, S.A.

The cup and saucer were made during the first quarter of this century. The Doulton plate also belongs to the same period. However, if you write to Messrs. Doulton & Co., Burslem, England, giving them details, they will tell you the exact year.

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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silver—whispers wonderful shades of glorious gold... Fire gold...
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a moment—any moment—anywhere. And because you
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STEINER — The Authority On Hair

Prize recipes

AN unusual apple pie, topped with a coconut flavoring mixture, wins the main prize in our weekly recipe contest.

The consolation prize is awarded for sausage and tomato wedges.

All spoon measurements are level.

APPLE PIE DE-LUXE

Pastry: Three ounces butter, 2 table-spoons sugar, 1 egg, milk, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Filling: Three large cooking apples, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1-3rd cup sugar.

Topping: One tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts or chopped salted peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed cornflakes.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and stir slightly. Sift in flour, and if too dry add a little milk and mix until smooth. Press into 9in. pie-plate. Peel apples, slice thinly into uncooked shell; squeeze lemon juice over, sprinkle with sugar. Melt butter for topping in saucepan. Remove from heat, add coconut, chopped nuts, crushed cornflakes, and sugar. Sprinkle this mixture over apple, press down slightly. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. When cold serve with fresh cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. MacDonald, 98 William St., Bowen, North Qld.

SAUSAGE AND TOMATO WEDGES

One pound pork sausages, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped tomatoes (skins removed), 1 extra sliced tomato, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped shallots, 4 table-spoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 table-spoons grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Remove skins from sausages, place in saucepan with chopped tomatoes, half the onion (finely chopped), shallot, flour, salt, pepper. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently until meat changes color (about 8 to 10 minutes). Arrange sliced tomato and remaining onion (sliced) over base of greased 8in. cake-tin. Season with salt and pepper, cover with meat mixture. Sift self-raising flour and salt, add grated onion and cheese. Mix to scone dough with milk, knead slightly on lightly floured board. Press out to fit cake-tin, place on top of meat. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn upside down on to heated serving-dish, and serve cut into large wedges.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 100 Marius St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

£2000 CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

Big prizes for recipes

● Hundreds of entries have been received already for our wonderful new cookery contest for recipes which feature canned pears, peaches, and apricots.

THE cash prizes include the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 for the best recipe in the contest. There are also first prizes of £100 in each of the three sections; second prizes of £50 in each section; third prize of £30; fourth prizes of £20; and fifth prizes of £10.

Readers are invited to enter the contest by submitting recipes in which canned pears, peaches, or apricots are the main ingredient.

In addition to the big prizes 44 consolation prizes of £5 each and three weekly progress prizes of £10 each will be awarded, and the recipes published throughout the contest.

The first three progress prize winners will appear in next week's issue.

There are three sections, one for each type of canned fruit. They are:

Section 1: Pears

Section 2: Peaches

Section 3: Apricots

Canned fruits can be used in such a variety of ways that this is an easy contest. Recipes for any or all of the dishes listed below will be eligible in any of the three sections.

SOUP.

ENTREE OR SAVORY.
MEAT OR FISH DISH.
HOT OR COLD PUD-
DING.

ANY SWEETS COURSE
DISH, including pastry and cake that can be served as dessert.

If canned pears are the featured ingredient in your recipes they should be entered in Section 1; with canned peaches as the

featured ingredient mark your entry Section 2; and canned apricots as featured ingredient should be entered in Section 3.

Pears, peaches, and apricots used as featured ingredients in recipes must be canned, not fresh. They can be whole, halved, or sliced fruits.

Canned puree and the diabetic diet canned fruits can also be used.

The contest is simple to enter.

Address your entries to Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write clearly or type each

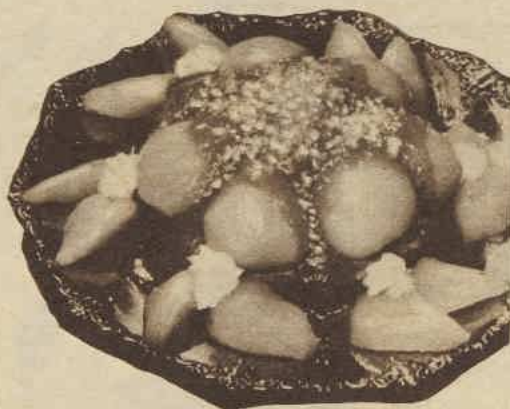
agraph, the method of making. Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure.

Competitors can submit as many entries as they like in any or all of the three sections.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

The contest will be judged by Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, assisted by our panel of other cookery experts. They will open and judge every recipe submitted. The judges' decision will be final.

Due to modern methods of canning, pears, peaches, and



PEARS AND APRICOTS are combined in this pear shortcake, which is topped with apricot sauce to add a delicate tangy flavor.

recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Write your name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which your recipe is to be entered at the top of each sheet of paper.

First write down the ingredients required in each recipe, then, in a separate par-

apricots are always available and a well-known standby in most kitchens.

When the fresh fruits are out of season the housewife can still serve her family with delicious dishes based on canned pears, peaches, and apricots.

By using canned fruits, Aus-



DELICIOUS peach parfait with strawberry trimmings.

tralians are supporting a national industry, because the produce is grown and canned mainly in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, where the annual harvest supplies top-grade canning fruits.

It is these three States which provide three-quarters of the nation's canned-fruit output.

After it leaves the orchards the sun-ripened fruit goes to modern canneries where it is processed almost wholly by automatic machinery.

During the peak of the season, workers are busy at the canneries day and night, and the high-speed machines are kept going non-stop.

As well as making mouth-watering desserts, ranging from hot substantial puddings to light parfaits (the dishes photographed on this page are a good example), canned pears, peaches, and apricots combine well with meat. They can be used to make appetising casseroles, stews, grills, and add flavor to baked dishes.

Canned fruits, as well as enhancing the basic flavor of the dish, add to its appearance when they are used to form a pretty garnish or a topping.

Almost every housewife has at least one recipe, if not many more, that features one of the fruits and has become a family favorite.

Some accomplished cooks will probably have invented their own recipe, or adapted an old one, using one of the three canned fruits in a meat dish or a new tempting dessert.

New or adapted recipes or old family favorites with a new touch are eligible to enter in this contest. Send off your entry today to try to win the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 or one of the other wonderful cash prizes.

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PRIZE LIST

Here are the big cash prizes which will be awarded in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest.

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe entered in contest)	£1000
First Prize in each of three sections	£100
Second Prize in each section	£50
Third Prize in each section	£30
Fourth Prize in each section	£20
Fifth Prize in each section	£10
Forty-four consolation prizes, each	£5

In addition, three progress prizes of £10 each will be awarded weekly throughout the contest.

DAIRY FOODS CONTEST: Next week we announce the three winners of the £200 first prizes and nine other prizes — 2nd, 3rd, and 4th in each of the three sections.

Relax

or

Rejoice

SHERRY

:the all-occasion wine

Sherry is a wine of many talents. Before dinner, bid care farewell with a glass of appetising Sherry. And whether you entertain often, or only once in a while, what nicer way to welcome friends than with this fragrant wine? Sherry, served alone, or with a snack, is always cheering, always *right*. And it's such a wonderfully suit-yourself wine: choose sweet, cream, medium or dry, according to your taste (chill it if you wish). Best of all, Sherry is a treasure *everyone* can afford. So do serve it often. Tonight?

SEAFOOD COCKTAIL DIP

½ lb. finely chopped prawns or lobster
 2 tbsp. chopped, blanched almonds
 2 egg yolks, beaten with 1½ tbsp. dry Sherry
 1½ cups white sauce (made with butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper).

Combine all the above, mix well and heat slowly. Use as a savoury dip or spread on small pieces of buttered toast or croutons of fried bread.

Like to know more about wine—wine buying, wine serving, cooking with wine? Then send now for our free 16-page booklet, "Your Life is More Pleasant with Wine." Simply write to Sheila Norris—

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 Box 260D, G.P.O., ADELAIDE
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Put wine on your shopping list today. From your Hotel, Wine Retailer or Licensed Grocer.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 26, 1961



● Azaleas are featured in Mrs. Arthur Davis' garden at Cammeray, N.S.W. Varieties include Professor Walters, Paul Schame, Phoebus, Violaceae, Pink Pearl (also called Peace), Eri Schame, Pink Ruffles.

GARDENING

Azaleas make a gay splash

EVERGREEN azaleas are among the most beautiful of all shrubs. Some varieties start to flower in the autumn and carry on right through the winter, but most flower in the early spring and provide a bright mass of color.

Azaleas will do well in quite open positions provided watering is adequate. Semi-shade, with avoidance of direct morning sun, is recommended for better blooms and prolonged flowering. Consult your nurseryman for the best variety for your garden.

OVERLEAF: Varieties to choose from



● *Temperance*, another treasure in Mrs. Davis' garden. She is president of the Garden Club of Australia.



● *Comtesse de Kerchove*, an indica double, is one of the newer varieties. Picture was taken at the Camellia Grove Nurseries, St. Ives, N.S.W.

● *Mephistopheles azalea* which Mrs. Davis bought in Belgium. It is unobtainable in Australia, but closely resembles *Phoebus* (available).

SELECT YOUR AZALEAS FROM THESE

● Two groups of the azalea family most popular with Australian gardeners are the indicas and kurumes.

AZALEA INDICA, probably the best known and most grown, has a great range of growth and flowering habits. Some of the older varieties, such as Splendens and Mortii, will grow ten feet or more, some are dwarfs, and there are single and double varieties.

The colors range from snow-white through pale yellows, apricot, salmon, pinks of varying depths, cerise, mauve, reddish violet, light and dark reds, and bicolors.

The Azalea kurume group was named after the town of Kurume in Japan, and has much smaller flowers. It is usually thought that they are dwarf growers, but this is not correct, as some will grow eight feet high. For this reason consult your nurseryman as to their habits of growth.

This type of azalea will stand a colder climate.

All azaleas need acid soil. Lime is death to them, and it pays, before buying plants, to have your soil tested by a soil chemist.

The chemist's branch of any State Department of Agriculture will usually test soil for acidity or alkalinity for a fee.

If you don't want to bother with soil testing, plant azaleas in pots from reputable nurserymen, who will prepare soil that is suitable for them.

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It is worth while taking some trouble over soil preparation for expensive advanced shrubs. The soil for azaleas should be easy to work, a little on the light side, and the addition of spent mushroom compost, a mulch of cow manure, or clippings from a manured lawn will help plants.

Azaleas are not subject to many troubles as long as they are mulched and not allowed to dry out too much. Lacebugs often cause mottling or spotting of leaves. This pest can be checked by spraying with malathion or any water-soluble DDT emulsion.

INDICA AZALEAS

● Some of the best single medium-growing indicas are:

CHARMER, bright purple, spreading.
COCARDE ORANGE, orange scarlet.
COUNTESS OF FLANDERS, bright rose.
DAME MELANIE, pink, margined white, dark blotch.
JAMES BELTON, pink and lavender. Long flowering.
MARQUIS OF LORNE, salmon-red, dark blotch.
PROFESSOR WALTERS, salmon-rose, edged white.
RUTH KIRK, clear light salmon.
STELLA, salmon-red, brownish-purple throat.
SYLVIE DE MOORE, pale rose-lavender, edged white.

● Some of the best single, tall indicas:

ALBA MAGNA, white, pale green throat. Perfumed.
ELEGANCE, deep pink.
LADY POLTIMORE, white.
MAGNIFICA, rosy violet.
MORTII, white.
MAUVE SCHRYDERII, pale mauve. Perfumed.
MURASKI RIUKIU ROSEA, bright pink, very early.
ORANGE BRILLIANT, light scarlet.
ROI DE HOLLANDE, brick-red.
ROSE MAGNIFICA, soft rose-pink. Spreading habit.
SCHRYDERII, white, lilac throat. Perfumed.
SPLENDENS, rosy salmon-pink. Spreading habit.
WILLIAM SELKIRK, pink, edged white.
WILLIAM WYLAN, glowing rosy purple, large flowers.

● Some of the best indica doubles:

A. D. VERVAENE, bright rosy-cerise.
ALBERT ELIZABETH, rosy-red and white, waved.
CHRISTMAS PINK, pink. Long winter flowering. Slow.
COMTESSE DE KERCHOVE, salmon and white.
DAY DAWN, soft pink, occasional bright rose splashes.
DEUTSCHE PERLE, small white, pale green throat.
ICEBERG, large white, pale green throat.
JOHN HAARENS, soft rose.
MADAME A. d'HAENE, pink and white, deep throat.
MADAME G. VAN GELE, deep rose-pink and white.
MADAME JEAN HAERENS, deep rose-pink.
MADAME PAUL DE SCHRYVER, soft lavender-rose.
MADAME PETRICK, deep cerise-red, frilled.
MADAME VAN ACKERS, rich red.
NIOBE, large, full, ruffled white.
PAUL SCHAME, salmon-red. Long winter flowering.
PEACE, pale pink, spotted throat.

PHOEBUS, terracotta-red, strong spreading growth.
PINK NIOBE, soft silvery rose-pink.
PINK RUFFLES, pink, white edge. Long winter flowering.
PRESIDENT OSWALD DE KERCHOVE, salmon-pink and white, deep throat.
RED RUFFLES, salmon-red. Long winter flowering.
SAIDEE KIRK, pale pink, lime throat. Long flowering.
MARGARET LOVEGROVE, salmon-pink.
RUBIS DE MEREBEKE, cerise.
TEMPERANCE, soft mauve, upright growth.
VERVANEANA ALBA, pure white.
VIOLACEA, deep violet. Intense color.

● Some of the best dwarf indicas:

MADAME AUGUST VAN DAMME, rose-pink.
BOUQUET DES ROSES, salmon-red.
PHOEBUS, vermilion-orange.
VERVANEANA, soft pink bordered white, dark blotch.

KURUME AZALEAS

● Some of the best kurumes are:

BENI GIRI, single light rosy-red.
BOUQUET ROSE, semi-double, rose-pink.
CHRISTMAS CHEER, light carmine-red, semi-double.
DEBUTANTE, soft salmon with paler centre.
ELIZABETH BELTON, deep rose-pink.
ESMERALDA, light pink, single.
FAIRY QUEEN, soft clear pink. Semi-double, compact.
FLORA, rich rosy-salmon, semi-double, larger flower.
FUDESUTE YAMA, salmon-red, single.
HEXE, bright crimson, semi-double.
HINODEGIRI, cerise-crimson, single, dwarf.
HINODE NO TAKA, light crimson, single.
KINJO NO TAMA, salmon, semi-double.
KIRIN, bright silvery rose-pink, semi-double.
KURAI NO HIMO, rosy-pink, tall grower.
KUMO NO UYE, deep salmon-pink, single.
OINO MEZAME, rose-pink, single.
OSARAKU, white suffused and deeply edged lavender.
PRINCESS MAUDE, bright cerise, single.
ROSEATE, pink, semi-double.
ROSE QUEEN, bright rose-pink, semi-double.
SAKATA BLUSH, blush-pink-edged scarlet, semi-double.
SHIN SEIKAI, white, semi-double.
UKAMUSE, red with suggestion of vieux rose, single.
WAKA KAYEDE, bright cerise-crimson, tall.
YAYE HIRYU, bright orange-red, semi-double.



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The wise father knows that to fit his son for manhood's responsibilities he should set his feet firmly on the secure life assurance road . . . and do it at an age when a little money goes a very long way. You'll be astonished at the outlay required to start your son on a sound A.M.P. plan — as low as £7.10.0 a year for a £1,000 policy. And because his future is still to be determined, the policy provides nine alternative options from which he may choose when he reaches the age of 21. You need to know more about this policy.

Any A.M.P. office or agent will be glad to give you the leaflet, "For your Children", if you write or ask for it →



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told her the firm considered Paul one of their most promising young men. Nor did Paul have to work hard at his law. With his parents, he owned Wellman and Co., a very old real-estate firm, with many branches all over Chicago. Paul's share had been left him by his grandfather.

"Millie, Millie," he said softly. They held hands tightly in the darkness. She found no refuge in the movie screen. Oh, Paul, I love you so.

His car pulled up in front of her house. His arm circled her shoulders, but rested on the car upholstery. She was intensely aware of the sound of his fingernails tapping on the leather. Then he said gently, "G'night. Sleep sweetly, honeybun."

She drew a sigh of relief. Suddenly the arm drew her hard against him. She felt his lips against the nape of her neck. She wriggled expertly out of his grasp, opened the door, and ran into the house. It was a long minute before she heard the car leave. She felt as though she'd been running for her very life.

What happened to that poised Millicent Reiner, a master of the art of saying good-night gracefully? To kiss or not to kiss the charming date of the evening, so easy to decide—when you don't care.

HER mother's voice drifted out of her parents' room. "That you, Millie?" she said.

"Me," she managed cheerfully.

"David phoned you this evening, dear. You're to call him in the morning. Don't forget."

"Uh-huh." David Lewis—the attractive, successful engineer she'd known for over a year. Her parents liked him. Everybody did. How easy it would be if she could care for David as much as he cared for her.

"Have a glass of milk, Millie. You're getting so thin."

"She's spiked it with cream again, Millie!" her father called. "Maybe an egg. Add some flour and we'll all have pancakes."

"Oh, you!" chided her mother. Soft laughter. Whispers.

My father and my mother. Love. In the looks, gestures between them, which excluded her, and yet, for an elusive reason, included her.

Love. Part of what love is in this kitchen now. In the clean fragrance, still lingering, of the morning's baking. In the blue wall's soft sheen, smoothed by the laughter and the easy conversation at their meals.

She took her glass into the living-room. Love. The worn, but very good furniture. The down cushions on the sofa plumped up smoothly. On this sofa David lounged, a warm friend from the very first. On this sofa, too, when he came to call for her, Paul sat, as uncomfortable and out of place as a foreign body in the eye.

There was deep unease between Paul and her parents. More than their knowing he had no marital intent, it was as if they were reacting to some natural instinct that warns fathers and mothers of peril to their young.

She was secretary to a Michigan Avenue physician. She got to the office a little early next morning and phoned David. "Sir, I am thinking of buying a dainty concrete bridge."

"To walk across or jump off, ma'am?" said the charming voice.

"Well, my blue dress is fresh from the

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RING

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cleaner's, and maybe I'd better not jump today and get it all drippy."

"And I'd think twice before asking a drip to lunch."

Today was busy for them, and they lunched quickly at the counter of a five-and-dime store. They chatted almost constantly, but now and then there was an uneasy silence, and Paul was in that silence. David knew about Paul. Paul did not know about David. Why? She didn't owe Paul exclusiveness. The reason was as absurd as her whole relationship with him: if Paul knew about David, Paul would not like it.

After lunch they wandered about, trying on cowboy hats, and David bought her a box of sandalwood incense, and then, walking backward,

waving goodbye to him, she bumped into a parchment-skinned matron who reminded her of her Aunt Caroline, who had wasted the best years of her life waiting for the wrong man to marry her. Mr. True Blue, whom she scorned, had become famous and married another girl, and Caroline was fifty-seven now, unmarried, renowned for her cable-stitch.

It's really so easy. Next time Paul calls up, all you have to say is no. He called at four—gay, charming, the abruptness of their parting the night before apparently forgotten.

"It's supposed to be a swell play. How about it, Millie?" His voice.

"Yes," said Millicent.

The play was memorable. Hand in hand, they walked to the tiny Italian restaurant. Pizza in a blackened pan, unbelievably delicious, or was it so because Paul ate it with her? They laughed at everything and nothing.

No, this evening wasn't like the past five troubled months. It was more like the first month she'd known him—the marvellous ease, delight in each other's company. And she felt almost like that Millicent of six months ago.

She met Sally Berns, a college acquaintance, in the Loop, and Sally persuaded her to come to her house for the evening. When they got to Sally's door they were greeted by a rush of dance music and the hum of many voices. Sally's older sister, a

television actress, was having a party.

"Omigosh! I forgot!" yelled Sally. "Let's tiptoe to my room."

Sally tiptoed just fine, but Millicent lost a shoe halfway across the vast living-room, found herself sitting down hard on the floor, and, as in some awful dream, dozens of pairs of eyes staring at her.

"Cinderella, I presume?" said a creamy voice, which belonged to a tall young man with dark hair and golden skin and sharp features. He actually sat down beside her, his elbows on his knees, and laughed and laughed. "You are the funniest sight!" he said.

Then, as though they were alone on a picnic, he reached into his pocket, pulled out a piece of brown candy shaped like a doll, put his face so close to hers that she was obliged to lean stiffly backward, and drawled

To page 58

Puffin Chocolate Cake



PUFFIN cakes are lighter, moister—and you add fresh milk for real butter-cake richness

PUFFIN CHOCOLATE CAKE:—rich with lush, dark chocolate! It comes out of the oven high, moist and mouth-watering, with all the flavour of best 'Devil's Food' cake and real butter-cake richness—and you take the credit. Only with Puffin do you add the wholesome goodness of fresh milk. The result's a fluffy-textured

chocolate cake, the best you've ever baked, that's sure to be a hit with everyone.

The secret of Puffin Chocolate Cake's moistness and richness is that you add the milk and one egg to the special ingredients. Mixing time's cut down to 4 minutes—and one bowl! Bake one for your family soon.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 26, 1961

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T-shape with terraces



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive T-shaped design. Note living-room terrace.

- This T-shaped plan has been designed with smaller bedrooms than usual, to give more living space within an overall area of 12 squares.

THIS meets the demands of many modern home owners who want plenty of living space, while still keeping the house to an economical size.

In this plan the bedrooms are small and compact. They have built-in wardrobes and plenty of room for beds without wasting space. Each bedroom has its own terrace, giving an illusion of size to the rooms.

A large terrace and play area has been designed so that it can be supervised from the kitchen.

The bathroom is spacious and there is a separate toilet.

A U-shaped kitchen allows the housewife to reach all her cupboards quickly, with a minimum of walking.

Building costs for this house are: in brick veneer, £4350-£5200; in timber, £4200-£4900.

These prices are, of course, approximate, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and each of the seven Centres is supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

Cost of plans

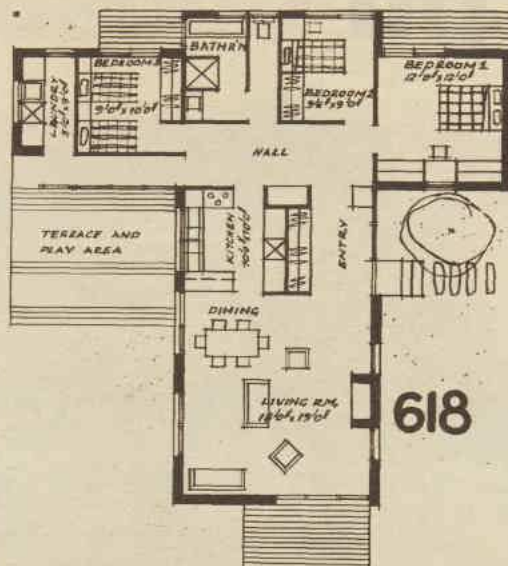
Plans for this week's Home Plan and a wide selection of other designs are available through the Centres for £10/10/- a complete set, including five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications.

If you have any difficulty with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return your plans and

specifications and the Centres will deal with your problems and return the plans promptly.

Carports and garages are not always shown on the plans, but they can be included in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single-brick garage.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site and advise you as to the house most suited to the land, your family's needs, and your budget.



FLOOR PLAN shows smaller bedrooms with built-ins, and large, open living area. Large terrace can be supervised from kitchen.

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Every woman's collecting, keeping, reading

the 12-page PULL-OUT BOOKLETS in
**The Australian
Woman's Mirror**



JULY 19

**12-page booklet on
HOME HANDICRAFTS**

Pull it out and file it for reference—this useful booklet that's full of how-to-makes for home and family. To mention just a few, there's a handsome lampshade you can make, ingenious uses for felt, a pretty shower-cap, a bath-mat, and wardrobe of doll's clothes to knit!

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Sweet or Sophisticated—Famous McCall's Printed Patterns for a teenage ensemble, and a lined between-seasons suit to take you into spring.

Before and After Pictures— of the transforming effect of a new hairdo.



JULY 26

**12-page pull-out booklet
GUIDE TO NUTRITION**

What you and your family eat is most important—it has such a vital effect upon health. Woman's Mirror tells you how to prepare balanced meals, explains food care and preparation, the importance of vitamins and minerals, and gives master menus for all the family.

LONG SHORT STORY BY DOROTHY SAYERS—

Remember that debonair detective, Lord Peter Wimsey? Last heard of he'd just got married — in *"THE HAUNTED POLICEMAN"* Lord Peter solves another mystery and becomes a father, too.

DOLL MUSEUM — Meet a Queensland woman's remarkable collection of dolls. You'll recognise Queen Mary, Princess Margaret and Princess Grace.



confidingly, "Have a chocolate, baby?"

And Millicent, considered a fine conversationalist by her friends, replied, "Ohhh!"

"We'd better get off the floor," he said finally, pulling her to her feet. "And to prove I am gallant as well as handsome, I will dance with you, but if you fall on your face again, I will let you lie there." He took her lightly in his arms, and she felt she'd been there before. "I am Paul Wellman," said he.

Their eyes met. The missing arc of a circle clicked into place. "And I am Millicent Reiner," she replied.

Six months.

Now Paul drew an invisible pattern on the tablecloth with a fork, and they weren't laughing any more. He drove her home, and silence and summer were sweet around them. I wonder what you were like when you

were a little boy, she thought. He smiled at her as if he knew what she'd been thinking.

She felt almost hypnotised when they reached her house. Tonight was different; he'd been peaceful to be with. She motioned for him to stay in the car and said a happy, grateful goodnight to him.

She was inside the darkened hallway when she realised he had followed her. She stood still while he took her gently in his arms, kissed her forehead, her nose, her mouth. His fingertips, barely touching her face, spelled out. "I l-o-v-e y-o-u," the words his lips would not say, and she felt despair at his touch. For there had been other moments as poignant as this, and they all led to the same blank

wall. So, stonily, she listened to the familiar murmuring, "Crazy about you, so crazy about—"

The light clicked on. Her father stood there, blinking.

It was over quickly, like a film run too fast—this time with Paul, which was not to be like the others, after all. Later she could not be sure what had caused it. Maybe it was the reflection in the hall mirror. She could not recognise the girl with the disordered hair. Maybe it was the way her father looked—suddenly old. But he murmured an apology and went back to his room.

She looked at Paul, saw all those

other moments with him, strung like the stitches on Aunt Caroline's knitting needles. And it all oozed to the surface—the uncertainty of the past months, the wretchedness of her constant battle with herself and with him, and she found herself saying, "Go away, Paul. Don't call me or come near me again. No. Don't stand there. Please go."

His eyes grew wild for a second, but he did not reply, and he went quietly away.

Days without Paul. Summer wouldn't face the fact of imminent death, but its bravado was already being mocked by occasional falling leaves, crushed to dust against hot pavements. Today was one of the last lovely days.

She and David, side by side on the beach, and he had built a magnificent ranch-house of damp sand.

Four weeks ago, another beach. She and Paul, chasing each other like children.

"Our house, Millicent! Millie!" David was saying something.

She wrenched her thoughts away from Paul. "I—I've been off somewhere. It's a lovely house."

"It doesn't matter about the house. I just asked you to marry me. You didn't hear me."

"Oh, David! Please forgive me." She touched his arm.

He pulled away. He said, "A couple of months ago I purposely didn't phone you for three weeks. I wanted you to miss me, to wonder. Finally I called you and I could tell you were glad to hear my voice. I also knew you hadn't thought of me once in those weeks, didn't care one way or the other."

"That isn't so! I remember that time. I did miss you. I like so much about you."

"What is it you like about me? I'd really like to know," he said bitterly.

"You're fishing for compliments." She tried to say it lightly, knowing she sounded insincere, clumsy, awful. "You've a wonderful sense of humor and character besides, and your nails are always manicured, and you've a darling dimple on only one side of your face, and your eyes are the nicest blue I've ever seen."

He stood up. "Let's go," he said roughly.

DAVID, her good friend, had turned into a stranger, and she didn't blame him. She followed him to his car. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

"Home, sweet home," said David when they reached her house. He helped her out of the car, then pulled her about to face him. "Look at me!" he demanded, his voice shaking. Really aware of him now, she stared at the David she'd known for over a year, felt her face turn crimson. He began to walk away. She called softly to him. He didn't turn. "Yes?"

"David. Your eyes are grey, aren't they?" she said sorrowfully.

"Grey," he said, and got into his car and drove away.

All that evening and the next day at the office she was obsessed by the telephone, wanting to speak with David, to look at David, to know David. Five o'clock. Abruptly she dialled his number. It rang once. No. You've no right. Let him alone. She replaced the telephone.

Five-thirty. She stood combing her hair, looked into the mirror, and David was reflected there, his hat on the back of his head. "That was you on the telephone," he said.

She nodded. "Yesterday—I had no right to speak to you that way."

"You had a right. David, the reason I hung up—I don't think you should have anything more to do with me."

"I'm a big boy now." And he took the comb from her, ran it through her hair, letting the strands fan out. His gesture was a caress, and she was deeply conscious of it.

So began the new time—David's. She did not allow Paul to intrude again. David did not mention marriage again, but the word was in his eyes when he looked at her, and she was beginning to wonder whether it was perhaps possible that love and agony were not necessarily synonymous, for she was happy when she was with David. He reminded her of something she couldn't quite pinpoint—something good.

Now it was two whole months. She dozed on the train going home one evening and rode one station past her stop. Tired and shivery, she stood on the elevated platform. Then she saw the lights. A neighborhood carnival. How Paul loved carnivals.

A train came, and she got on it, and her grief was new, and her heart as bleak as this October evening.

After dinner, she helped her mother with the dishes.

"Telephone, Millicent," said her father, and when she looked at his face she knew Paul was on the phone.

"I want to talk to you tonight," Paul said.

"Very well. Come on over," she managed unsteadily.

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RING

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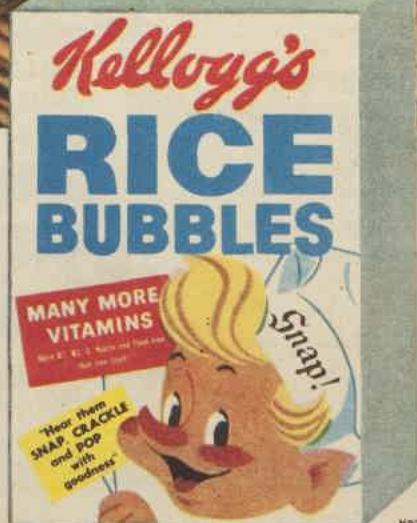
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"Not with your parents here."

She regained her self-control. "Naturally, not," she said crisply. "There is a carnival at the Normandy elevated station. They have a roller coaster and everything. I'll meet you at nine at the gate."

She hung up and almost immediately the phone rang again. It was David wanting to see her that night. She told him she was going to meet Paul. He was silent, and she murmured inately, "We're going to the carnival at the Normandy elevated."

He said, "Millie, I love you with all my heart."

She replied, "You are the nicest man I have ever known," and at that moment she loved him warmly and truly.

From the train platform the light above the carnival gate seemed all white magic, but when she drew close she found it was just an unglazed light bulb.

"Hello, Millie-Millie," said Paul, and she was aware of him as sharply as a physical pain, and in one glance she reclaimed every aspect of his thin, handsome face. "What do you know? They have lots of flying horses in there," he said, staring hard at her.

"Would you like to ride them, Paul?"

"Sure, honey."

The music was the violently emotional tink-tink music of a real carousel, and with the blinking of ancient mirrors overhead she saw mornings of her childhood and her mother lifting her out of bed, and how soft and sweet were her mother's neck and bosom, and she had to laugh aloud because her mother's hair was wispy and tickly, and she remembered toast and warm chocolate, and they had the taste of love.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 26, 1961

Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RING

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"Paul? What do you think of when you ride your flying horses?"

"I think of nothing," he said flatly.

She noticed the rack of golden rings hanging beside the carousel. "I'm going to catch a ring!" she cried.

Round and round they went. The rings were always just out of reach. Finally, unbelievably, one of them was hers.

"You win, Millicent Reiner," said Paul.

"That was fun!" she cried triumphantly. The golden ring glittered beautifully, and she held it possessively.

They walked along the outer limits of the carnival. Suddenly she saw David's car, and David was leaning against it, looking at her. She felt a jolt of annoyance, but then she understood. If she wanted, needed him, he would be waiting for her. She nodded to him.

PAUL did not seem to notice, but he led her to a distant bench and said, "Sir Galahad. What a way to spend an evening—hoping the villain will slap your girl so she'll come running for Daddy."

He glared defiantly at her. "Four dates last week, three the week before that. Do you let him kiss you, Millie?"

"How do you know about David?" she said, sorry he knew.

"I—I—happened to—walk by your house one evening. The curtains weren't drawn."

He took the carousel ring away from her and draped it on the third finger of her left hand. "I said you win, Millie. The golden ring. It's what you wanted. It's yours."

"You want to—marry me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I—I want you."

"You mean you love me."

"I'll choose my own words."

An empty roller coaster roared by with a single lonely shriek. Its lights caught, mingled with the outline of his finely shaped head. She thought: He has parents somewhere, a home, but he seems to belong in this place. She felt again the welcoming

warmth of David's house, when, with pride and love, he had taken her there for the first time.

She said, "Your parents—you've always so carefully avoided mentioning them. I suppose you now intend to take me to their house? You want them to meet me at last?"

He closed his eyes wearily, then leaned toward her. "Millie, tell me something. Which parent's house should I take you to? Should I take you to my mother's house or to my father's house? Father's house? Perhaps I should, at that. You'd have something in common with his wife; she's not much older than you."

"Mother's house? You'd like my mother, but she's not home much. My mother is married

lately bitterness of heaven knew what incompatibility.

But perhaps, in the morning, they breakfasted together, unaware that in the night they had stolen from their beautiful little boy the ability to say, "I love you."

"My mother and father—they're nice people. It was just that they got married and stopped loving each other." He smiled wryly. "I guess the divorce was the only thing they ever agreed on. Of course, I was delighted they finally agreed on something, but by then I was in college and I couldn't care. You see, I'd heard so many lullabies, I'd keep hearing them even when they weren't singing them. I hear them still."

"Paul, I'm sorry."

"You see, Millie, it isn't just that I want to kiss you all the time—which of course I do—

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



to Wellman and Company. If you're thinking of buying a skyscraper, my mother is definitely the person to see." His eyes grew heavy-lidded. "When I was small, every night I would lie in bed and listen to the lullabies coming from my parents' room. Sometimes Mother would sing, sometimes Father."

He recited some of the lyrics. They were the blunt, wounding words of two people hopelessly out of tune with each other, torn from the accumu-

but also I want to look at your face all the time, and watch you walk down the street, and I would like to watch you eating an apple in a corner of a house I've bought for you. But I keep thinking that marriage is the end. I couldn't stand it to be the end for us."

"Oh, no, marriage is the beginning. I have heard such lovely lullabies."

A little boy—thin, under-

dressed—came running out of nowhere, almost colliding with them. He would have sped on,

And somehow the commonplace, trite admission appeared both moving and pathetic. Suddenly she seemed to have moved very close to him. They had been behaving like any elderly, cultured people who had met after a long lapse of time, but now a new and deeper note had come into their relationship.

"I wonder," he went on, his thoughts connecting in his mind in a way he did not understand, "if that clump of foxgloves is still there. Do you think, Clarissa, it possibly could be after all these years?"

"Shall we go together and look?" she asked, knowing with certainty that it was. "After the show. Shall we, Philip?"

She placed her hand, lined but still perfectly manicured, through his waiting arm, and they climbed the hill and joined, but were never really part of, the chattering, argumentative group, the farmers, the judges, and the dealers, round the pens.

As they were moving away again he said, "You know, I really shall tell the story of my foxglove in my final speech. Sure to please them, don't you think?"

"Quite sure," she said, and loved him.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . .

THE FOXGLOVE

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anticipated and to him many that he had not. And then her opportunity came. With perfect naturalness. It had not needed even the least manipulation.

There had been no need for any intervention on her part at all. "Well, at any rate, I've a good story to tell them when I present the prizes a little later on," Philip said. "About when I found that foxglove we were all searching for and won the wildflower competition. It ought to go down rather well, I think. Even if it is getting on for sixty years ago."

"But you didn't really win it, you know, Philip. Do you want to know who did? Who really deserved that horror of a Nihilist Henty?"

Those were the words, or something very like them, that she wanted to say, something to create a pleasurable sentimental background, a romantic "do you remember?" atmosphere. But not a word, not a syllable, could she say. She tried, oh, how she tried, she opened her lips, she smiled sweetly, even almost archly, but no sound came.

And then it dawned upon her that she never would say anything. Not about the foxglove. She could no more destroy his pleasure, his pride in himself, now than she could have done all those years ago.

It was strange how much of the child still remained in the ageing woman. How very much alike they were. And somehow it comforted her. For something remained. Even after so long and so much. Even . . . But Philip was making a suggestion.

"Shall we go and look at the sheep. They are always the main attraction at these upland shows, I remember. But take my arm. We are neither of us as young as we once were, Clarissa, and the ground here is very uneven. Allow me."

With a gallant gesture he bent toward her.

"No, we are not, are we?" said she, acknowledging the obvious and inevitable passage of the years for the first time in her life.

but he saw Paul and stopped short.

"You havin' a real good time? Aren't those rides somethin', huh?" said Paul, stuffing a note into the boy's hand.

"He should go home. It's late. It's beginning to rain."

"Nah! You don't want to go home, do you, Pauley? Not afraid of a little rain. The later you stay up the less time there is till morning, right?" said Paul.

THE boy shook his head. No, of course he didn't want to go home. "But my name is Steve," he corrected, and for a moment they stared at each other, engrossed in speechless conversation, and in the eyes of these two who had never seen each other before she saw recognition.

Oh, yes, we know about the loneliness and the cold, and the rain doesn't matter, for the tink-tink of the sobbing carousel is bittersweet, and the flying horses are magic.

They are of the same breed, she thought. The only bearable night for them is the false, empty warmth of a night illuminated by a thousand electric lights—the carnival night.

The boy ran off to where the lights seemed brightest.

She stared at the golden ring. Gold paint was peeling off the cheap plastic beneath. "It's fake," she murmured.

He nodded. "Yes, isn't it? So why don't you run like hell for that tan sedan and Galahad and get in out of this rain." He held the tawdry ring in front of her face. "Because this is the only kind of marriage I have ever seen. This is the only kind of love I know anything about!" he cried, but his eyes were glazed with pain, and they pleaded, "Teach me about another kind of love."

HE walked swiftly away from her. The ring lay in the mud. Is that your kind of love, Paul? No. Perhaps it is mine. I gave you nothing but my reluctant kisses and my disapproval and you still want me. Perhaps yours is the better love. It was wrought in a fiercer flame.

Frantically she searched for him, but all she could see was a kaleidoscope of amber lights blending with the mirrors of the carousel, which shivered and grew dreamlike in the rain.

She reached the gate. David was there and she knew what it was he reminded her of. He reminded her of her father's house, of the warmth, the sweetness of it.

He opened the car door and the light flashed on inside. It looked dry and comfortable there and for a second she wanted to race for the accustomed warmth. There, is existence.

But the rain isn't really cold. It is unfamiliar, but pungent and clean against my face.

She saw Paul then, head down, walking slowly along the street ahead. There, is life.

Her eyes met David's. Mr. Grey Eyes, your face is open and good. But I love Paul's brown eyes. His face is tormented and closed to me, but his is the face I love, his the torment I must ease.

"Millicent," David murmured, as though tasting the word, and in it were I love you and goodbye and sorrow, and she understood that, because she knew about such things.

She ran down the street to Paul. He looked at her dazedly, not recognising the new aspect of her face, the face of love she had shown to everyone but him.

Now teacher, wooer, she took his hands gently in both her own. "Oh, Paul, it's me. It's Millie!" she cried.

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"What's that you said? Seven? Will it be all right if I don't come in until about nine? Madge is coming on the early bus and I'd like to meet her, but I don't like to leave the dogs alone too long . . ."

"Of course you must meet Madge," he answered, shouting really loudly now as the humming noise increased and trying to remember who Madge was. "The dogs will be fine — I'll take them out first thing in the morning and . . ."

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Longridge—I'll be there around nine without fail. What's that you said about the animals (Oh, you pernickety, dratty old line!) Don't you worry about them, Bert and me we'll see . . . tell old Bodger . . . bringing marrow bone. Oh, wait till I give that operator a piece of my mind . . .!"

But just as Longridge was gather-

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

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ing strength for a last bellow into the mouthpiece the line went dead. He put the receiver back and looked at the old dog who had climbed stealthily into the armchair and sat lolling back against the cushions, his eyes half closed. He addressed him with mock ferocity:

"Did you hear that, you old scoundrel? Mrs. Oakes is bringing you a nice marrow bone tomorrow and you don't deserve it! You shouldn't be up there! What's your master, young Peter, going to say when he comes back and finds a fat and spoiled old dog?"

The terrier laid his ears flat against his skull, slanted his eyes back until they almost disappeared, then drew

his lips back over his teeth in an apologetic grin, quivering the end of his disgraceful tail. He looked so comical that the man laughed and patted the bony head. "You win," he said. "Come on, get down and I'll let you all out for a run."

So the old dog, who was a natural clown, slithered half off the chair and stood with his hindquarters resting on the cushions, waving his tail and nudging the cat who sat like an Egyptian statue, eyes half closed, head erect. He gave a raucous, throaty growl and patted at the pink-and-black bull terrier nose. Then

together they followed the man to the door, where the young dog waited to fall in behind the little procession.

Longridge opened the door leading on to the garden, and the two dogs and the cat squeezed past his legs and into the cool night air.

Longridge and his brother owned a small cabin by the shores of a remote lake about two hundred miles away, and twice a year they spent two or three weeks there together, leading the life they loved, fishing in spring and hunting in the autumn. Usually he simply locked the house up and left, leaving the key with Mrs. Oakes so that she could come in once or twice a week.

However, this year he had the

animals to consider. He had thought of taking them all to a boarding kennel in the town, but Mrs. Oakes, who loved the assorted trio, had protested vigorously and asserted that she herself would look after them. So it had been arranged that she and Bert would look after them. Bert would be working around the garden, anyway, so that they could be outside most of the time and Mrs. Oakes would feed them and keep her eyes on them while she was working in the house.

When he had finished packing, Longridge went into the library to draw the curtains, and seeing the telephone it reminded him of Mrs. Oakes and that reminded him that he had forgotten to tell her to order some coffee and other things that he had taken from the store cupboard. He sat down at the desk and drew out a small memo pad.

"Dear Mrs. Oakes," he wrote. "Please order some more coffee and replace the canned food I've taken with me. Don't worry yourselves too much over the animals—I'm sure they will be fine. I will take them . . ." here he came to the end of the small square of paper, and taking another piece he continued . . . "out for a run before I leave and will give them something to eat, so don't let our greedy white friend tell you he is starving!"

He wrote the last few words with a smile, for Mrs. Oakes could never resist the old dog when he sat up and begged for food. He left the pages on the desk under a glass paper-weight, then opened the garden door in answer to a faint scratch, and the old dog and the cat bounded in to greet him with their usual affection. The young dog followed more sedately and stood by watching aloofly as the other whipped his tail against the man's legs. The cat pressed against him, purring in a deep rumble, but he wagged his tail politely when the man patted him.

THE cat walked into the library to curl up on the warm hearth. He would move later when the ashes grew cold to the top of the radiator, and then, sometime in the middle of the night he would steal upstairs and curl up beside the old dog. It was useless shutting the bedroom door or any other door of the house for that matter, for the cat could open them all, latches or door-knobs! In fact, the only doors that defeated him were those that were locked or had porcelain handles, for he found it impossible to get a purchase with his long monkey-like claws on the shiny surface of the porcelain.

The young dog padded off to his rug on the floor of the little back kitchen and the bull terrier started up the steep stairs, and was already curled up in his basket in the bedroom when Longridge himself came to bed. He opened one bright slanted eye when he felt the old blanket being dropped over him, then pushed his head under the cover, awaiting the opportunity he knew would come later.

The man lay awake for a while, thinking about the days ahead and of the animals, for the sheer misery in the young dog's eyes haunted him.

They had come to him, this odd and lovable trio, over eight months ago from the home of an old and dear college friend. This friend, Jim Hunter, was an English professor in a small university about 250 miles away, and at the university owned one of the finest reference libraries in the province. Longridge often stayed with him and was, in fact, godfather to their nine-year-old daughter, Elizabeth. He had been staying with the Hunters when the invitation came from an English university asking the professor to deliver a series of lectures which would involve a stay in England of nearly nine months, and had witnessed the tears of his god-daughter and the glum silence of her brother Peter, when it was decided that their pets would have to be boarded out and the house rented.

Longridge was extremely fond of Elizabeth and Peter and could understand their feelings. Elizabeth was the self-appointed owner of the cat. She fed and brushed him, took him for walks, and he slept at the bottom of her bed. Eleven-year-old Peter had been inseparable from the bull terrier ever since the small white puppy had arrived on Peter's first birthday. In fact, the boy could not remember a day of his life when the dog had not been part of it. The young dog belonged in every sense of the word, heart and soul to their father, who had trained him since puppyhood for hunting.

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**FILTER RIGHT!
FLAVOUR RIGHT!
A RIGHT CLEAN CIGARETTE!**

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Now they were faced with the realisation of separation, and in the appalled silence that followed the decision Longridge watched Elizabeth's face screw up in the prelude to tears. Then he heard a voice which he recognised with astonishment to be his own, telling everybody not to worry! He would take care of everything! Were not he and the animals already well known to one another? And had he not plenty of room and a large garden? Before the family sailed they would drive the dogs and the cat over, write out a list of instructions, and he, personally, would love and cherish them until their return.

During the days after their arrival Longridge had almost regretted his spontaneous offer: the animals had moped and whined, and the cat had nearly driven him crazy with the incessant goatlike bleating and yowling of a suffering Siamese, and the young dog had refused all food. But after a few days, won over perhaps by Mrs. Oakes' sympathetic cluckings and tempting plates of food, they had seemed to resign themselves, and the cat and the old dog had settled in very comfortably and happily.

It was very apparent, however, how much the old dog missed children, and Longridge at first had wondered where he disappeared to some afternoons. He eventually found out that he was in the playground of the little rural school, where he was a great favorite with the children.

BUT the young dog was very different. He had obviously never stopped pining for his own home and master, although he ate well and his coat was glossy with health, but he never maintained anything else but a dignified, unyielding distance. The man respected him for this, but it worried him that the dog never seemed to relax and always appeared to be listening, longing, and waiting for something far beyond the walls of the house or the fields beyond. He was glad for the dog's sake that the Hunters would be returning in about three weeks.

He slept at last and the dreaming curious moon peeped in at the window to throw shafts of light into the rooms and over each of the sleeping occupants. They woke the cat downstairs, who stretched and yawned, then leaped without visible effort on to the window-sill, only the tip of his tail twitching as he sat motionless, staring into the garden.

Presently he turned, and with a single graceful bound crossed to the desk, but for once he was careless and his hind leg knocked the glass paperweight to the floor. He shook the offending leg vigorously and scattered the pages of Longridge's note, sending one page off the desk and into the air, where it caught the current of hot air from the wall register and sailed across the room to land in the fireplace. Here it slowly curled and browned, until nothing remained of the writing but the almost illegible signature at the bottom.

When the pale fingers of the moon reached over the young dog in the back kitchen he stirred in his uneasy sleep, then sat upright, his ears pricked—listening and listening for the sound that never came: the high, piercing whistle of his master that would have brought him bounding across the world if only his straining ears could hear it.

And lastly the moon peered into the upstairs bedroom where the man lay sleeping in a four-poster bed; and curled against his back the elderly, comfort-loving white bull terrier slept in blissful warm content!

There was a slight mist when John Longridge rose early the following morning, having fought a losing battle for the middle of the bed with his uninvited bedfellow. He shaved and dressed quickly, watching the mist roll back and the sun break through, thinking that it would be a perfect autumn day, an Indian summer day, warm and mellow. Downstairs he found the animals waiting patiently for the door for their early morning run.

He was out in the driveway, loading up his car, when the dogs and cat returned from the fields. He fetched some biscuits for them and they lay by the wall of the house in the

He had no worries about leaving the animals alone, as they had never attempted to stray beyond the large garden and the adjacent fields, and they could return inside the house if they wished, for the kitchen door was the kind that closed slowly with a spring. All that he had to do was shoot the inside bolt while the door was open, and after that it did not close properly and could be pushed open easily from the outside.

They looked contented enough, too—the cat was washing methodically behind his

stretched himself, and stood looking intently down the drive. He remained like this for several minutes while the cat watched closely, then slowly walked down the driveway and stood at the curve, looking back as though inviting the others to follow. The old dog rose, too, now, somewhat stiffly, and followed. Together they turned the corner out of sight.

The cat remained utterly still for a full minute, blue eyes blazing in the dark mask, then, with a curious hesitating run, he set off in pursuit. The dogs were waiting by the gates when he turned the corner, the old dog peering wistfully back as though he hoped to see Mrs. Oakes materialise with a juicy bone; but when the Labrador started up the road he followed. The cat still paused by the gate, questioning, hesitant, until suddenly some inner decision reached, he followed the dogs. Presently all three disappeared from sight down the dusty road, trotting briskly and with purpose.

About an hour later Mrs. Oakes walked up the driveway from her cottage, carrying a string bag with a little parcel of tibbits for the animals. Her face wore a rather disappointed look because the dogs usually would rush to greet her.

"I expect Mr. Longridge left them shut inside the house if he was leaving early," she consoled herself. But when she pushed open the kitchen door and walked inside, everything seemed very silent and still. She stood at the foot of the stairs and called them, but there was no answering patter of running feet. She walked through the silent house and out into the front garden and stood there calling with a puzzled frown.

"Oh well. Perhaps they've gone up to the school. It's a funny thing, though," she continued, "that that there puss isn't here. Oh, well he's probably out hunting—I've never known a cat like that for hunting."

She washed and put away the few dishes, then took her cleaning materials into the sitting-room. There her eye was caught by a sparkle on the floor by the desk, and she found the glass paperweight, and after that the remaining sheet of the note on the desk. She read it through to where it said: "I will take them..." then looked for the remainder. "That's odd," she thought. "Now, where would he take them? That cat must have knocked the paperweight off last night—the rest of the note must be somewhere in the room."

She searched the room but it was not until she was emptying an ashtray into the fireplace that she noticed the charred curl of paper in the hearth. She bent down and picked it up carefully, for it was obviously very brittle, but even then most of it crumbled away and she was left with a fragment which bore the signature "John R. Longridge."

"Now, isn't that the queerest thing," she said. "He must mean he's taking them all to Heron Lake with him. But why would he suddenly do that after all the arrangements we made—he never said a word about it on the telephone—but wait a minute, I remember now—he was just going to say something about them when the line went dead; perhaps he was just going to tell me."

Mrs. Oakes swept and dusted the house, locked it, and returned home to her cottage. Bert Oakes was already home. Her husband listened carefully while his wife related the curious story of the animals apparently accompanying Longridge to Heron Lake.

"Well, now," said Bert,

"seems reasonable enough to me. He knows that young Lab is a rare hunting dog and he probably decided on the spur of the moment he'd like to take him along, and then he got to figuring as to how the old dog would be lonesome if he left him, and then it would follow that that queer-looking cat would miss him, so he just thought to himself, 'Why, I'll just take the whole darn shootin' along.' Simple as that. Sit down, Em."

So Mrs. Oakes sat down, the mystery apparently solved. It was as well she had accepted her husband's explanation as being the right one, for she would have been horrified if she had known the truth. Far from sitting in the back of a car travelling north with John Longridge, they were by now many miles on a deserted country road that ran westwards.

They had kept a fairly steady pace for the first hour or so, falling into an order which was not to vary for many miles or days; the Labrador ran always by the left shoulder of the old dog, for the bull terrier was very nearly blind in the left eye, and they jogged along fairly steadily together—the bull terrier with his odd, rolling, sailor-like gait, and the Labrador in a slow lope. Some ten yards behind came the cat, whose attention was frequently distracted, when he would stop for a few minutes and then catch up again, but in between these halts he ran swiftly and steadily, his long, slim body and tail low to the ground.

When it was obvious that the old dog was flagging, the Labrador turned off the quiet gravelled road and into the shade of a pinewood beside a clear, fast-running creek. The old dog drank deeply, standing up to his chest in the cold water, and the cat picked his way delicately to the edge of an overhanging rock. Afterwards they rested in the deep pine-needles under the trees.

THEY lay there for nearly an hour, until the sun struck through the branches above them. The young dog then rose to his feet and walked toward the road. The old dog rose, too, stiff-legged. He walked toward the waiting Labrador, limping slightly and wagging his tail at the cat.

They trotted steadily on all that afternoon. By the time the afternoon sun lay in long, barred shadows across the road the cat was still travelling in smooth, swift bursts, and the young dog was comparatively fresh, but the old dog was very weary and his pace had dropped to a limping walk. They turned off the road and walked slowly through a clearing in the trees. They came out upon a small, open place where a giant spruce had crashed to the ground and left a hollow where the roots had been, filled now with drifted dry leaves and spruce needles.

The old dog stood for a minute, his heavy head hanging and his eyes half closed, his tired body swaying slightly, then lay down on his side in the hollow. The cat made a little hollow among the spruce needles and sat curled around in it. The young dog disappeared into the undergrowth and reappeared presently, his coat dripping water, to lie down a little away apart from the others.

The old dog continued to pant exhaustedly for a long time, until his eyes closed at last, the labored breaths came further and further apart, and he was sleeping.

Later on when darkness fell, the young dog moved over and stretched out closely at his side and the cat stalked over to lie between his paws; and so, warmed and comforted by their closeness the old dog slept.

The young dog slept fitfully and uneasily, constantly lifting

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his head and growling softly. There was only one thing that he knew clearly—that at all costs he was going home to his own beloved master, and home lay to the west, his instinct told him, and that somehow or other he must take the other two with him.

In the cold hour before dawn the bull terrier woke, then laboriously and painfully staggered to his feet. He was trembling with cold and was extremely hungry and thirsty. He walked slowly and stiffly in the direction of the pool nearby, passing on his way the cat, who was crouched over something held between his paws. He heard a crunching sound and moved over to investigate. The cat regarded him coolly and distantly, then stalked away, leaving the carcass, but it was a disappointing mess of feathers only.

He drank long and deeply at the

Continuing ... THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

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pool and on his return tried the feathers again, for he was ravenous, but they stuck in his gullet and he retched them out. He nibbled at some stalks of grass, then delicately his lips rolled back over his teeth, picked a few over-ripe raspberries from a low bush. He had always liked to eat raspberries this way, and, although the taste was reassuringly familiar, it did nothing to appease his hunger.

He was pleased to see the young dog appear presently; he wagged his tail and licked the other's face and then followed resignedly when a move was made toward the road. They were followed a few moments later by the cat.

In the grey light of dawn the trio

continued down the side of the road until they reached a point where it took a right-angled turn. Here they hesitated before an overgrown rutted trail that led from the side of the road, its entrance almost concealed by overhanging branches. It appeared to lead over the hills to the westward.

The Labrador lifted his head and appeared almost as though he were scenting for something, some reassurance, and apparently found it satisfactory, for he led his companions up the trail between the trees. The going here was softer, for the middle was overgrown with grass and the ruts on either side were full of dead leaves.

Both dogs were very hungry and watched with envy when the cat killed a chipmunk while they were resting by a stream in the middle of the day. But when the old dog advanced with a hopeful wag of his tail the cat growlingly retreated into the bushes with his prey. Puzzled and disappointed, the terrier sat listening to the crunching sounds inside the bushes.

A few minutes later the cat emerged and sat down, daintily cleaning his whiskers. The old dog licked the black Siamese face with his panting tongue and was affectionately patted on the nose in return. Unlike human beings, there was no jealousy, and there were no recriminations as to what each should eat and why. The cat was lucky to have something when

he was hungry, and so the cat ate it, and this was understood by the old dog. But he was very hungry; he nibbled a few more raspberries.

The young dog, too, was hungry, but would have to be on the verge of starvation before the deep-rooted Labrador heredity would be broken down. For generations his ancestors had been bred to retrieve without harming and there was nothing of the hunter in his make-up, and, as yet, any killing was abhorrent to him. He drank deeply at the stream and urged his companions on.

Late in the afternoon the old dog's pace had slowed down to a stumbling walk and it seemed as though only sheer determination kept him on his feet at all. He was dizzy and swaying and his heart was pounding. The cat must have sensed this, for he now walked steadily beside the dogs, very close to his tottering, failing old friend, and uttering plaintive worried bleats.

Finally, the old dog came to a standstill by a deep rut, half-filled with muddy water. He stood there as though he did not even have the strength to step around it, his head sagging and his body trembling. Then, as he tried to lap the water, his legs seemed to crumble under him and he collapsed half in and half out the rut, lying quite still, eyes closed, and only the long shallow shuddering breaths to indicate he was still alive.

The young dog became frantic now, marking and scratching with his paws at the edge of the rut, pushing at the still body with his nose, whining and barking again and doing everything in his power to rouse the limp white body. The cat growled softly and continuously, walking back and forth and rubbing his whole length against the dirty mud-dried head. There was no response to their attentions and the old dog lay unconscious and unheeding.

THE other two animals grew silent and sat by his side, disturbed and uneasy, until at last they turned and left him, the Labrador disappearing into the bushes, and the cat to stalk a partridge which had appeared at the side of the trail. The partridge flew across the trail with a sudden whirr into the trees while the cat was still some distance away.

Undaunted, the cat continued around a bend in the trail in search of another and was lost to sight.

The shadows lengthened across the track, deserted now save for the still white form in the middle. Suddenly there was a sound of a heavy body pushing through the undergrowth, accompanied by a sharp crackling of branches. On to the trail on all fours scampered a young half-grown bear cub, round furry ears pricked and deep-set eyes alight with curiosity in the sharp little face as he beheld the unconscious old dog.

There was a grunting sound in the bush behind the cub: the mother was investigating a rotten tree stump. The cub stood for a moment and then hesitantly advanced towards the dog. He sniffed around, then reached out a long curved black paw and tapped the white head. For a moment the mists of unconsciousness cleared in the old dog's head, and he opened his eyes, aware of danger. The cub sprang back in alarm and watched from a safe distance.

Seeing that there was no further movement, he loped back and cuffed again with his paw, this time harder, and watched for a response. Only enough strength was left in the old dog for a valiant baring of his teeth. He snarled faintly with pain and hatred when his shoulder was raked by the wicked claws of the excited cub, and made a pathetically gallant attempt to struggle to his feet. The smell of the drawn blood excited the cub further and he straddled the dog's body and started to play with the long white tail, nibbling at the end like a child with a new toy. His efforts had been too much for the old dog—even as he bared his teeth again with the faintest whisper of a snarl, merciful unconsciousness claimed him.

Around the bend in the trail, dragging a large dead partridge by the wing, came the cat. The wing sprung back softly from his mouth as he gazed transfixed at the scene before him. In one split second a terrible transformation took place: the blue eyes glittered hugely and evilly in the black masked face and every hair on his body stood upright so that he appeared twice the size.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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AUSTRALIAN NATURE

● The wildflowers of Western Australia, especially those growing on the sandy or gravelly soils of the south-west, are probably the most spectacular on the continent. Noted for their vivid colors and peculiar shapes, they make a magnificent display when in bloom. Western Australia has more than 5800 known species.

Pictures by Mr. N. Chaffer, Sydney, except the Lilac Hibiscus, taken by Mr. P. Slater, Derby, W.A.



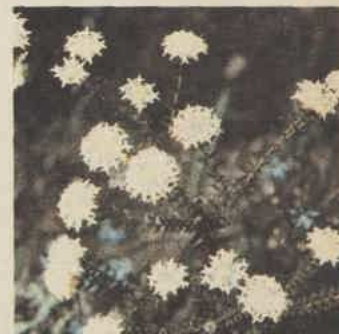
● Dwarf Cal's Paw (*Anigozanthos humilis*) rarely grows more than a foot high. It is both common and widely distributed in sandy soil on the western coastal plain.



● Lilac Hibiscus (*Hibiscus huegelii*) is very common on the western coastal plain and also extends into South Australia. The species is variable.



● Opossum's Tail (*Andersonia caerulea*), found on some southern heaths.



● Member of the Daphne family, *Pimelea rosea*—on coast and Darling Range.



● Snakebush (*Hemiandra pungens*) is a shrub with spiny-pointed leaves. This member of the Mint family grows in certain parts of the coastal plains.



● Western Australian Christmas Tree (*Nuytsia floribunda*) in bloom.



● One of the 50 Western Australian species of *Dampiera*. Most are blue.

GRANDFATHER



GRAND-DAUGHTER



GRANDMOTHER



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Mother!

Your children like taking 'medicine' when it's chocolate Laxettes. So easy to give the exact dose — because Laxettes have measured it for you in each chocolate square. And Laxettes' mild laxative action makes children better overnight!

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LA 29

He crouched low to the ground, tensed and ready, and uttered a high ear-splitting scream, and as the startled cub turned the cat sprang! He landed on the back of the dark furred neck, clinging with his monkey-like hind legs while he raked his long claws across the cub's eyes. Again and again he raked with the terrible talons, hissing and spitting until the cub was screaming in pain and fear and blinded with blood, making ineffectual brushing movements with his paws to dislodge the unseen horror on his back.

His screams were answered by a thunderous roar and a huge brown she-bear crashed through the bushes and rushed to the cub. She swiped at the clinging cat with a tremendous paw; but the cat was too quick for her, and with a hiss of fury leaped to the ground and disappeared behind a tree. The unfortunate cub's head received the full force of the blow and it was sent spinning across the track into the bushes.

In a blind, frustrated rage, maddened by the cries of her cub, the mother turned for something on which to vent her fury and saw the still figure of the old dog. Even as she lumbered snarling toward him the cat distracted her attention, appearing suddenly, hissing and spitting. The bear halted, red eyes glinting savagely, before the attack, standing on her hind legs, neck upstretched and her head weaving from side to side in a menacing snake-like way. The cat uttered another banshee-like scream and took a step forward, fixing his squinting terrible eyes on his adversary.

SOMETHING like fear or indecision crept into the bear's eyes and it shuffled back a step; the cat took another slow deliberate step forward; the bear retreated again, bewildered by the tactics of this terrible small animal, and distraught by the cub's whimpering.

The cat took more steps forward, crouching low and lashing his tail from side to side; the bear shifted its weight uneasily, longing to retreat and still retain some dignity, but afraid to turn its back.

The rapidly approaching crackling of undergrowth, heralding the approach of possibly a mate to this vicious, unknown animal, turned the bear into a statue, rigid with apprehension, and when a great golden dog sprang out of the bush and stood beside the cat, teeth bared and snarling, every hair on his back erect and a great golden ruff standing out, the bear threw the

Continuing . . .

last pretence of dignity to the winds.

She dropped to all fours and with a swift, lumbering run and a last growl of desperate bravado, fled into the bush to join her cub.

The cat shrank back to his normal size. He shook each paw distastefully in turn, as though wishing to shake off all contact with the bear, and glanced briefly at the limp, muddled bundle that lay unconscious and unheeding by his feet, blood oozing from four deep parallel gashes on the shoulder, then sauntered down the track to his partridge.

The young dog nosed his friend all over, whimpering and trying to arouse him and attempting to staunch the

pushed his nose into the still warm bundle of soft grey feathers. This time there was no warning growl from the cat or retreating with the prey.

The old dog ate, crunching the bones ravenously with his blunt teeth. Even as his companions watched him, a miraculous strength slowly seeped back into his body. Muddled, bloodied, exhausted, and half dead, the old bull terrier loved life and had no intention of letting an encounter with a mere bear wrest it from him. By nightfall he was able to walk over to the soft grass at the side of the track, where he lay down and blinked hap-

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



blood with his tongue. But there was no response, and finally he gave up and lay down panting on the grass. He watched the cat drag a large bird almost up to the nose of the unconscious dog, then slowly and deliberately began to tear at the bird's flesh.

Presently, the enticing smell of raw warm meat filtered through into the old dog's unconsciousness and brought with it a well-remembered memory. From that memory grew the desire to live—to live and eat again. He opened one eye and gave an appreciative sniff. The effect was galvanising; his dirty, muddled, half-chewed tail stirred and he raised his shoulders, then his forelegs with a convulsive effort.

He was a pitiful sight—the half of his body which had lain in the rut was black and soaking—the other side was streaked and stained with blood. He trembled violently and uncontrollably, but in the sunken depths of the little black-currant slit eyes there was a faint gleam of interest returning, and it increased as he

pily at his companions, wagging his pitiful tail. The Labrador lay down beside him and licked the wounded shoulder.

Two or three hours later, the purring cat joined them, dropping as though by accident another succulent morsel by his old friend's nose. This was a little deer mouse which was swallowed in one satisfying gulp, and soon the old dog slept.

But the cat, purring against his chest, and the young dog curled at his back were wakeful and alert most of the remaining night. The encounter with the bear had sharpened every sense and set every warning nerve in their bodies tingling.

Who is to tell what thoughts pass through an animal's mind or indeed if they are even capable of contemplation? It may have been that the young dog at least felt more reassured that night, for the "frivolous, feather-headed cat" of yesterday had today shown the ferocity and cunning of a tiger; and, too, had shown himself a capable provider. Perhaps he

It disappeared down his throat in one crunch and he looked around happily for more. But an hour's patient search only rewarded him with two, so he returned to his companions. They had apparently eaten, for there were feathers and fur scattered around.

Instinct warned the young dog not to urge his old companion on, for it was obvious that he was still utterly exhausted, and in addition must have lost a lot of blood from the gashes suffered at the cub's claws the day before. These were stiff and black with blood and had a tendency to open and bleed with any movement, so all day he lay peacefully in the warm autumn sunshine on the grass, sleeping, eating what the cat provided.

The young dog spent most of the day still occupied with his ceaseless foraging for food. By evening he was desperate, but his luck turned when a rabbit suddenly started up from the long grass and swerved across his path. Head down, tail flying, the young dog gave chase, but always the rabbit was just out of reach of his hungry jaws. At last, with a desperation born of hunger, he put all his strength into one violent lunge and felt the warm, pulsating prize in his mouth. The generations fell away and the years of training never to sink teeth into feathers or fur, and for a moment the Labrador looked almost wolf-like as he tore at the warm flesh.

They slept in the same place that night and most of the following day, and the weather mercifully continued warm and sunny. By the third day the old dog seemed almost recovered. So in the late afternoon they left the place which had

been their home for three days, and trotted along the track together again. By the time the moon rose, they had travelled several miles and had come to the edge of a small lake.

The young dog turned his head suddenly, his nose twitching, for his keen scent had caught a distant whiff of wood smoke, and of something else—something unidentifiable. Seconds later, the old dog caught the scent, too, and started to his feet, snuffling and questioning with his nose. His thin whippy tail began to sweep to and fro, and a bright gleam appeared in the slanted eyes.

Somewhere, not too far away, were human beings—their world; and if he was not mistaken, his expression seemed to imply, they were undoubtedly cooking something. He trotted off determinedly in the direction of the tantalising smell. The young dog followed somewhat reluctantly, and for once the cat passed them both; a little moon-mad perhaps, for he pretended to stalk imaginary shadows.

The small lake was one of a chain of many which emptied into a wide stretch of water, the habitat of many varieties of wild fowl. At this time of year it was filled with the migrant northern ducks, resting and feeding, breaking the journey on their way south.

They came here year after year, because this lake was partially covered with wild rice, which made wonderful feeding.

EVERY year with the migrant ducks came the hands of Chippewyan Indians or Ojibways, who have long been the traditional rice harvesters of the Great Lakes. They came always in a holiday spirit to the harvesting, not only because of the high prices the rice would eventually fetch but because over the years it had become a time to meet and feast, exchange news with the scattered clans of their tribe.

There would be family reunions, the re-telling of old tales around the fires, and on the last night before they paddled back to the mainland there would be a great feast far into the night.

The scent that had been borne to the animals on the evening breeze was a fragrant compound of roasting rice, wild duck stew and wood smoke from the firepits. When they looked down from the hill, tantalised and hungry, they saw six or seven fires in the clearing below, lighting up the dark background of trees and casting a ruddy light on the faces of the Indians around.

The men were a colorful lot in jeans and bright plaid shirts, but the women were dressed for the most part in sombre colors, dark dresses, and black stockings. Two young boys who looked like brothers, the only children there, were going from fire to fire shaking the grain in shallow pans and stirring it with wooden paddles.

One man wearing long soft moccasins stood in a shallow pit trampling the husks to loosen the grain. Some of the band were lying back smoking and watching, while some were still eating, larding the fragrant contents of a pot on to tin plates. Every now and then one of them would throw a bone back over a shoulder into the bush behind and the watching animals gazed hungrily after it.

The old dog could contain himself no longer and he picked his way carefully down the hillside, for his shoulder still pained him. One of the young brothers by the fire heard him coming and looked up sharply, his hand reaching

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

with JOYCE
HALSTEAD

"The Foot of The Rainbow"

Dorothy Black (Bles), 22/6.

This book of memoirs by a most successful magazine short-story writer entertains from beginning to end. She starts with babyhood, recalling her "from down-under" view of her nurse's petticoats, childhood spent in Yorkshire, Germany, and France, her many relatives, including the composer Delius, who was an uncle, ups and downs of her education, and her extraordinary, and to her, surprising success as a Fleet Street editor at the age of 18. Even in those days before World War I her short stories were earning her up to £80 a week above her £3-a-week salary.

Marriage took her out east to Rangoon, where her husband was a rice-planter; she soon had three children and plenty of exotic copy for her stories. When she and her husband later lived apart, she supported the family by writing, sometimes earning up to "four figures" annually. Short-lived, bitter-sweet romance entered

her life. Miss Black has a gay, breezy-but-sure style and a wonderful talent for making her readers laugh—or cry.

"The Man Who Listens"

Taylor Caldwell (Collins), 20/-.

A strong religious theme links the chapters, each of which is a story complete in itself. Each deals with the problems and worries of one person, and how these worries are resolved after a visit to the temple of the "Man Who Listens." John Godfrey, a small lawyer in a large city, who always lived unobtrusively, at the age of 80 builds a handsome marble temple, beautiful without, peaceful within. In an inner chamber the troubled tell their worries to an unseen but felt presence; if genuine, upon pressing a button, a curtain parts and the "Man Who Listens" is revealed to them. At the end of the book He is revealed to the reader. His healing powers are available to all, regardless of denomination. A serious, thought-provoking, and undoubtedly helpful novel.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1200 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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and closing on a stone, but his mother sharply bade him hold the stone and he waited and watched intently.

The old dog limped out of the shadows and into the ring of firelight, confident, friendly, and sure of his welcome: his tail wagging and ears and lips laid back in his bull terrier grin, he looked positively nightmarish. There was a silence, broken by a wail of terror from the smaller boy who flung himself at his mother, and then a quick, excited chatter from the Indians.

The old dog looked rather offended and uncertain for a moment, but loving children, he made for the nearest boy, who retreated a step, nervously clutching his stone. But again his mother spoke sharply to him in the Ojib tongue, "Stupid son of mine, stand still! It is an Ohnemooosh—only an old white dog who comes in peace." She walked quickly across the ring of firelight, stooping down to look more closely at this muddled white visitor out of the night.

The old dog leaned against her and whipped his tail against her legs, happy to be in contact with a human being again. She crouched down beside him to run her fingers lightly along the black gashes of his shoulders, and when he licked her face appreciatively she laughed. Reassured, the two little boys drew nearer and the rest of the band gathered around, attracted by this wonder.

Soon the old dog was where he most loved to be—the centre of attention to some human beings. He made the most of it and played to an audience; and when one of the men tossed him a chunk of meat he sat up painfully on his hindquarters and begged for more, waving one paw in the air.

THE Indian mother laughed and patted his head. "You have done well, old one," she said. "Now you shall have your reward," and she ladled some of the meat from the pot on to the grass. The old dog limped towards it; but before he ate he looked up in the direction of the hillside where he had left his two companions.

The sound of a cracking twig in the darkness beyond was caught by the keen ears of the woman. "What, are there more like you up there?" she asked to the laughter of the band.

When the cat appeared, nervously pausing, ready for instant flight, uttering his plaintive raucous noises and finally walking up to the old dog and calmly taking a piece of meat from him, the delight and amusement of the Indians knew no bounds. They laughed until they were speechless and hiccupping, and the two little boys threw themselves on the ground, kicking their heels in an abandonment of merriment.

It was enough, they felt, that this strange-looking white dog should appear from the middle of nowhere to entertain them, but that his companion should be a cat—and a blue-eyed, queer looking cat at that—well, that was too much for the simple, fun-loving Ojib heart!

"Who else travels with you, old one?" asked the woman weakly, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes and offering the cat some food, too.

But the young dog never moved to betray his presence, and crouched in the bushes on the hillside, the urge in his heart to travel westward to his goal and waste no more time, warring with the knowledge that he must not leave his companions.

He watched the cat, well fed and content, curl itself on the lap of one of the children, and he watched a little bent, ancient crone hobble over to the old dog and examine his shoulders with quick, deft hands, then throw a handful of cat's-tail roots into a boiling pot of water, soak some moss in the liquid and apply it to the dark gashes on the old dog's shoulder as he lay peacefully before the fire with his head on the lap of one of the boys.

But when the fires began to burn low and the Indians made preparations for the night, and still his companions showed no sign of moving, the young dog grew restless. He skirted the camp, moving like a shadow through the trees on the hill behind, until he came out upon the shore a quarter of a mile upwind of the camp. Then he barked sharply and imperatively several times.

The effect was like an alarm bell on the other two. The cat sprang from the arms of the little Indian boy and ran towards the old dog, who was already on his feet blinking and peering around rather confusedly. He gave a guttural yowl, then deliberately ran ahead, looking back as he paused beyond the range of firelight.

The old dog shook himself and walked

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

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slowly after, reluctant to leave the warmth of the fire. The Indians watched impassively and made no move to stop him: only the woman who had befriended him calling softly in the tongue of her people, a farewell to the traveller, "Good luck go with you, old dog."

The dog halted at the treeline beside the cat and looked back, but the commanding, summoning bark was heard again, and together the two passed out of sight and into the blackness of the night.

The trio journeyed on, the pattern of the next few days being very much the same, free of incident or excitement. They would jog steadily along by day, their pace determined mainly

by the endurance of the old dog, leaving their resting-place at daylight. Their favorite sleeping place was a hollow under an uprooted tree where they were sheltered from the wind, and able to burrow down among the drifted leaves for warmth. At first there were frequent halts and rests, but daily the terrier became stronger; after a week he was lean, but the scars on his shoulders were healing, and his coat was smooth and healthy.

It was only the young dog who really suffered hunger, for he was a natural hunter, and wasted a lot of ill-afforded energy in pursuit. He lived mainly on frogs, mice, and the occa-

sional leavings of the other two; sometimes he was lucky enough to frighten some other small animal away from its prey, but it was a very inadequate diet for such a large and heavily built dog, and his ribs were beginning to show through the bright golden coat.

He was unable to relax, his constant hunger driving him to forage even when the other two were resting. He would sit apart, aloof and watchful, nervous and tense. It seemed as though he were never able to forget his ultimate purpose and goal—he was going home: home to his own master, home where he belonged, and nothing else mattered. This lodestone of longing, this certainty drew him to lead his companions ever westward, through wild and unknown country

as unerringly as a carrier pigeon released from an alien loft.

Nomadic life seemed to agree with the cat. He was in fine fettle, sleek, and well groomed and as debonair as ever, and had adapted himself so well that at times it appeared as though he were positively enjoying the whole expedition.

They travelled mostly on old, abandoned trails and they were fortunate that the Indian summer weather still continued, the days being sunny and warm enough when the sun was high, but the nights cold, though not unendurable.

Nature, however, was already assisting them to adapt themselves to the new life by providing them with the beginnings of thicker undercoats.

The leaves were losing their color rapidly, and many of the birds of the

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THE FINEST TASTING CHEDDAR OF ALL!

—and it's ready-sliced, too



SAVOURY FRENCH LOAF

Ingredients:

2ozs. soft butter; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 small clove garlic, crushed; 1 French bread stick; 5 Kraft De Luxe Slices, cut in half diagonally; 2 tomatoes, cut into slices; salt and pepper. (NOTE: In place of garlic, you may use: 1 tablespoon chopped spring onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, dash Worcestershire sauce.)

Method:

Combine butter and salt with garlic (or with the alternative ingredients). Make 10 diagonal slashes across bread stick, not quite through to the bottom. Spread garlic (or alternative) mixture generously in each diagonal slash. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place half a De Luxe Slice in each opening, together with a tomato ring if desired. Place on foil or greaseproof paper, and heat in a moderate oven (325°F. gas, 350°F. elec.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

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Kraft De Luxe Cheddar Slices are made from a blend of Australia's very finest Cheddar cheeses—specially selected by Kraft cheesemakers. De Luxe truly describes this rich-flavoured Cheddar cheese. And it's sliced—into 8 perfect squares that peel apart at a touch. Make all sorts of delicious snacks with this fine-tasting Cheddar that melts so smoothly and evenly. And Kraft De Luxe Slices are perfect for sandwiches, too.

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KR47

forest had already migrated. They saw few other animals; the noisy progress of the dogs warning the shy, natural inhabitants of their approach; and those they did meet were too busy and concerned with their preparation for winter to show much curiosity.

The rabbits and weasels had changed to their white winter coats; and several times they had heard the wild, free, exultant calling of the wild geese passing overhead on the long journey southwards. The visitors to the Northlands were leaving, and those who remained were preparing themselves for the long winter that lay ahead. Soon the whole tempo, the very pulse of the north, would beat slower and slower until the snow fell like a soft coverlet.

AS though aware of these preparations and their meaning the three adventurers increased their pace as much as was possible within the limits determined by the old dog's strength, on good days covering as much as fifteen miles.

Since they had left the Indian encampment they had not seen any human beings, or any sign of human habitation, save once at nightfall, when they were nosing around a garbage can outside the cookhouse of a lumber camp, deserted save for an old caretaker. He was a nervous man and when he heard the noise of the overturned can he came to the window, expecting to see a bear.

Instead, in the dark, he saw what he thought was a light-colored wolf. He fired through the screen window. Fortunately his hands were shaky and the

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.22 bullet scared through the young dog's ruff at the back of his neck, grazing his skin. It was painful, though not serious, but the incident increased the young dog's wary nervousness.

A few days later the travellers came down from the hills to find themselves on the banks of a river running north and south. It was about 100 feet across to the far bank, and far too deep for the animals to cross without swimming. The young dog led the way downstream for some distance looking for a means of crossing, as it was obvious that his companions would not even wet their feet if they could possibly help it, both sharing a great dislike of water.

Once or twice he plunged in and swam around, looking back at the other two, obviously trying to entice them by showing them how easy it was, but they remained sitting close together on the bank, united in misery, and he was forced to continue his way downstream, becoming increasingly worried as he went, aware that it was the wrong direction.

It was lonely, uninhabited country, the nearest road lying many miles away to the south, so that there were no bridges, and the river if anything became wider as they trotted along the banks. After three or four miles the young dog could endure the frustration no longer; he plunged into the water and swam rapidly and strongly across to the far side. He loved the water, and was as much at home in it as the other two hated and feared it. He stood on the far bank, barking encouragingly, but the old dog whined in such distress,

the cat yowling in chorus, that he swam across again, paddling around in the shallows near the bank.

The old dog walked gingerly into the shallow water, shivering and miserable. Once more the Labrador swam the river, climbed out on the far side, shook himself and barked. There was no mistaking the

FROM THE BIBLE

—Two versions

● "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

—Colossians 3:2. (Authorised version)

● "Let your thoughts dwell on that higher realm, not on this earthly life."

—Colossians 3:2. (New English Bible)

command in his bark. The old dog took another reluctant step forward, whining piteously, his expressive tail curled well under. The barking continued; again he advanced; again the Labrador swam across to encourage him. Three times he swam across, and the third time the old dog waded in up to his chest and started swimming reluctantly.

He was not a very good swimmer; he swam in jerky rapid movements, his head held

high out of the water, his little black eyes rolling fearfully, but he was a bull terrier, a white cavalier, and he kept on, following the wake of the other, until at last he climbed out on the far side. His transports of joy on reaching dry land were like those of a shipwrecked mariner after six weeks at sea on a raft.

The poor cat showed the first signs of terror since leaving on his incredible journey; he was alone, and the only way to rejoin his friends lay in swimming across the terrible stretch of water. He ran up and down the bank, all the time keeping up his unearthly Siamese wailing. The young dog went through the same firing performance that he had used before, swimming to and fro, trying to entice him into the water, but the cat was beside himself with terror and it was a long, long time before he made up his mind; when he did it was with a sudden blind desperate rush at the water, completely un-cat-like.

His expression of horror and distaste was almost comical as he started swimming toward the young dog who waited for him a few yards out. He proved to be a surprisingly good swimmer, and was making steady progress across, the dog swimming alongside, when tragedy struck, mocking the courage of the little vulnerable animal and turning triumph into disaster.

Many years ago a colony of beavers had dammed a small stream which had tumbled into the river about two miles upstream. Since the beavers had left, the dam had been crumbling and loosening gradually, and for a long time it had just been a question of time when it would give way altogether,

releasing the eager little stream again to join the river. Fate loosened the dam this very day, this very hour, this very minute!

Almost as the two animals reached midstream it broke altogether. The pent up force of the stream leaped through the gap in an ever widening torrent, carrying everything before it and surging into the river, where it became a swift mountainous wave carrying small trees, torn-away branches, pieces of river bank and beaver dam before it on the crest. The young dog saw the on-rushing terrifying wave several moments before it reached them, and frantically tried to swim into a position upstream of the cat, instinctively trying to protect it but he was too late, and the great curling, crested wave surged over, submerging them in a whirling chaos of debris.

THE end of a log struck the cat full on the head; he was swept under and over and over until his body was finally caught on a half submerged piece of the old dam, and was carried along on the impetus of the wave, as it tore down the river bed.

The old dog, frantic with anxiety, for he had sensed the disaster although he could not see it, waded chest deep into the churning water, but the force knocked him back again, and he was forced to retreat.

The other dog, strong swimmer though he was, made his way to the bank only with the greatest difficulty. Even then he was carried half a mile downstream before his feet

were on firm ground. Immediately he set off down the riverside following the swift flood.

Several times he saw the little figure of the cat, half under water, rushing madly ahead of him on the crest of the water, but he was never near enough, except at one point where the partially submerged piece of beaver dam caught on an overhanging branch. He plunged in immediately; but just as he was nearly within reach it tore free and once more went whirling and turning down the river until it was lost to sight.

Although the dog pursued at full speed, he gradually fell further and further behind. At last he was brought to a complete halt when the river entered a rocky gorge with no foothold on either side. He was forced to climb inland, and by the time he rejoined the river on the far side of the gorge there was no sign of the cat.

It was nearly dark when he returned to find the terrier, who was walking wearily toward him; he was exhausted, limping badly from a cut paw, and utterly spent and miserable; so much so that he barely returned the greeting of the bewildered and lonely old dog but dropped to the ground, his flanks heaving, to lie there.

They spent that night where they were, by the banks of the river, peaceful again after the violence of the afternoon. They lay curled closely together for comfort and warmth. In the middle of the night the old dog threw his head back, howling his grief and loneliness, for he had dearly loved his friend the cat.

Many miles down the river a small log cabin stood near the banks of the river, surrounded by three or four acres

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Holiday Bargain of the year!

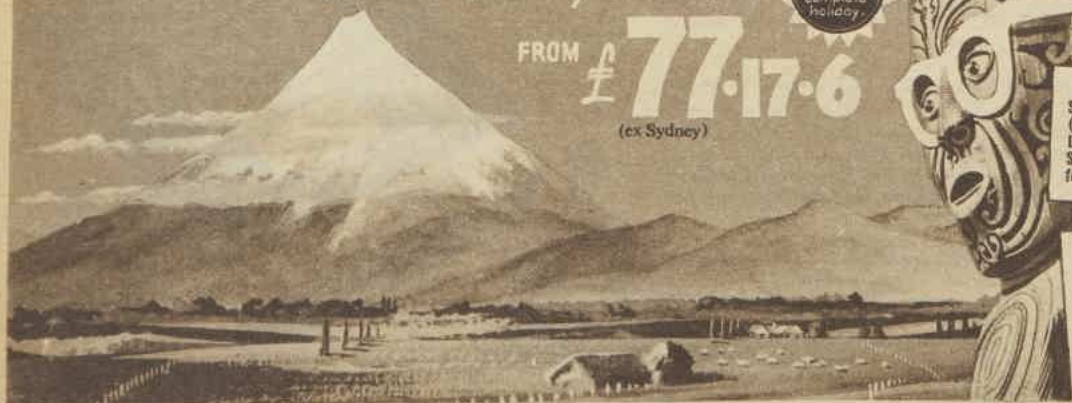
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IT/NZ 103 8-DAY SOUTH ISLAND

Sydney/Christchurch by TEAL. Overnight in Christchurch. Then to Hermitage Launch excursion to Tasman Glacier. On to Queenstown via Lindus Pass. Skipper's Gorge. Return Christchurch. Overnight in Christchurch. Depart TEAL for Sydney. £86/10/0

IT/NZ 104 15-DAY NORTH AND SOUTH ISLAND

Sydney/Christchurch by TEAL. Overnight in Christchurch. Then to Hermitage (Mt. Cook), with excursion to Tasman Glacier. On to Queenstown via Lindus Pass. Launch and motor trips to nearby attractions. Then to Dunedin, on to Christchurch through Hamilton and on to Waitomo. Inspect Glow-worm Grotto. Then Rotorua, visit the Whakarewarewa Model Pa, thermal activities and various interesting attractions. On to Auckland, overnight in Auckland. Return TEAL to Sydney. £135/0/0

from page 66

of cleared land. Reino Nurmi lived here with his wife, Ines, and their ten-year-old daughter, Helvi. They had emigrated from Canada from their native Finland only a few years ago. They had settled for preference in a remote part of their new country, finding nothing new or strange in the long distances between neighbors. They were sufficient unto themselves, a happy, united family who worked hard and lived contentedly.

During the winter months Reino worked two trap lines, trapping beaver, mink, and martens. In the spring and summer he farmed.

Sometimes in the long winter months the drifting snow would be too deep for the little girl to take the long walk to the country road where the school bus usually picked her up, and she would have to stay at home, sometimes for days on end.

BUT this, in fact, was something she loved: she would do her schoolwork in the morning at the table in the warm, cosy living-room of the cabin and listen to the schools' broadcast on the radio.

On the day that the beaver dam broke Helvi was down by the river. The bank was steep and high there, so she was quite safe when the rushing torrent of water swept past. She stood watching it, fascinated by the spectacle, when her eye was caught by a piece of debris that had been whirling around in a back eddy and was now caught on some boulders at the edge of the bank.

She could see what looked like a small, limp body on the surface. She ran along by the boiling water to investigate, scrambling down the bank, to stand looking pityingly at the wet, bedraggled body, wondering what it was. She dragged the mass of twigs and branches further up on land, then ran to call her mother.

Mrs. Nurmi followed her daughter back to see this strange animal who had been washed up, and the strange new river flowing by, calling out to her husband to come as well.

"Why, it's a cat, Helvi!" she

said, looking down. "It's not a wild cat, but I've never seen one like this before—look at the black mask on its face, and the black tail and feet. And look, Reino," she added to her husband who had just joined them, "look at its claws—have you ever seen a cat with its claws out like that?"

Reino looked at it for a long time without saying anything, then suddenly bent to put a hand on the soaking fur. He kept it there for a minute, then straightened up. "Whatever it is, it's alive," he said.

RIVETS



"and do you know, I think it's one of those rare foreign breed cats. Seems to me I remember seeing one like it on a calendar in Burmese or Chinese, or something like that. If I'm right, Helvi, and we can revive it, you'll have a surprise when you see the color of its eyes!"

"But, Daddy," she said, watching him scoop the limp body up, "how would a foreign cat like that get here? I've never seen anything around here except the ordinary farm cats."

"Let's worry about that later," said her mother. "You run on ahead and find some flour sacks, and an old rough towel."

Reino laid the cat down on the flour sacks in a sunny patch by the wood stove, then they took turns in rubbing the little body vigorously with the rough towel. Then Reino wrapped the sacking firmly around, and while Ines held the mouth open Helvi carefully poured some warm milk and brandy down the cat's throat. They laid it down again and watched; after a minute the cat gave a faint cough, and its body twitched convulsively. It coughed again,

bringing up a gush of water. "That's better," said Reino. "He must have swallowed a lot of the river—he must have needed every one of his nine lives today." He held the cat upside down, with very satisfactory results.

"He feels so cold, still, Mother," said Helvi, "and there's a big bump on the side of its head." She stroked the fur, which was showing up in its original wheaten color now that it was drying. "Where can we put him to keep warm and dry his fur?"

Mrs. Nurmi had a sudden inspiration. "I know," she said, "we'll put him in the oven of

the old wood stove! It's still nice and warm from the fire I had on this morning."

So they wrapped the cat up in another dry sack, opened the oven door and laid it inside on a tray, leaving the door open. When Mrs. Nurmi went into the cabin to prepare supper, and Reino left to milk the cows, Helvi sat cross-legged on the ground in the sun by the oven, anxiously chewing the end of one of her fair braids, watching and waiting. Every now and then she would put her hand in the warm oven and touch the cat, as though to make sure it was really there, stroking the soft fur which was beginning to pulse with life under her fingers.

After half an hour she was rewarded; the cat opened its eyes, and true to her father's promise she was amazed at their color, looking into their bright sapphire depths with wonder. Presently her cup of happiness was nearly overflowing, for under her gentle stroking she felt a throaty vibration; then heard a rusty, feeble purring. Wildly excited, she called to her parents to come and see this miracle.

Cats are amazing creatures—when they are ill nothing can look worse, or nearer death, but their recovery powers are remarkable. Within another half hour the little Finnish girl held in her lap a sleek, purring, Siamese cat, who had already finished two saucers of milk (which normally he detested, drinking only water), and who had groomed himself from head to foot.

By the time the Nurmi family were eating their supper around the scrubbed deal table, he had finished a bowl of chopped meat, and was weaving his way around the table legs, begging in his plain-

tive odd voice for more food. His blue eyes crossed intently, his black kinked tail held straight in the air like a banner. Helvi was fascinated by him, and by his gentleness when she picked him up.

That night the family were having for supper a Finnish dish of fish and potatoes, in which the fish head is always cooked as well—although only the cheeks are edible. Now Helvi was allowed to ladle out the head and some of the broth and set it in a dish on the floor. Soon the fish head had disappeared, too, to the accompaniment of ecstatic growling noises.

"I think he must have belonged to someone like me," she said. "Look how he always comes back to me." And, as the cat jumped up on to her lap and rubbed his face against her dress, she added, "Look, Daddy, his eyes are crossed—I've never seen a cat with crossed eyes, and yet they suit him in a funny way."

"I take back what I said about those wicked cats," Reino said. "Look at them—they are still showing, and yet he never uses them, it must be a characteristic of that breed. I tell you what, Helvi, when you go to school tomorrow you must describe him to the teacher. Perhaps she'll have a book on animals with a picture of one like this."

That night Helvi begged to take their strange visitor to bed with her, up in her little room which she reached by a ladder under the eaves of the roof. She was so happy that she easily persuaded her parents, and later on when they went up to tuck their daughter in they found her with the cat purring contentedly in her arms, sleepily blinking the startling eyes.

"There's some child breaking its heart somewhere to-night," observed Ines. "That's a children's pet all right. What a strangely beautiful, exotic-looking creature it is."

Many times that night Helvi woke up to marvel again at the soft warm body beside her; and every time she stroked it she was rewarded by a deep rumbling purr.

The following morning when Helvi awoke, the first thing she thought of was the delicious excitement of the day that lay ahead of her. True, she must go to school, but there she could find out about the stranger who had come into her life in such an exciting way, and all through the school day she would be able to think of what awaited her at home.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 24

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in romance.

★ Few of you will escape, whatever your age, these thrilling influences connected with a member of the opposite sex. If very young, first love blossoms unexpectedly. If older, dramatic developments are to be anticipated, with sudden engagements and probable marriages. If older and married, you could renew the atmosphere of courtship.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in your home.

★ Whether it is a tiny flat or a big suburban house, some of you will be happy to liberate, spending your leisure in ways which appeal to you more than gadding about. Others extend hospitality to friends, invite the one and only home to dinner, or surprise their family with unfamiliar, exotic dishes. Your own home has new charm.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastel. Gambling colors, tri-colors. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday. Luck in inside information.

★ You may get word that certain moves are in prospect or that a business affair spells an opportunity for you. In social circles you may be told in confidence that you are being considered for a distinction. The more you are out among people the better your chance of picking up a casual conversation. Do not show you are interested.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, lt. blue. Gambling colors, lt. blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday. Luck in buying and selling.

★ Whether goods or services are involved, the marketplace will be important. You may get a job or develop a sideline. If you come in contact with the public you should be especially fortunate. You might cash in on an old asset, get rid of a white elephant or even exchange services with a friend or neighbor. It all adds up to a healthy balance sheet.

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in your own warm heart.

★ You may forgive an injury and seal a friendship. Kindness to a young person may bring an unforeseen award. Some undertake a task in an emergency because others cannot. Relationships with those round you will be exceptionally harmonious through your own actions. You may come to understand your beloved's problems.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Tues., Wednesday. Luck in a promise.

★ If a teenager, this could be a promise on the part of a parent. It might be a promise you yourself give. It could involve it could be a promise of mutual help in regard to a joint project. For some it means the announcement of an engagement. Whatever form it takes, it is under lucky stars and likely to bring happiness.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in sports and pastimes.

★ If you play any game, from golf to cards, you have a chance of a win are excellent. Should you enter a competition you could win a prize. If you belong to an active group, engage in sports, crafts, your work is likely to be exhibited and commended. Much of your social life may depend on participation in a particular activity.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in your career.

★ If in paid employment, a new and attractive niche may be found for you or your job may be lightened through better facilities. Some of you resign from a position to accept one with more scope for advancement. If in Government service you might be transferred to another district. Any of these could apply to your beloved.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.

★ You may dash into town and find a wonderful bargain. You might proceed to an appointment which you dreaded, only to hear good news. Some of you go on an all-day trip, revisit old scenes with romantic associations in company with your beloved. A few of you go away for the weekend and explore new territory, develop new interests.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in seeking and finding.

★ Know what you want, decide on the quickest way to get it, go after it with heart and head. Whether you are chasing a job, social distinction, or trying to attract the attention of a dashing stranger, start early and keep going. Don't scorn any promising opportunity, no matter how small, and don't be discouraged by one or two failures.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck through opposite sex.

★ If a hostess, evening parties with both sexes present will be the most successful. Dancing is under particularly good stars. There may be a function such as a ball at which, if you are quite young, you shine as a debutante. If older, a member of the opposite sex may give valuable assistance in a major business transaction.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in concentration.

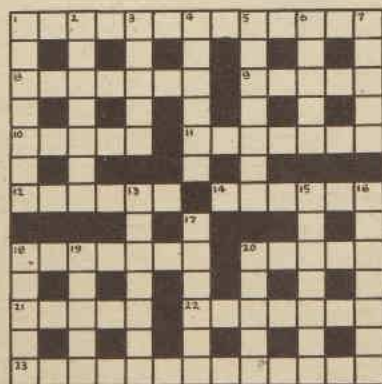
★ Those plans dear to your heart may be so numerous that none of them materialize. Choose the one that matters most and stick at it until it is finished before starting on your next enterprise. Cut short interruptions; there are likely to be many. If you are working on a project which requires skill, don't be side-tracked.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Laryngitis (4, 2, 3, 4).
8. A swift visionary ? (7).
9. The end of it is unhealthy but the whole is a good dinner (5).
10. Bring upon oneself in a worthless dog (5).
11. Machines can be seen full of drink (7).
12. An elephant or a wild boar (6).
14. Requesting as a sovereign (6).
18. Blame me (Anagr., 7).
20. Trembling as a writing implement (5).
21. Vedic warlike god (5).
22. Outdoors in a rope (4, 3).
23. Prelate met man when liable to variable moods (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. His customers are never close-listed (7).
2. Collisions where devil performs (7).
3. I rest in the old name of the Danube (5).
4. Granted for temporary service and turned round a French one in an underground passage (6).
5. Binds by a promise with a gag in the middle (7).
6. French lakeside spa famous for its mineral water (5).
7. Murders with a disordered mind (5).
13. Late eve (Anagr., 7).
15. Insert fifty between the devil and an insect (7).
16. According to Hamlet the play was caviare to this (7).
17. Bad or a city in Western India (6).
18. This decree could be cited (5).
19. To obscure (5).
20. The white poplar (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

She dressed quickly, then ate her breakfast. After watching the cat devour a plate of oatmeal, she left it curled up in a basket chair in her mother's care and set off for the little frame school eight miles away.

She was so excited, so brimming over with the story when she reached the school that the teacher wisely decided that the best thing would be for Helvi to stand up and tell everyone in the class about it in detail. This she did, and afterwards they were able to find a picture in a book of pets and identify it as a Siamese cat.

The cat had stayed contentedly around the cabin all that day while Helvi was at school, eating everything put before it, and sleeping in the sun on the window-sill beside the geraniums. When the little girl returned from school with some of her classmates he walked up the

path to greet her, rubbing against her legs, purring, and seeming to enjoy being picked up and fondled by all the children.

"I can't help hoping that Helvi will be able to keep the cat for good," said Mrs. Nurmi to her husband, as they watched the reunion. "Helvi is beside herself with excitement."

All the children agreed that Helvi was very lucky, and they wondered anew about the cat: who had owned it? How did it come to be floating down the river? No one could guess, but the teacher thought that if no one came forward to claim it after the news had circulated around the community and a notice had been

put in the store window, Helvi should be able to claim the cat for her own.

At supper she told her parents the wonderful things she had learned about Siamese cats at school that day. Her father promised to visit the library next time he went to town to try to find out more for her.

That night and for two more nights, Helvi and the cat slept curled up together, and never had the little girl been so happy. But on the fourth night some deep and urgent memory must have stirred the cat, or perhaps he simply felt

instinctively that he was rested enough to continue the journey. In the middle of the night he prised himself gently out of the little girl's arms and jumped up on to the window-sill.

The window was open, and he sat there for a few minutes looking out over the pale moonlit fields and the tall trees beyond. The long, black, sinuous tail thrashed to and fro as he measured the distance to the ground; then with a last quick backward glance at Helvi asleep in the narrow bed, her arm still curved around the hollow of his resting-place, her fair hair tangled on the pillow, the cat sprang softly to the ground, and stole like a wraith in the night down toward the river.

Soon the low, swiftly running form was lost in the shadows.

And when Helvi awoke an hour or so later, to find the bed empty, she wept as though her heart would break.

The two dogs were in very low spirits when they continued their journey without the cat. The old dog in particular moped badly, for the cat had been his constant close companion for many years; ever since the day when a small furiously hissing kitten, with comically long black stockinged legs and a nearly white body, had joined the Hunter family. This apparition had refused to give one inch of ground to the furious and jealous bull terrier, who was an avowed cat-hater, and the terror of the nearby population; instead it had advanced with every intention of giving battle evident in the tiny body.

The dog, for the first and last time in his life, capitulated. That day a bond had been formed between them, and thereafter they had been inseparable. The kitten, surprisingly enough, had no love for cats either, so they formed a wickedly humorous partnership which waged unceasing war against them. When they sallied forth together the neighborhood emptied suddenly of not only cats, but dogs as well.

They had mellowed with the years, however, and were now more tolerant, exacting only the dutiful homage they felt to be their due as conquerors. They had opened their ranks only to the gentle young dog when he arrived years later but, fond as they were of him, the affection they felt for each other was something quite apart.

THE dogs realised, too, what an efficient provider their lost companion had been; the terrier had accepted without question the offerings of rabbits, birds, and small animals; and the other had feasted occasionally on the remains; but now they were thrown completely on their own resources. The Labrador did his best and tried to initiate the other into the art of frog and field-mouse hunting, but the terrier's eyesight was too poor for him to show much success.

Fortunately, they were luckier than usual: once they surprised that rare, shy member of the marten family, the fisher, in the very act of dispatching a porcupine. The disturbed fisher disappeared in one swift fluid movement at their approach, leaving the slain, outstretched porcupine, and the dogs enjoyed a feast that day such as they had never known before, the flesh being sweet and tender.

Another time the young dog caught a bittern, who had stood like a frozen statue on the edge of a lake. He took off as the dog sprang, but his awkward, clumsy flight, the long legs trailing, was not fast enough. The flesh was stringy and fishy, but it was all gobbled down voraciously, nothing remaining but the beak and feet.

One day they skirted a small farm, where, wary though he was of human beings, the young dog was hungry enough to cross an open field within sight of the farm and snatch one of a flock of chickens feeding there. They were still crouching over the mess of blood and scattered feathers, considering another foray into the flock, when they heard an angry shout and saw a man at the far corner of the field and a black collie dog running ahead of him, snarling as it came toward them.

The young dog braced himself for the inevitable attack: a few yards away the collie crouched low, lips drawn back, then sprang for the vulnerable throat before him. The young dog was a hopeless fighter, lacking both the instinct and the build; for heavy and strong as he was, his mouth had been bred to carry game birds, and the jaw structure, with its soft, protective lips, was a disadvantage. His only hope for survival against the razor-like slashing of the collie's teeth lay in the thick, loose folds of skin around his throat, which made it difficult for the attacker to get a good purchase.

All too soon it was obvious that he was fast losing ground to the collie, and the effects of his inadequate diet were beginning to show in his endurance. He was on his back with the collie on top, ready to give the final slash when the old dog took over. Up to now he had merely been an interested spectator, taking a keen interest from a professional point of view, for a good fight is meat and drink to a bull terrier.

Now a look of pure unholy joy appeared in the blackberry eyes, and he tensed his stocky, close-knit body, timing his spring with a mastery born of long

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To page 70

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7325.—Dainty waltz-length negligee, with Peter Pan collar, puffed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and four motifs for applique. Price 4/6.

F7305.—Sheath frock and matching fitted hip-length jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/6.



F7324.—Matching full-skirted night-dress with fitted waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and lace motifs for applique. Price 3/9.

F7305

F7325

F7303

F7302.—Slim-line frock has button front and bow trim at neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. Short-sleeved style takes 3½yds. 36in. material, and three-quarter sleeved requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7303.—Pretty dinner dress with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7301.—Useful frock has pleated skirt, three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 515.—POT-HOLDERS

Handy pot-holders are available cut out and clearly traced to embroider with a novelty motif. Material is pink, blue, green, lemon, and white head-cloth. Price is 1/6 each, plus 5d. postage, or "set of 3" for 4/3, plus 1/- postage.

No. 516.—LUNCHEON SET

Pretty luncheon cloth and serviette set, available cut out and clearly traced to embroider, in white and cream Irish linen. Cloth measures 36 x 36in., price 18/6, plus 2/- postage. Serviettes measure 11 x 11in., and price is 1/11 each, plus 5d. postage. Set of one cloth and four serviettes 4s. priced at 20/2, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 517.—TWO-PIECE OUTFIT

Warm two-piece outfit of skirt and top, is available cut out ready to make in soft angora, in caramel, blue-green, beige, honey, blue, and plum. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 75/6, 36 and 38in. bust 78/6. Postage 4/- extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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516

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practice. Not for nothing had his breed been called "the most efficient canine fighting machine ever produced," and now a white, compact bundle of fighting art shot like a steel projectile at the collie's throat.

The impact knocked the black dog over as though he were a feather; the ecstatic bull terrier tightened his grip on the sinewy throat under him and began to shake his head; out of the corner of his eye he noticed that the Labrador was on his feet again. But his teeth were blunt nowadays, and with a tremendous effort the collie threw him off.

The terrier's feet had barely touched the ground before he sprang again for that terrible throat grip, springing as though the years had dropped away, and he was back in his prime of fighting. Once more he brought the collie down, this time taking a firmer grip on the throat, shaking his power-

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

ful head until the dog below him was choking and strangling.

The collie made a desperate, convulsive effort, where he stood shakily, blood dripping from his throat, hoping that his master would arrive in time to prevent another of these terrible onslaughts; normally he was a courageous dog, but he had never encountered anything like this before.

The Labrador would have called it a day and left now, but the terrier was enjoying himself and eyed the collie speculatively. Then his peculiar blend of bull terrier humor got the better of him, and he used an old fighting trick of his breed, which normally he kept, so to speak, up his sleeve for those occasions when

from page 68

he had not intended a killing but merely punishment.

He started to circle, faster and faster, almost as though he were chasing his own tail, and then, like a whirling, spinning dervish he approached the bewildered collie, and spun against him, knocking him several feet with the force of the impact, following up his advantage with another crash at the end of each turn.

Terrified at this unprecedented method of attack, bruised, bitter, and aching, the collie seized the split second between turns, and fled, his tail tucked well between his legs toward

his master, who received him with a cuff on his already reeling head.

The farmer stared incredulously at the two culprits, who were now making off across the field to the cover of the bush, the young dog with a torn and bloodied ear, and several deep bites on his forelegs, but the happy old warrior jaunty and unscathed. When he saw the mass of feathers he flung his stick in sudden rage at the retreating white form, but so many sticks had been thrown after so many fights in the course of his long life that the bull terrier dodged it instinctively without even turning his head, and continued at a leisurely trot, swinging his stern with gay insolence as he went.

The battle did much to restore the morale of the old dog. That evening he caught a field-mouse for his supper, tossing it in the air with a professional flip which would have done credit to his ancestor, who had killed sixty rats in as many minutes a hundred years ago.

Despite the stiffness and soreness from his wounds the young dog seemed happier, too; perhaps because the west wind that blew that night brought a hint of remembered things and stirred some deep awareness that every day, every hour brought them nearer to their destination. Perhaps it was because the country they were crossing now was less rugged, less remote, and becoming more like the country in which he had been raised; perhaps it was just because his companion was so infectiously pleased with himself, but whatever it was he seemed more at ease and less strained than he had been since he first took the decision to return to his own home.

They slept that night in a dry, shallow cave among the outcroppings of an abandoned molybdenum mine on the crest of a hill, which must have been the favored place for the harmless garter snakes in the area to shed their old skins, for a large sloping slab of exposed rock was littered with twenty or thirty complete discarded skins, colorless, and almost transparent, but still bearing a faint pattern of the owners' markings.

The first pale streaks of dawn were barely showing across the sky when the young dog sat up alertly, hearing a snuffling noise and the shuffling approach of some animal through the dead leaves and twigs. He sat quivering, every nerve tense, recognising the smell, and presently past the opening of the cave waddled a large porcupine, returning peacefully home from a night's foraging.

REMEMBERING the delectable meal the fisher had inadvertently provided for him, the young dog determined to repeat it. He sprang at the porcupine, intending to overturn then kill it as he had watched the other animal do, but, unfortunately, he had not seen the preparatory work that the experienced fisher had put in before the kill; the relentless cunning, resulting in the harmless embedding of most of the quills into a fallen tree; then the quick skilful flip at the base of the shoulder while the partially unarmed animal was still protecting its tender nose and throat under the tree.

The porcupine turned at the instant of his spring, aware of the danger, and with incredible swiftness for such a clumsy-looking animal, spun round, whipping its terrible tail in the dog's face. The dog yelped and leaped back with the unexpected shock of pain, and the porcupine ambled away, looking almost outraged. He was fortunate that the tail had struck a sideways glancing blow and only five or six of the quills had pierced his cheek, missing the eye by a fraction, but these were about two and a half inches long, barbed at the piercing end, and were firmly and painfully embedded.

Try as he might the dog could do nothing to remove the pliant quills and only succeeded in pushing them further in. He tore at them with his paws; he scratched at the sites until they bled; he rubbed his head and cheek along the ground and against a tree, but the cruel stinging barbs remained firmly in position.

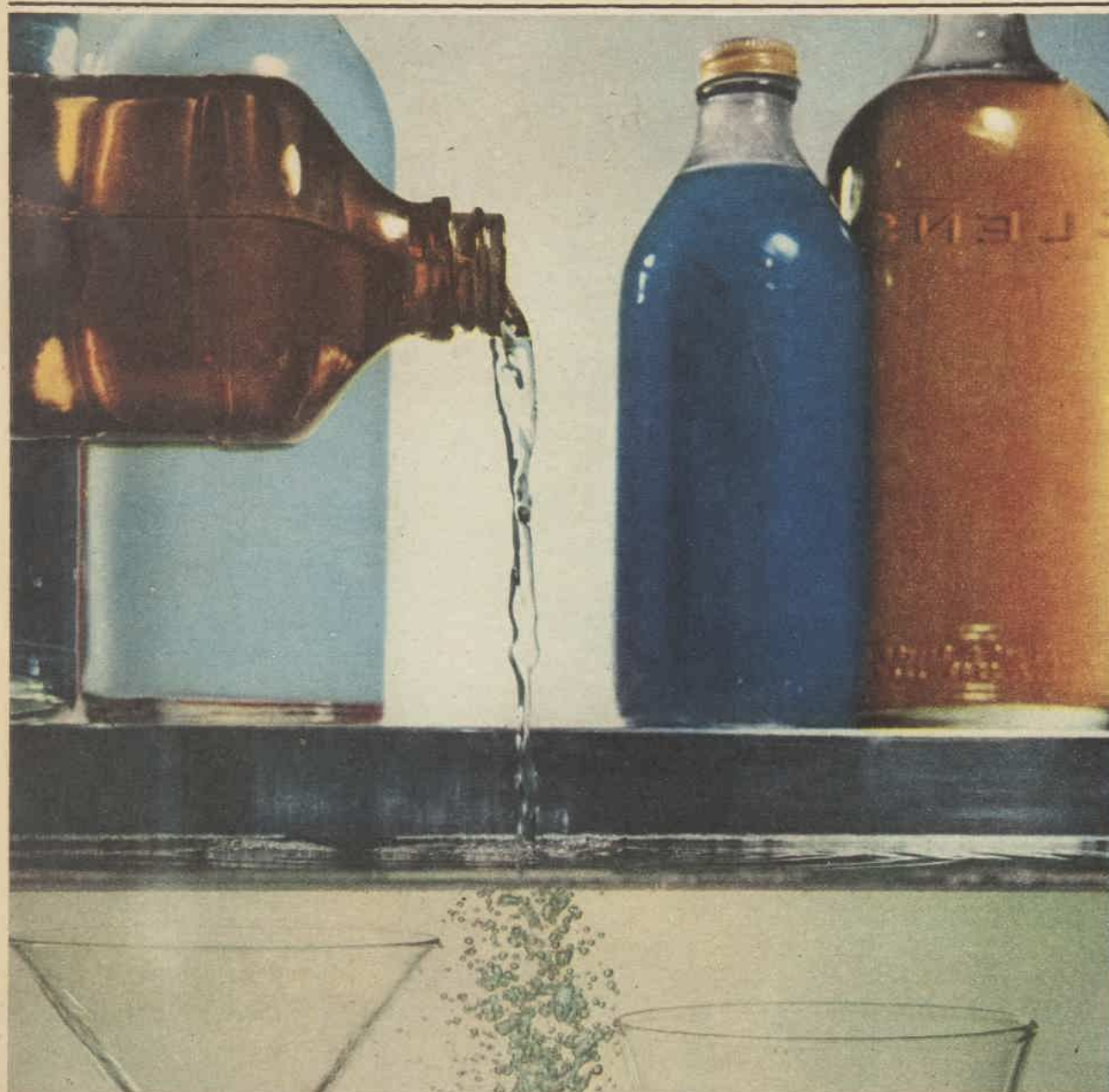
Eventually he abandoned the attempt and they journeyed on, but every time they paused he would shake his head or scratch frantically with his hind leg, seeking release from the pain. Gradually the barbs worked further and further in to produce their own particular form of stinging torture. Soon they would become infected, and then the infection would spread and sap the precious strength of the young dog, the leader . . .

To be concluded

This book, published by Hodder and Stoughton, is now available in Australia.



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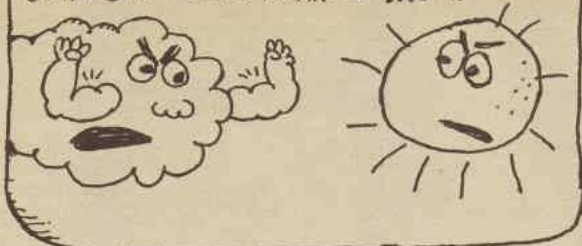
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Jacky's Diary

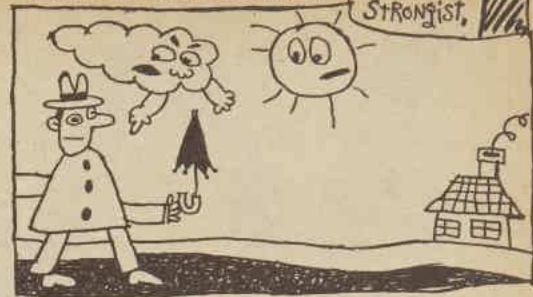
By JACKY MENDELSON
Age 33 1/2

YESTERDAY WE LEARN'T ANOTHER OF AESOP'S FABLES. THIS ONE WAS ABOUT THE NORTH WIND & THE SUN.

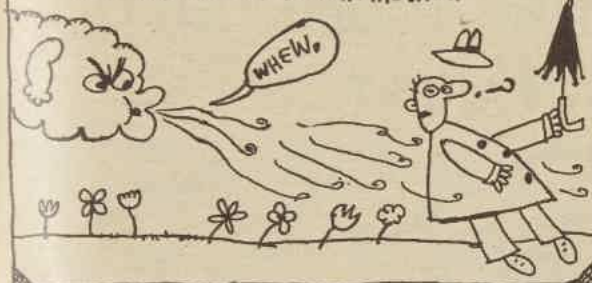
1 DAY THE NORTH WIND GOT IN A ARGUEMENT WITH THE SUN. I'M LOTS MORE STRONGER THEN YOU HE SAID. SO THE SUN ANSWERED YOU ARE NOT!...I'M.



SO THEN A MAN WAS WALKING SO THEY DESIDED WHOEVER COULD GET HIS COAT OFF WOULD BE THE STRONGIST.



THE NORTH WIND WAS UP FIRST. AND HE BLUE & HE BLUE UNTIL HE WAS BLEW IN THE FACE.



BUT THAT JUST MADE THE MAN COLDER & HE RAPPED HIMSELF GOOD. SO THE NORTH WIND BLUE SOME MORE.



ONLY THE MAN ONLY RAPPED HIS COAT AROUND HIM EVEN MORE TIGHTER YET!



SO THEN IT WAS THE SUN'S TURN, SO HE SHOWN DOWN ON THE MAN VERY STRONG.



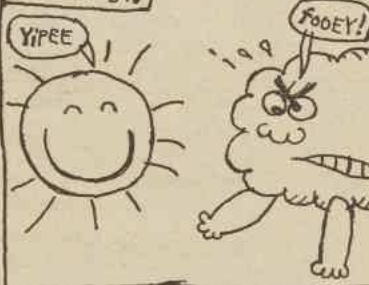
PRITTY SOON THE MAN STARTID IN GETTING REAL HOT UNDER THE CHOLER.



FINELY IT GOT SO HOT THAT THE MAN TOOK OFF HIS COAT.



SO THAT MEANT THE SUN WON THE CONTEST.



THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS: "MAKE BETS WHILE THE SUN SHINES!"

YR. FRIENDS JACKY.

MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



REPRESENTATIVES from four outer-space nations have come to neutral Earth to discuss a peace settlement. Two have disguised themselves as humans and are looking for a place to hold the conference. NOW READ ON . . .



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 26, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

BILL LAWRY
— see page 4



A husband by degrees?

By PETER EWART

● The American student was angry. "Man, back home it's getting to be too much. Next thing we know they'll have special crying rooms in lecture theatres for the married chicks and their babies."

A DAZZLING Arts student undulated past our table. The American shuffled uneasily, and gave me a hunted look.

He was obviously feeling uncomfortable, and I suggested we head for the men-only Common Room in the Union. He accepted my invitation gratefully.

I waited as he tossed down the last of his coffee, stood up and pushed his chair back into the table. We avoided a group of giggling freshers and made for the peace and quiet.

He settled himself into one of the big leather armchairs, and I could see he was ready to unburden his soul. Even his crew cut showed the enormity of his problem.

"Dad, it's like this. Once you went to college, or university, and for three or four years you had yourself a time. Chicks were something you chased, and when you were tired you forgot them."

"And getting married. If you were married ten years back, the rest of the world felt sorry for you."

He leaned back in his chair. He could see I was impressed.

"Now it seems a guy can't make it through college without tying himself down for life. Do you know back home they have special accommodation for married students?"

"Too keen"

I didn't know, but I felt it was about time he heard the Australian side of the picture.

"You wouldn't find anything like that out here," I suggested. "The students are much too keen to get through to bother with supporting a family."

"Don't you believe it." He was scornful. "There aren't many of them now, but give those gals a few years and you won't be able to open your eyes for the glare of the diamonds. It's only one in 40 married now, but it's a start."

I was still feeling doubtful, but I had to leave the discussion to attend a lecture. It was dull and uninspiring, so I closed my notebook and turned to the girl sitting next to me. "Do you think it's a good idea to marry while we're still at Uni?"

She looked startled. I hardly knew her, and she was no doubt wondering whether I had really proposed or was just starting up

conversation. She was apparently bored, too, because she put down her pen and turned to face me.

"Why don't you tell your parents and get it over with." It wasn't quite the answer I was expecting, and I said so. I then repeated all the American had been saying.

She thought for a minute, obviously wondering whether she would be betraying the rest of her sex if she were honest with me. Apparently she decided to trust me.

"I don't know about getting married while you're still studying," she said. "But I think most Uni girls want to marry someone they meet while they're at the university."

"Only natural"

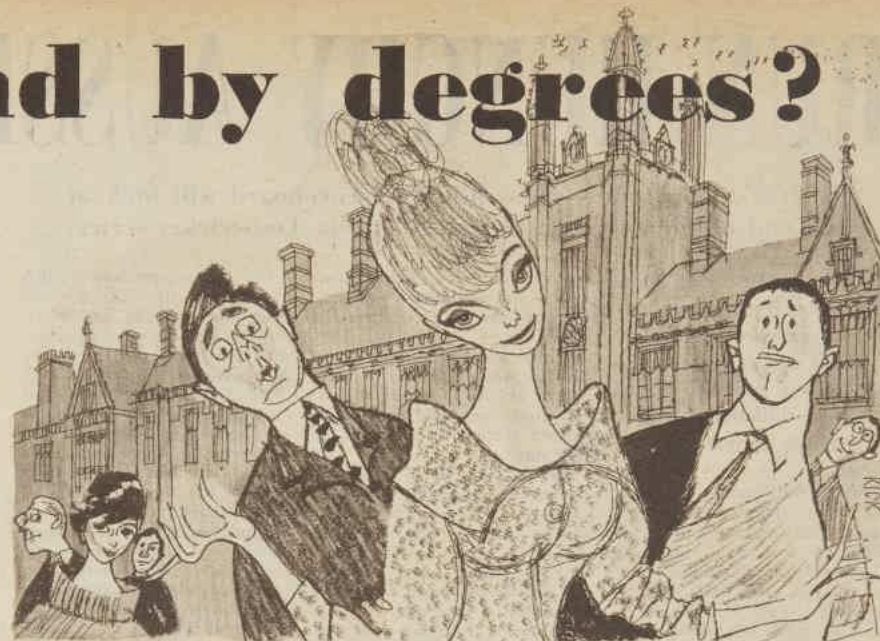
"Most people get engaged or go steady when they're around the 19 or 20 mark. So it's only natural that Uni girls choose men they've met while they're here."

"Anyway, men who were at the university probably have the same interests as their university wives. It's only natural for them to marry."

The time was ripe for the most important question of all. I looked her squarely in the eye and said: "Do Uni girls start husband hunting as soon as they get here?"

She looked me just as squarely in the eye and replied: "That, my friend, is something you're going to have to find out for yourself."

This seemed to be the cue for some independent research.



When the lecture was over, I headed for the student newspaper office, and lined up all the female sub-editors. "What age do you think a girl should be before she gets married?" I asked.

There was a concerted giggle, and out of it all came the first Great Truth. No university girl is prepared to admit she ever wants to marry. They are all, they firmly announce, going to be career women, with spectacles and sensible shoes. Marriage is something quite out of the question.

Here was a line to explore. I buttonholed one of the more attractive sub-editors (one I wanted to talk to, anyway) and quizzed her on her feelings toward love and marriage.

"Too dangerous"

"Love," she declared, "is a hindrance." This was news to me, as only the other day I had seen her paying much more attention than was really necessary to the sports editor. If love was a hindrance, she was certainly prepared to go to a lot of trouble.

She made it all clear with her next statement: "You see, people who fall in love are always complaining that they've been hurt, or wondering whether they really are in love. It's just too dangerous. So I'm not taking any chances, and I'm never going to let any man rule my life."

This was gratifying news, as she was by now breathing soulfully down my neck, and for someone who wanted to discourage men she was doing a lousy job. I beat a hasty retreat to the safety of the library.

The girl sitting next to me was dark, demure, and rather pretty. She was bent over a battered set of lecture notes, mostly incredibly complicated drawings of animal cells.

She was obviously a Med student. At least I could expect from her a more scientific answer.

"When do you think most doctors get married?" I asked. "Mostly just after they

graduate," she replied. "Just like everybody else."

"They used to marry nurses not so long ago," she added. "But now you have to be a doctor yourself before you can catch another doctor."

Here was the most co-operative subject so far. I pounced with my next question. "And when you marry, do you want to marry a doctor?" "I'm never going to marry. You can't really be a doctor and run a home at the same time. So if I'm going to be a doctor I'll just have to forget about marriage."

The whole issue was beginning to frighten me. Were Uni men so repulsive that no Uni girl could face the prospect of settling down with them?

In desperation I turned to the girl opposite. "What do YOU think of marriage at the University?" I demanded.

She smiled and laid her left hand on the desk top, showing me the two slim gold bands. I could have shouted. Here at last was the one in 40, the girl who had actually caught her man.

She spoke with a trace of sadness in her voice. "I was 19 when I got married. And if you want to know how old I think you should be, all I can say is I don't know."

"But I do know that anyone at the University who wants to marry should know what she's in for."

£7 a week each

"My husband and I are both on Commonwealth Scholarship living allowances. That means we get about £7 each a week. But if we can earn more than £2/5/- a week each from part-time jobs, we have our allowances reduced."

"My husband and I couldn't bear the thought of a long engagement, so we decided we'd be better off if we married straight away."

"We get to see about as much of each other as any other married couple. And we use some of our time together for study."

She paused and smiled. "Do you know something? The first thing I said to myself when I

came here was that I was never going to get married."

Reassured, I thanked her and set out for the Union and my American friend.

He had finished his newspaper and was sitting and staring into space. He smiled politely as I settled down beside him.

"Well, you've got no worries here," I assured him. "I've just been talking to dozens of girls, and they all say they never want to get married."

His smile was still sympathetic. "Dad," he said, "you've got a lot to learn."

"Those chicks back home have been plugging the same line for years. Ask 'em about marriage and they'll make like it was the last thing in their minds. And that's the neatest trick of all."

"I bet the first thing you thought of was trying to sell them the idea." I had to admit that it did cross my mind.

"Too darn clever"

"That's the way it goes. They say to you they never want to settle down, and before you know where you are you've talked them into it."

"Out here they settle for waiting till their studies are over. They're too darn clever to put a guy off with talk about part-time jobs or living with parents. They want to make the poor sap think marriage is going to be easy."

"But it's all the same really. Those gals came here with one thing in mind and they figure it's worth waiting a year or two to get it."

"The minute you get that degree you're number one prize."

I almost felt relieved. University men weren't such a bad lot after all. I was about to tell him so when he looked at his watch, stood up, and collected his papers.

I asked him where he was going. He blushed a little and hesitated. Then he took a deep breath and shattered my peace of mind for the rest of the day. "I'm off to meet my wife."

He was gone before I could shake his hand.

RUN-HUNGRY AUSSIE

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● It's still anyone's guess how the scoreboard will look at the end of the current England-Australia Test-cricket series.

BUT the Australian team is much more confident of its prospects since it found it can call on a brilliant young plumber to get it out of difficulties — Bill Lawry, the 24-year-old Victorian.

And if Bill's sudden rocket to cricketer fame is making him laugh like a newly mended drain, you couldn't blame him.

For the boy who is our cover pin-up this week was one of the boys some cricket critics cried should be left behind when the Australian side sailed for England.

The tall, sharp-featured Lawry landed almost unknown on the cricket fields of England, but

the cricketer few Englishmen had heard of suddenly became the cricketer on every Englishman's lips.

He became news as far back as May, when he played against Surrey at The Oval and scored 165 runs, becoming easily the highest scorer for the tour at that stage.

Denis Compton, England's former batting cavalier, was full of praise for the new star, stating that he "had not seen such shots (as Lawry's pulls and hooks off anything short of a length) played so ferociously since the great days of Bradman."

So Lawry won his way into the First Test, and gave a performance becoming a veteran.

But it was in the Second Test at Lord's that he really became a cricketer great.

On a treacherous wicket that had the world's best batsmen struggling to make double figures, he cracked a brilliant 130 runs and paved the way for an Aussie victory.

His 130 in the Second Test brought his tally in two months in England to 1024 runs and five centuries, and sent every cricket statistician thumbing through the record books.

The statisticians couldn't remember such a run-hungry Aussie, and their record-books backed up their memories.

Bill, a quietly spoken young man who lives in the Melbourne suburb of Thornbury, took all this in his stride, shyly raising his bat in acknowledgment.

He vied for overall honors in the Second Test with another new "young 'un," 20-year-old

Graham McKenzie, of Western Australia, who, making his debut, took five England wickets for 37 at the vital stage of the second innings.

Born on February 11, 1937, Bill Lawry is 6ft. 2in., weighs 12 stone, has been a regular opening batsman for Victoria for three years, and has played for 12 years with Northcote, the grade team he now captains.

Bill learned his cricket mostly from his father, Alf Lawry, who is still an enthusiastic social cricketer, but he also owes a lot of his skill in the field to baseball.

When Test-cricket tours don't interfere, he's a keen baseballer who pitches and fields first base for the Collingwood baseball team.

Away from sport, his hobby is racing pigeons, and this is a field in which he's as successful as he is at pounding a cricket ball.

He began this hobby when he was just 12, and now keeps 50 birds in the loft of his parents' home. Not long before the cricket team sailed for England, his pigeons won seven Federation races in Victoria and a Victoria-to-Tasmania race.

Bill, who makes batting look easy, even though he's not the most elegant of stroke-makers, is known among the Aussie team as "The Phantom." And, as any English bowler will tell you, it's an apt name, for he's always striking back with a vengeance.

A non-smoker and teetotaler, he celebrated his score of 165 against Surrey by drinking half a gallon of milk in The Oval dressing-room.

Unfortunately for the feminine cricket fans, there's one joy in Bill Lawry's life that he loves more than Test cricket. She's his fiancée, Joy Barnes, and on his return from England they'll be house-hunting in readiness for their marriage next year.



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LISTERINE—the true oral antiseptic... a part of successful living!

Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman.

● IVAN TURGENEV, (1818-1883): "Fathers and Sons."

OF the three great Russian novelists, Turgenev seems to wear the least well. Perhaps it is because his prose is of such delicacy that no translation does it justice. Or it may be that some of his themes have lost their attractive power—the Russian upper classes of the 1840s and 1850s, the pale beauty of early love, frustrated love, and remembered love; and his recurrent theme, the mutations of failure.

Turgenev lived the last 20 years of his life in France and Germany, but Russia, his homeland, continued to be his inspiration.

"Fathers and Sons" — also called "Fathers and Children" — was intended to be a study of the conflict between the generations. Though the book shows us most of Turgenev's admirable qualities as a writer — particularly his economy and clarity of expression — it is outstanding because of the central character, Bazarov. In Bazarov, Turgenev gives us a clear picture of the mid-nineteenth century "nihilist." Nihilism (Turgenev's own word) was a philosophy completely negative to established religious, moral, and political beliefs.

● FEODOR MIKHAILOVICH DOSTOEVSKY (1821-1881): "Crime and Punishment," "The Brothers Karamazov."

DOSTOEVSKY'S life and work are as one. Suffering, violence, emotional crises, and extravagance of conduct mark both.

The terrible sincerity of his novels flows in part from the terrible anxieties that clouded the author's whole career. It is well for the reader to know this. To read this great Russian is to descend into an inferno.

This man wrote some of the most extraordinary novels of all time. They anticipated many of the ideas of Nietzsche (whom we will meet next week) and Sigmund Freud, the psychologist; they influenced such writers as Thomas Mann and William Faulkner; and they dramatized the terrorist theory and practice that we associate with Lenin, Stalin, and Hitler.

Indeed, it seems that Dostoevsky had an intuitive sense of what the twentieth-century man would have to endure; and it is this sense that plays its part in the fascination of his work.

His central obsession was God. The search for Him, or the attempt to prove His existence, dominates his stories. In his novels the worlds of crime, abnormal psychology, and religious mysticism meet and mingle in a way difficult to define.

"The Brothers Karamazov" is generally considered his most profound work. This book, though it does not leave you up in the air, is nevertheless an unfinished book.

"Crime and Punishment" is a simpler, more unified work, with a strong detective plot of great interest, and it can be read as a straight thriller. From its murky, gripping, intolerably vivid pages you emerge with a feeling that you have lived and suffered a lifetime.

● LEO TOLSTOY (1828-1910): "War and Peace."

JUST as Dostoevsky is the dramatist of the unconscious and the abnormal, Tolstoy is the narrator of the conscious and the normal. His tone is serene and his characters, though their names are odd and their time remote, are our brothers and sisters.

Most new readers experience these difficulties:

● The novel is enormously long. If you find it difficult to read it all, try one of the abridged versions.

● It is hard to follow the relationships and the movements of the strangely named, complex cast of characters. If you persist in your reading, the characters will sooner or later arrange themselves clearly in your mind.

● It's hard to separate the story from the digressions, and some critics have thought this a weakness in an otherwise great novel. Read the book slowly, and you will find the digressions interesting in themselves.

In this vast story of the impact of the Napoleonic invasion on a whole country, Tolstoy never fakes, never evades. He grasps life at the middle, he conveys the essence of every character.

That is why, though it deals in part with war and destruction, it seems one of the sanest novels ever written. And its sanity flows from Tolstoy's love for his characters, his love for the "procession of the generations," his love for the spectacle of life itself.

NEXT WEEK: Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Friedrich Nietzsche, Niccolò Machiavelli.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 26, 1961

LISTEN HERE —
with Kirsten Ward

Lonnie's rocking — the baby

● Rocker Lonnie Lee has formed a fan club. Lonnie and his wife, Pam, are joint presidents, and there are hundreds of members already. Their idol? Baby David Laurence Lee, born on June 9.

THE members are all who have seen David, and all of Lonnie's fans. They sent in stacks of cards, toys, and baby clothes, letters and telegrams of congratulations.

And no wonder. David is just beautiful. He's the real star in the Lees' new brick house at Allambie Heights, Sydney, and he's as fêted as Lonnie ever was.

Lonnie and Pam had only been in the home a little while when they packed up again for a three weeks' tour in Queensland . . . and soon they'll be off again for a much longer trip through some of the Asian countries. Lonnie will sing in Hongkong, Manila, and U.S. Army bases in Korea, to name just a few of their stops.

Lonnie will take Pam and David with him wherever he goes. "After all, they're part of me now," he said.

He's quite expert at changing nappies and holding David the right way and putting booties on. Pam, who has done a mothercraft nursing course, watches the proceedings carefully and gives advice.

Could it be that a lullaby touch might come into Lonnie's future numbers? After all, now he's rocking the cradle!

POPULAR Ian Crawford is going on the Asian tour with Lonnie Lee, and there's a chance that his American fiancée, dancer Georgia Holden, will meet him in Hongkong. Perhaps there'll be wedding bells.

GOOD looker (good singer, too) Lionel Long dashed off the self-portrait on this page during a 10-minute visit to the office recently. He still goes to art classes at East Sydney Tech. whenever he can get time. After the release of his "Waltzing Matilda" LP (Columbia), Lionel has been pretty busy.

Wonder how such a charmer hasn't been caught in the Tender Trap yet? Lionel says

he hasn't time — and that he won't be considering marriage till he can give his wife the best of everything.

Lionel's had offers from overseas, and while he's chewing them over he'll be taking a few trips into the bush with a transistor tape-recorder to scout for authentic Australian bush songs to put on record.

When Lionel started as a singer he had only four songs in his repertoire. Now he has about 200.

STILL taking chances after two car crashes, Lucky Starr joins in the stock-car races at Westmead, N.S.W., every now and again, and even won a silver cup on May 28. Most of the competition there is between radio, TV, and singing personalities, and the money bag goes to charity. Lucky, who's in Queensland with Lonnie Lee, is getting together a brand-new rock-'n-roll group — but he's keeping the details a secret.

ROCKER Johnny Devlin was spotted looking over the new homes in Elliott Road in the Sydney suburb of Ryde. Our columnist Robin Adair, who already lives there, quips: "If the real-estate men out that way are rock fans, I suppose Johnny will get his house for a song!" Otherwise it would cost him up to £7000.

PRETTY Judy Gaye has just been back in Sydney for a short stay in hospital for the removal of her appendix and a rest from her Australia-wide tour with the Tivoli circuit presentation of "Snow White." She began to get signs of appendicitis in Adelaide, but had to battle on with the show till she could get back.

Judy says the youngest of the children she meets (average age about five) really believe she is Snow White. Her record of "Snow White" (Rex 45) and "Little Songs That Teach" is doing fine, and there are two more nursery-theme records on the way. A good buy for younger sisters and brothers.

Judy's 22 now, and says she



Lonnie Lee, wife Pam . . . and baby David.

would like to "grow up" one day and sing for adults. She's been likened to Judy Garland in personality, looks — and talent.

Local talent: Dig Richards' dad (I spoke to Mr. Richards because Dig was up in Queensland at the time) isn't so keen on his son's latest single, "Alice In Wonderland" — but everyone else is. Dig delivers it gently and confidently. He gets some nice sounds on the flip ("I'm In The Mood For Love"), too, and if he keeps improving as much as he has between this and his earlier discs, he'll be a chart-topper for a long time yet.

Pops: Jorgen Ingman's (Top Rank 45) "Anna" and "Pepe" appealed so much I played it a couple of times. They're both cheery, twangy little guitar melodies, pleasant and not too exhausting. Heard a whisper that will delight old and new Ingman fans — there's an LP coming up soon.

THE big American hit "Quarter to Three" (Top Rank 45) has the classic teenage beat and incomprehensible lyrics that go down well with those looking for a fast rocking dance number. If you like to listen as well as dance, try another couple of U.S. hits — Dee Clarke's "Raindrops" and "Every Beat Of My Heart" by The Pips.

SHIRLEY BASSEY fans in a melancholy mood should put on "You'll Never Know" (Columbia 45). If something cheerful is needed, turn it over and play "Hold Me Tight."

ALONG with the news that 17-year-old veteran Brenda Lee is considering a change in

singing style comes her latest Festival LP, "Emotions," on which she shows off her versatility well. She socks out a couple of good rock numbers (among them "I'm Learning About Love"), then goes soft and bluesy with "Georgia On My Mind" and "Cry."

THE Floyd Cramer touch (remember "Last Date"?) brings charm and an appealing off-key tone to the selection of romantic melodies on the R.C.A. LP "On The Rebound." You'll find "Tammy," "Wonderland By Night," and "Danny Boy." Floyd at the piano is a beauty for dancers, too.

Classical: A good buy for amateur classical music enthusiasts is the H.M.V. LP "Pop Concert." Five of the most popular of popular classics — Ravel's "Bolero" and Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre" are two — on the one record. Pierre Dervaux conducts the Colonne Concert Orchestra.



LIONEL LONG . . . self-portrait.



JUDY GAYE . . . Australia's Judy Garland.

WORTH HEARING

DEBUSSY AND RAVEL: Piano works

A FEW weeks ago I wrote about a record of some orchestral works by Debussy and Ravel; now Coronet has brought out a record of some of the best-known piano works by the same two composers, played with authority by the famous French pianist Robert Casadesu.

Debussy and Ravel were the two greatest French composers of the first part of this century, and the novel musical techniques and sounds they worked out strongly influenced modern composers of all nationalities.

The style they developed was called impressionism, because they tried to do in music the sort of thing that the Impressionist school of French painters was trying to do in painting. They sought a "new sound" in music as the impressionist artists sought a new way of handling light and color.

More specifically, they were impressionists because they dealt in musical "impressions" of some scene or character or story. Contrasting examples of this (among the dozen or so on this disc) are Debussy's well-known *Engulfed Cathedral*, his *Minstrels* (an impression of a "nigger minstrels" performance), and Ravel's *Fountains*.

—Martin Long



OFF-BEAT tunic, slit to the waist. Black or colored tights and a fitted under-sweater complete the ensemble. Belt is a twisted rope cord.



WAY-OUT style is fringed down both sides and has a bateau neckline. It is loosely belted and worn with tights and a smoothly fitting under-sweater.



PORT JACKSON QUARTET, popular players of traditional jazz, provide a jumping setting for our pictures above and at right. We photographed them at their Sunday night jazz club at the Ling Nam Restaurant, Sydney. The boys are, from left to right, Ray Price, leader (banjo and guitar), Dick Hughes (piano), Johnny MacCarthy (saxophone and clarinet), Johnny Costello (trombone).



BLUE NOTE is struck here in tunic with a white contrasting band. Belted by a rope cord, it has long sleeves and is worn without an under-sweater.



TRUMPET the 'guy' playing Coltrane's 'Waltz'.

BE



THE SOUL BROTHERS assisted our model (above) in getting a "gone" expression with their cool sound. They are photographed in an ideal atmosphere at the El Rocco Jazz Club, Sydney. The line-up is, from left to right, Barry Woods (drums), Rick Laird (bass), Dave Levy (piano).



SPOTLIGHT - R E D tunic has polo neck and slits at sides. It is worn here with black tights, pigtails.

AT KNiTS

● If jazz fans took a fashion poll, these jazzy jumpers and tunics would be tops in any cat's language. We borrowed the idea from the tunics worn in King Arthur's day and moved the scene from lush forests and round tables to some of Sydney's best-known jazz spots, where the sweaters (teamed with black or colored tights) jump to the sounds of cool and traditional jazz instead of the ancient hunting horns and bugles. Knitting directions in full detail overleaf.



AUSTRALIAN ALL STARS giving their all to one of their favorite numbers. The boys welcomed our pretty model, above, to the stage at their jazz club at the Sky Lounge, Sydney. From left to right are Ron Webber (drums), Don Burrows (saxophone), Freddy Logan (bass), Terry Wilkinson (piano), and Dave Rutledge (saxophone).

How to knit "Beatknits"

● Fascinated with the tunic type "Beat-knit" sweaters shown on the previous two pages? Here's how to knit them:

BLUE



Materials: 19 balls main color, 4 balls contrasting color Patons Totem knitting wool; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 knitting needles.
Measurements: Bust, 34in.; length, 25½in.; sleeve seam, 16½in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in.
Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrasting color.

FRONT AND BACK ALIKE

With No. 10 needles and c.c. cast on 105 sts. Work st-st. for 24 rows, casting on 5 at each end of last row. Change to No. 7 needles.

1st Row: K 5 c.c., join m.c., 6 m.c., * 8 c.c., 9 m.c. *, rep. from * to * to last 19 sts., 8 c.c., 6 m.c., 5 c.c.

2nd Row: P 5 c.c., 6 m.c., * 8 c.c., 9 m.c. *, rep. from * to * to last 19 sts., 8 c.c., 6 m.c., 5 c.c.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.
5th Row: K 8 c.c., * 14 m.c., 8 c.c., 3 m.c., 3 c.c., 3 m.c. *, rep. from * to * to last 19 sts., 8 c.c., 3 m.c., 8 c.c.

6th Row: P 8 c.c., 3 m.c., * 8 c.c., 3 m.c., 3 c.c., 3 m.c. *, rep. from * to * to last 19 sts., 8 c.c., 3 m.c., 8 c.c.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows 4 times.
15th Row: K 8 c.c., * 14 m.c., 3 c.c., * rep. from * to * to last 5 sts., 5 c.c.

16th Row: P 8 c.c., * 14 m.c., 3 c.c., * rep. from * to * to last 5 sts., 5 c.c.

Rep. 15th and 16th rows once.

Work 8 rows st-st. in c.c.
Join in m.c. and work 6 rows, cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. in st-st. for 5in. more, ending with a p row. Dec. once each end of the next row and every foll. 20th row twice more (99 sts.). Cont. without shaping until work measures 19½in. from cast-on edge.

To shape armholes: Cast on 4 sts. each end once, dec. once each end every row 5 times, work even until armholes measure 8in. altogether measured on the straight.

To shape shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (59 sts.). With No. 10 needles work 12 rows in st-st., inc. each end of every row. Cast off loosely.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles and m.c. cast on 52 sts., work k 2, p 2 rib for 2½in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. once each end of 1st and every foll. 6th row to 84 sts. Work even until sleeve measures 16½in. or length desired. Shape top by casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once each end of next and every

alt. row to 44 sts., then dec. once each end of every row until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

CORD FOR WAIST

Cut 24 lengths of wool each 140in. long, twist very firmly, fold in half to form a twisted cord, tie each end, leaving 2½in. free when cut level.

TO MAKE UP

With back-st. seam join shoulder seams (the 11 sts. cast off). Join facing with a flat seam, turn back, and sew lightly. Join side seams from commencement of m.c., knitting with a fine back-st. seam. Hem lower edge to beginning of pattern. Turn back side facings. Using flat seam for ribbing and back-st. for rest of seam, sew up sleeves, place seam to seam and sew in.

MUSTARD



Materials: 19 (20, 21, 22) balls Lincoln "Buffalo" wool; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 30 (32, 34, 36) in. bust; length, 27 (27½, 28, 28) in.

Abbreviations: W.s.f., wrong side facing; t.b.l., through back of loop.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1in.

BACK AND FRONT (Alike)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 102 (108, 114, 120) sts. Commencing with a p row, work 10 rows in st-st.

11th Row (w.s.f.): K t.b.l. to mark hemline.

Change to No. 9 needles. Commencing with a k row, work 9 rows in st-st., cast on 8 sts.

Next Row (w.s.f.): P 8 "cast-on" sts., * p 1 st. from needle together with corresponding st. from cast-on edge to form hem, repeat from * to end of row, cast on 8 sts., 118 (124, 130, 136) sts.

Next Row: K 8, s 1, k to last 9 sts., s 1, k 8.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 10 (10½, 10½, 10½) in. from hemline.

Next Row: Cast off 8, k to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 8, p to end of row.

Cont. on rem. 102 (108, 114, 120) sts. for a further 6½in.

Next Row: Cast on 8 sts. for armhole facing, k to end of row.

Next Row: Cast on 8 sts., p to end of row, 118 (124, 130, 136) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 26½ (27, 27½, 27½) in. from hemline, ending with a k row.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off

What about a downbeat jam session?

● The arrival of the cool (but, oh so warm) BEATKNITS calls for a celebration — so what better than good jazz and jam?

THE girls, having knitted their tunics, need only a pair of black or colored tights or leotards. The boys can wear typical jazz musician clothes — striped shirts, white ties, Sinatra straws, and dark, dark glasses.

Invite the crowd to a jazz night in your living-room and use some of these suggestions for a really swinging session.

For invitations — cut out your own oblong cards from black cardboard. Attach to each card a toy instrument available at chain stores on cheap charm bracelets. Paint (in gold varnish) a few lines such as: "The Date? — Saturday at 8.0. The Fate? — A heap of noise and fun. The State? Beat man, beat. Your Mate? Joanne Brown."

The living-room should be cleared of furniture — and the radiogram, with a super stock of records, should be moved to an out-of-the-way position. Streamers, of black crepe paper (the only party decoration), should hang from the ceiling.

Put lots of cushions around the walls and cover the light with red transparent paper.

The choice of your records? Strictly jazz — Brubeck, Miles Davis, Jonah Jones, Chet Baker — there's hundreds of LPs, EPs, and 78s. The planning of the music is the important part of the night, so be sure to have a jazz expert in charge of the discs.

Ask some of the crowd to bring their own instruments — trumpets, drums, guitars, or sax. If you're lucky — mighty music. If not — a lot of fun.

Spread this terrific tucker — olives, cabanossi sausage, cut-up strong cheeses, bread sticks, spaghetti, macaroni, ravioli, gelato, and cassata.

No need to arrange anything about the dancing. When the music starts, so will your jive men.

And . . . when the records are spinning, the "band" playing, the fingers snapping, you'll be host to the jazziest jam session ever.

— Kerry Yates

14 (15, 16, 17) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 6 (7, 8, 9) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows (66 sts.).

Next Row (w.s.f.): K t.b.l. to make hemline.

Change to No. 10 needles and commencing with a k row cont. in st-st., casting on 6 (7, 8, 9) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Work a further 8 rows. Cast off.

CORD TIE

Take 20 strands of wool 3yds. in length and twist tightly. Fold two ends together, hold in centre, then release centre and let it twist back to form a cord. Wind a length of wool around cut end. Using 16in. strands of wool, make 2 tassels. Attach to cord ends.

TO MAKE UP

Steam press lightly. Join shoulder and side seams. Slip-stitch side and neck facings in position. Make belt loops at side above side openings for cord. Press seams.

RED



Materials: 13 (14, 15, 16) balls Villawool Shalom Sports and Ski Yarn; 1 pr. No. 5 needles.

Measurements: To fit bust 33 (35, 37, 39) in.; length, 26½ (27½, 28, 28½) in.; sleeve, 13½in. (all sts.).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Beg. at lower edge and cast on 77 (82, 87, 92) sts. Work in g-st. for 8 rows (4 ridges) for border.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 5 for side border, p to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. 1st and 2nd row for 1½in., ending with 2nd row.

Dec. row, k 5, sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 5. Rep. dec. row every 1½in. 4 times more. Cont. on these

67 (72, 77, 82) sts. until length is 10½ (10½, 11, 11) in., ending on a k row.

P all sts. on next row. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row 5 times. Cont. on these 77 (82, 87, 92) sts. until total length is 19 (19½, 20, 20½) in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 4 (5, 6, 7) times. Cont. on these 59 (62, 65, 68) sts. until armholes measure 7½ (7½, 8, 8) in. on the straight, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 6 (7, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Slip rem. 23 (24, 25, 26) sts. on holder for neck.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6, 6½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck: Work first 23 (24, 25, 26) sts., turn, and work these sts. only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row 5 times. Cont. on 18 (19, 20, 21) sts. until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8, 8½) in. on the straight, ending at side edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (6, 7, 7) sts. at beg. of every alt. row twice, 6 (7, 6, 7) sts. once.

Slip centre 13 (14, 15, 16) sts. on to a holder, join in yarn, and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Cast on 35 (35, 37, 37) sts. Work in g-st. for 8 rows.

1st Row: K across, inc. 6 sts. at even intervals.

Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 59 (61, 63, 65) sts., and until work measures 13½in. or length required.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 17 sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 11 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch, sew up one shoulder seam. Press seam.

NECKBAND

Using No. 5 needles and wrong side of work facing, k 23 (24, 25, 26) sts. from back of neck, pick up and k 18 sts. on

side of neck, k 13 (14, 15, 16) sts. across front, pick up and k 18 sts. on side of neck. P the next row. Cont. in st-st. on these 72 (74, 76, 78) sts. until 4in., then work 8 rows in g-st. Cast off loosely.

Press collar. Sew up rem. shoulder, collar ends, side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set in sleeves.

YELLOW



Materials: 19 balls "Peacock" Hi-Ply or "Peacock" Alpine Sports wool; 1 pair No. 4 needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 30in.

Tension: 4 sts., 1in.; 5 rows, 1in.

BACK AND FRONT

Using No. 4 needles cast on 64 sts. Work 2 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Work in st-st. until work measures 29in. Shape shoulders by casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts. loosely.

TIE

Using No. 4 needles cast on 2 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, inc. 1 st. at the same edge every row until inc. to 12sts. Cont. in rib for 56in., then dec. 1 st. at same edge every row until dec. to 2 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Make ½in. hem along lower edge. Crochet fringe along each side as follows: Cut 2 lengths of wool about 6in. long. Keeping them tog., fold in half and draw the loops through the edge of the knitting with a crochet hook, from the right side to the wrong side. Thread the four ends through the loops and fasten off.

For the subtle glow of youth

● Some girls have this glow of youth — at 18 or 48. Some never have it. But it can be achieved by clever make-up, particularly by a careful and subtle use of rouge.



THE very first thing you must consider is the shape of your face. Is it round or square? Heart or diamond shaped? Long and thin or a perfect oval?

It's a question that must be considered carefully and answered honestly, for on the answer depends your hair-style, and your whole make-up programme.

First remove all your make-up, tie back your hair, and examine your face in the mirror. The perfect shape—oval—is rare, but the following hints will help you achieve it. Keep your eye on the diagrams below and apply your make-up as follows:

OVAL: Emphasise this pretty shape by keeping your make-up simple.

Rouge starts at the high point of cheek, blends down, ending rather high under the eyes.

Lipstick. If your mouth is an even shape, follow the natural curves. Remember, no Cupid's bows!

SQUARE: Your aim here is to soften the angles and avoid harsh contrasts.

Rouge is placed far back on the sides, and brought slightly forward down the side. End it at the jawline.

Lipstick should be applied in smooth curves taken right out to the corners. Avoid any sharp points.

DIAMOND: Make-up should be applied to soften and fill out the upper and lower gaps.

Rouge is kept to the widest part of the face, well back to the hairline, blending slightly forward from the temple, then back at ear level.

Lipstick should give full accent to the lips without altering the natural shape.

ROUND: Aim here to add height and length.

Rouge starts high and well back on the cheeks, blends forward towards the nose at mid-cheek, then back towards the ear, fading off at the lower jawline. Avoid those round patches on the cheeks.

Lipstick should taper off at the corners, with both the upper and lower lip line well defined.

TRIANGLE: Make-up should emphasise the top of the face and minimise the lower part.

Rouge should be applied only on the outside of the cheek—never towards the nose. Apply in a triangular shape with deepest color towards the temple, faintly below the ear.

Lipstick should follow the natural shape, avoiding the downward chin curve by keeping color square on the lower lip centre.

INVERTED TRIANGLE: The chin line should be widened, the top emphasised.

Rouge must be placed on highest point of cheekbone, carried towards the temple and down a little at the hairline to where the cheek narrowness begins.

Lipstick is kept full to each corner, with the upper lip curve widened to give balance.

OBLONG: Aim to widen the whole face.

Rouge is kept to the high centre of the cheek in a small area, blending up and over the cheekbones towards the temple.

Lipstick should be applied widely and generously to broaden the face, so extend color from centre to sides in sweeping curves.



OVAL



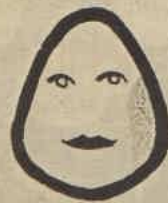
SQUARE



ROUND



INVERTED TRIANGLE



TRIANGULAR



OBLONG



DIAMOND

NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

● Larry Adler said recently he might start a mouth-organ factory in Australia.

MR. ADLER, for the benefit of those teenagers who aren't so wild about Larry, is a master player of the mouth-organ—which is, in most hands, an ill-wind instrument that nobody blows good.

"The demand for mouth-organs has been enormous in recent years," Mr. A. is reported to have said.

"The response I have had from Australian audiences suggests that I should start a factory here."

Well, as the harmonica remarked, I'll be blown! This is a twist in the tune trade which could pave the way for business ventures by other musical entertainers.

Let's look at the possibilities . . . Current violin virtuosos such as Isaac Stern could have manufacturing strings to their bows.

Yehudi me, you fiddlers; scrape together a bit of money and give that lad Strad various rivals.

Striking much the same note, Annette, too, might find a ready market for funny cellos.

Girl singer Judy Stone could perhaps go into the quarrying business. Provided she didn't get in too deep, this (rock 'n') rolling Stone mightn't gather moss—but there's other green stuff worth picking up.

Perhaps Dig Richards could work with her. And why couldn't local singer Tim Gaunt become a boat-builder?

He's an ex-sailor, a member of The Wind-jammers—and it wouldn't be hard to get DeKroo (Leo and Doug, singing brothers) to sail his ship!

Then a gun factory could well be started by two other entertainment "big noises"—Fred and Judy Cannon. They'd buy their raw materials from Tommy Steele, and business would boom.

A jazzman named Pete Fountain could make his namesakes as a sideline. And make money? Well, aren't there at least Three Coins in a Fountain?

Filling 'em would pose no problem. Pete could take on as a supplier a country and Westener called Marvin Rainwater.

Even if Marvin didn't make a lot of money, he'd anyway have the satisfaction of being pure but honest.

And there's one entertainer who would make a perfect private detective. What better shamus for a solid investigation than a Chubby Checker?

So, there you are . . . there is no business like show business for producing sidelines.

Although I've based my story on Larry Adler's rough plans, there are, of course, working precedents for the idea.

Edd ("Kookie") Burns' screen grooming, for instance, started quite a boom in comb sales, didn't it?

Well, something similar could easily happen to any other entertainer.

For, as we big businessmen say, that's how the Kookie crumbles . . .

—Robin Adair

TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



Sandra

PAULA SCHLEY believes that the bangle given her by her first husband, film star Peter Ruffnek, was switched for a worthless fake. Later, Paula sees Peter's present wife, Dolores, wearing an identical bracelet. NOW READ ON...

by Bill Sawyer



**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

Flame re-kindled

"I WOULD very much like to know what to do. I am 20. Three years ago, when I was 17, my boy-friend wanted to get engaged, but I thought I was too young and wasn't sure, so our friendship ended. Then I came to Australia from England and this boy wrote to me and we started all over again. Then he stopped writing, but a few months later he begged me to write again, so I did. He is in the Army and will have to buy himself out, and he has money trouble, too. Now he has stopped writing again, but I know I love him very much. Could I write to him after all this time—10 months—as he said he would never love another girl? People say I'll forget, but I've had quite a few boy-friends and still have him on my mind. Please help me."

"Unforgettable," Qld.

I can't see anything against your writing to him. You've got everything to gain and nothing to lose. It'll be wonderful if he writes again. If he doesn't, well, you'll know where you are.

Can't talk to Mum

"I AM 17 and I am in my final year at high school. My problem is that I cannot talk freely to my mother. I am not a shy person and I can talk easily with any other adults and my own friends. I have had several boy-friends, and my parents have known and liked all of them. But I can never talk about them to my mother, nor on personal subjects. She never told me anything about growing up, and I am always very embarrassed when we are forced to do so. I would dearly love to have her confidence, because, while I tell her so little of my affairs, I feel that she thinks I am doing sly and under-hand things. Can you give me any suggestions on how to overcome this problem? I would be exceedingly grateful if you could."

D.J., Vic.

You are facing a very real problem, I know, and a sad one. You'd both be so much happier if you could talk to one another.

Probably what has happened to you is that your mother is treating you the way her mother treated her in the days when parents were parents, children were seen and not heard, and the complications of growing up were never mentioned.

Don't blame her too much. She is doing what she thinks is right, ducking the responsibilities her mother ducked with her, and depending on you to manage the way she did. Obviously you do manage, which is good for character building, but not for a happy home life.

Mothers and daughters can be the closest friends, particularly from your age onwards. Your desire to be able to talk more freely to her is a sign of your struggle toward maturity.

Her adoption of old-fashioned standards about your physical and emotional problems is bad for you. Be-

cause of it, you'll probably have a hard time overcoming her reticence. But do try. It will need some manoeuvring, I'm sure, but when an opportunity does present itself, tell her how you feel and how much you want to be better friends with her.

I should think you would have to try two or three times before you really make the grade with her, but it will be worth it. For a start, try to tell her more about going out—who you're going with and why, and what you should wear, and who danced with whom and what you had for supper. She'll probably be so pleased with your new attitude that you'll find an opportunity to talk to her without any trouble at all.

Romantic pen-friend

"FOR about two months I have been writing to a pen-friend and have enjoyed receiving his letters until recently, when he has begun using romantic words and phrases in his otherwise interesting letters. My letters are on a friendly basis and I find his sentiments a bit hard to take. I know little about him, really. Should I risk hurting his feelings by stopping the correspondence or ask him to refrain from using such romantic terms? In other ways he seems like a nice teenage boy."

"Pen-friend," Qld.

You should stop the correspondence at once. His sentiments are quite ridiculous in the circumstances, as you realise. Write him a brief, formal note saying you are no longer interested in writing to him and let it end there.

Bit of a wolf

"I AM a girl of 16 and like a boy of 18 who lives in another town. He has been going with a girl, but has now broken it off, so I may have a chance. I know him very well, but he hasn't yet asked me out. Is there any way in which I can get him to ask me? I only see him about once or twice a week, but when I do my heart just thumps. This may sound as though I don't really love him, but believe me I never felt like this before. He is quite attractive and a bit of a wolf. Do you think I should forget him or keep trying? Also, do you think I have only a crush, as he is attractive and I am only average?"

"Anxious," Vic.

I don't think it matters whether or not it's a crush; it's just fun, anyway. Wolves — specially attractive ones of 18 — like to do their own hunting, so I'd leave everything to him. Just smile and talk to him when you see him, and he'll get the message. But leave the big move to him. There's no way that I know of that you can get him to ask you out. Girls just have to wait around.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Old enough at 16?

"I AM a girl of nearly 17 and wish to become engaged in four months to a boy of 21. We are both very much in love. Although I have my parents' consent, I am wondering if I am old enough to know my own mind. We have been going together for six months."

"Wondering," Vic.

I don't think you are old enough to make a wise choice of a marriage partner, but I'm not always right. Your parents would have a much better idea than I would.

When I say I don't think you are old enough to make a wise choice, I don't mean you, specifically; I mean all 16-year-old girls. They haven't had enough time in years alone to meet and go out with the many different types of men that make up the male sex, nor to decide which type is the one for them.

You may prefer to go to a party with a gay, playboy type, but choose a quieter type for a husband. How you would know your preference when you haven't had the time in years to find out, I wouldn't know. That is what makes me very wary of young teenage engagements and marriages.

I think 16-year-old girls can fall in love all right, but I think their love should be very strongly tested before they decide to marry. As you are obviously unsure yourself of your love, why not test it? Give yourself another 12 months before you think of announcing your engagement, and look around in that 42 months at other men.

If any others ask you out, go with them. If your love is real, it will make no difference.

Friend's boy-friend

"MY problem could mean losing my best friend, so that is why I decided to write to you. I like a boy whom my friend had been out with some time ago. She likes him. Although I like him a lot, I am keeping it a secret from my friend, though I think she may know. I see this boy twice a week and always talk to him till the bus comes. When I see him he seems to take an interest in me, and I am sure that he will ask for a date soon, as he has been hinting about it. When he does ask me, will I accept and go out with him without telling my friend, or should I tell her? She often tells me that she thinks he likes me, because she is with me sometimes when I see him. I am almost 16, and he is 19."

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



DO you know someone who has a coin collection that is not-so-treasured any more?

Exchange something of yours for it and set to work making yourself some new jewellery.

Buy a plain, wrist-sized silver chain. Have the coins fastened securely to it at intervals, depending on your own taste for chunkiness, and, HEY PRESTO! you have a delightful new bracelet.

He is a well-mannered boy and comes from a nice family."

"Worrier," N.S.W.

You know perfectly well what you should do without my telling you. What I think really doesn't matter. But I'm sure you'd be much happier if you could unload the responsibility on to me so that later, defending yourself, you could say, "Well, Louise Hunter said..."

I know that what you want me to say is "All's fair in love and war, and have a wonderful time with your best friend's boy-friend." I'm not going to. All I'm going to say is that I'm glad I'm not your best friend, and what would you think of a "friend" who acted like you propose to?

Bus boys

"FOR the past year my girl-friend and I have been catching the same bus as two very nice boys. These boys are brothers and look nice types. We know they notice us, because quite often they look around at us as we get on and off the bus, and occasionally smile. I suggested we smile back and say 'Hello,' but my girl-friend said not to, as they would think we were being too forward. Should we say 'hello' or not?"

"Wondering Two," Vic.
Say hello and smile, too.

Know your etiquette AT A DANCE

WHO BUYS THE TICKETS?

THE boy buys the tickets, usually well ahead of the date of the dance. If a girl asks a boy to take her it is customary for her to buy the tickets. But she should never say to her boy-friend, "If you take me to the dance next week, I'll buy the tickets." This makes him embarrassed, and he'll feel obliged to pay for them. She should say, "I've been given two tickets to the dance next week. Would you like to come with me?"

ARE THERE STILL "DUTY DANCES"?

A BOY should dance with the hostess, any daughters of the hostess, or any woman guest of honor. It is courteous for him to dance with all the girls in his party, too, particularly if there is a girl left alone at the table. If this girl does not want to dance, it is customary for a boy to sit with her and talk.

HOW DOES A GIRL ACCEPT OR REFUSE A DANCE?

THE classic phrase for asking a girl to dance is "May I have this dance?"

The more modern way, just as correct, is, "Will you dance with me?"

The girl says, "Yes, thank you, I'd love to," or, if she does not want to dance, "I'm sorry, I'm not dancing just now, thank you." It is a nice gesture to ask the man to sit with her and talk, and very bad manners for a girl to refuse to dance with one boy, then accept another immediately, unless she has explained that she is waiting for someone else.

HOW DO I SAY GOODBYE?

NO matter what you say, the rule is to keep your goodbyes brief. It is essential to farewell your host and hostess, and it is always courteous to say goodbye to the other people you know at the dance.

BE REALLY REFRESHED...PAUSE FOR COKE!



WHEN YOUNG PEOPLE GATHER there's food and laughter and Coca-Cola. Yes, the good times just wouldn't be complete without the gay little lift, the happy sparkle of the world's favourite beverage. Nothing adds so much to the fun, no other drink is so welcome. Make sure you have plenty of Coca-Cola on hand.

FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES
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